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All in the Day's Riding

"WOUND UP"

BY WILL JAMES

Author of "Smoky, the Cowhorse," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

IN the cowboy's work and of the many things that causes him to act mighty quick at times, there's nothing that can compete with the rope, nothing, unless it's a bronc's four feet. That long, far-reaching string of whale line with a loop at the end can find more ways of coming back at the man that throws it than anything I know of. It can sail out as pretty as you please, settle over a critter's horns, and upset 'er to lay in a good tying position. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it does that for the man that can manipulate it well, but even with the good roper there comes times when that plain and harmless looking hard-twist-manila turns like a snake and quicker than lightning, circles around the cowboy's body and near cuts the life out of him before he can even see it come.

Folks might wonder what could make a innocent little rope be so wicked as to act that way, and the explaining is not easy, but— First, it's the horse you're roping off of, he don't always behave, and then again he might be just a raw bronc unedicated to the ways of the rope. Second, is the steer the loop has slipped up onto, he's got lots of wild weight and he don't know that a rope has an end, so, when he hits that end while going full speed ahead is when something always does bust.

If all's well the steer will be the one to "lay," but sometimes the horse and rider does the laying stunt instead, and that's what leads to things happening, happening too fast for the eye to follow . . . There's where the little rope comes in, then's when she does her winding, and when all's over and the dust settles again there's neat rope burns which for a long time afterward keeps reminding. . . . But that ain't all a rope can do, she has many other tricks which keeps the cowboy's eye and hand on the slack.

Like one day for instance, me and Hippy Darrell was on "circle" and as usual, combing the range for whatever stock we'd see. We'd rounded up quite a little bunch and was headed for camp with 'em when from our left comes a sudden streak of dust. What made it was headed straight for us and pretty soon we could make out the shape of a steer. He kept a coming, and as we watched we could see by his actions that he was on a rampage. Something had sure stirred him up, and as he joined the cattle we was driving in he never seemed to notice us none at all. His head was high and he was seeing red, and somehow with that pair of long well-curved horns he was packing he was sure good to look at.

Hippy edged up to within speaking distance, and grinning, he remarked, "Somebody's turned him once too often."

"Yep," I agrees. "It don't take much to make 'em want to fight sometimes,

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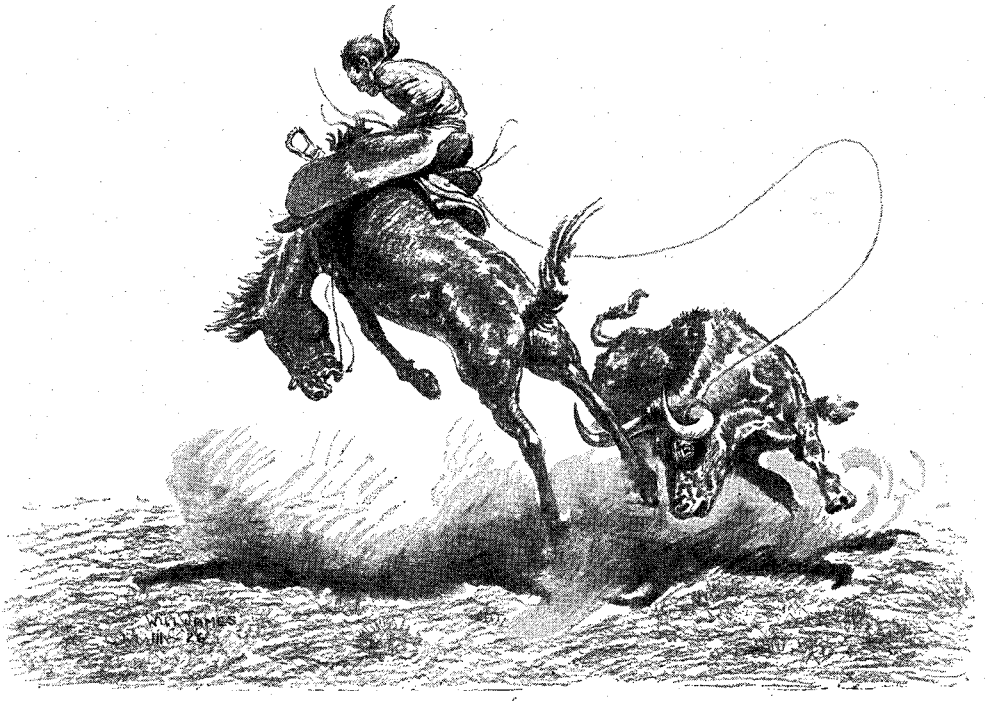
and a feller often has so many to handle that he can't tend to these 'bunch quitters' as he'd want to."

Being on the "prod" (fight), the big steer didn't care wether us riders was within a yard or a mile of him, so long as we didn't stand in his way or try to turn him. He stayed in amongst the cattle we was driving till he kind of got his second wind, and from then on he begin to find fault, the bunch was going too slow, and besides they wasn't going the right direction for him. He begin going back and forth through the bunch. Once in a while he'd go out of it only to come back again and kept that up till, instead of cooling down to behaving, his fighting spirit stayed up to the boiling point and edged him on to do everything but what seemed right and natural.

We left him alone. If he went out of the herd we'd let him come back by himself and tried not to let on that we was driving him along, but no matter what he done we was going to take that big boy in to the "cutting grounds" where all the cattle of that morning's circle was gathered. It's the rule at all times that every hoof is brought in, and no cowboy ever lets anything get away that he sees unless something happens that he just can't.

The big steer had went out of the bunch about a half a dozen times and each time he'd stop, and soon as he found there was nobody around to turn him he'd then turn of his own accord and come back to the herd. We looked for him to quiet down, but it seemed like he had no such intentions, and he'd got us to the point where we wanted to stretch our ropes on him and roll him over a few times, just to sort of give him all the trouble he was looking for and a little edication to boot.



There was a mixture of steer, horse, horns, winding ropes, and a man.—Page 454.

He went out once more, and the way he held his head, curved his backbone, and kinked his tail all a challenging, we knowed he wasn't figgering on coming back no more.

Hippy looked at me and grinned, and I grinned back. Two shakes and our ropes split the air into loops, our spur rowels

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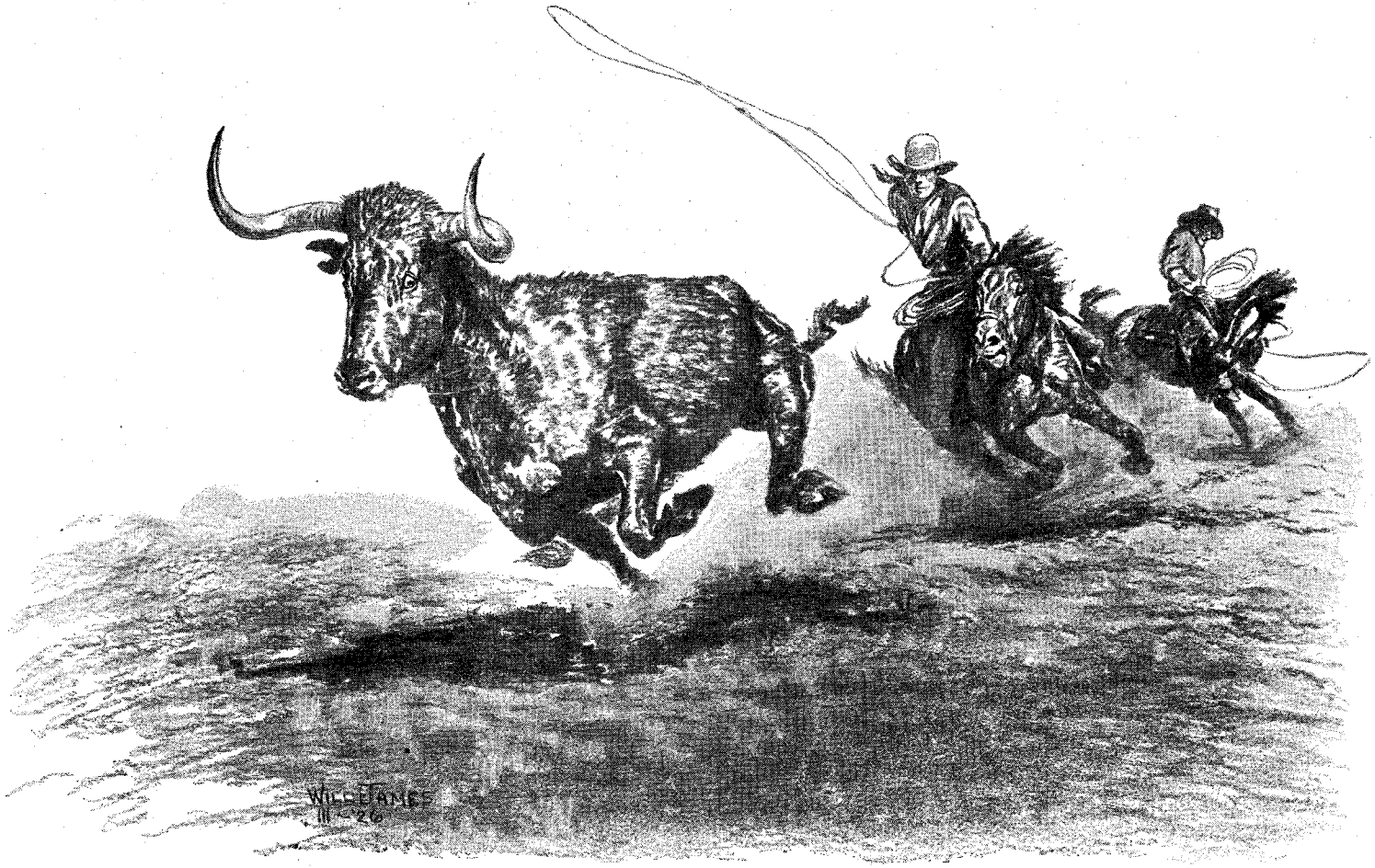

Two shakes and our ropes split the air into loops.—Page 452.

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tickled our ponies' flanks and in a short while we was within roping distance of our bunch-quitting steer.

The horse I was riding wasn't even what you'd call half broke, I couldn't get him to line out straight ahead like Hippy could his. Hippy was riding a well-broke horse and even though he was ornery at times he sure savvied the cow, so that's how come that the first rope that sailed over the big steer's horns was Hippy's, and all was done so quick and neat that the steer didn't know there was a cowboy near him till he felt hisself lifted off the earth and jerked down to lay. His head was at the place his tail had been and it didn't take half a second to make the change.

All would of been well, and Mr. Steer's senses would of been jarred back to behaving normal again, but just at the wrong time Hippy's horse started to fighting his head which caused the rope to slack up. In another second the steer was up, and bleary-eyed looks us over.

Hippy was just about to take another fall out of the steer when that horse of his bogged his head and went to bucking. It was then that I tried to get the steer to put his attention on me, but he seemed more interested in Hippy and the bucking horse, and knowing what the slack of a rope would do in the mix up of a bucking horse and a mad steer I done my best to keep the steer away and the rope tight. But that daggone wall-eyed critter had other intentions, and after making a pass at my horse with his long horns he let out a beller and headed straight on for Hippy and the bucking horse he was trying to make behave.

I let my rope sail as he went by and a neater throw never was made, the loop made a perfect circle as it was about to settle over the steer's horns, and being so sure that I had him is what spoiled my catch. I pulled up my slack a shade too soon and instead of catching two dangerous horns I caught a lot of air.

From then on things happened too fast for me to build another loop and make another throw. There was a mixture of steer, horse, horns, winding ropes, and a man. Natural like I thought of my six-shooter, but I never drawed it on account that Hippy was so much everywheres and seeming like all at once. I wondered what made him hang on when he should of quit, and right about then I noticed something that made me lose my tan. . . . Two wraps of the rope was around Hippy's waist, he was tied to the saddle, and what scared me still more was how I seen the saddle was slipping and getting on the horse's side.

I'd often told Hippy to start a smudge with that damned centre-fire rig and get hisself a real saddle, and right then I wished I'd done it for him, but it was too late to worry about that at that time. I sat on my horse feeling like a daggone fool cause I didn't do anything, but there was nothing I could do, not a thing. I could only watch for a chance, and that much I was sure doing.

The steer was going around and around and trying to get a solid dig with his horns. I could of shot him easy enough, but it'd made things a lot worse on account that his dead weight on the rope against the live weight of the horse would of sure made a heavy drag on the rope, and being that rope was around Hippy's waist he'd sure been cut in two.

Finally a break came, which right then seemed to me for even worse. The steer while circling around the horse and trying to get his horns to working had connected with that pony's hoofs and his nose had been pounded on till there come a time when he figgered it'd be best to leave that horse and man have it out by themselves. He made another jab with his horns and missing went right on for the open country. He went on for about thirty feet, the length of rope that was left, and when he hit the end that was still around his horns he hit it so hard that it took his head and feet away from him and he was stretched on his side.

That sudden jerk daggone near took the horse off his feet but as luck would have it the rope had tightened just when he was close to the ground instead of being up in the air. The jerk of the rope never interrupted him none at all and instead he seemed to buck all the harder.

I got a glimpse of the saddle being jerked from the side of the horse till it went under his belly, and still fastened to it by two wraps of the rope which near

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I never seen such a hard rope to cut as that one seemed to be right then.—Page 456.

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cut him in two was Hippy, and in the worse place a man could be. His head and arms was under the horse's chest, and his legs was dragging on the ground while it looked like that ornery pony was reaching under with his hind legs and kicking that cowboy to pieces.

I sort of wanted to close my eyes for a second for I thought sure Hippy was going to be kicked and dragged into scattered remains, but my eyes didn't close none at all. Instead, and in less time than it takes to tell it I was off my horse, had my knife out, and luck being with me for once I got a holt of the rope. . . . I never seen such a hard rope to cut as that one seemed to be right then. I whittled at it and was jerked around a trying to keep a holt of it till I thought my eye teeth would jar loose, but finally she came apart, the two thousand pounds of earth tearing critter and horse-flesh was separated and the coils that'd wrapped around Hippy's waist let go.

The cowboy slipped to the ground and the wild pounding hoofs of the bucking horse barely missing him went on over leaving him, clothes half tore off, his body all twisted, and looking like dead.

I straightened him out quick as I could and to looking like human again, and I was sure some surprised to find after tallying up on where and how bad he was hurt that with all the rope marks around his waist, a few bruises and a busted ankle there was nothing about him that wouldn't heal up again.

It was a couple of days later when passing by where Hippy was laying in the shade of the chuck-wagon and recuperating that that cowboy hollered at me and says:

"Say Bill, I thought you knowed better than cut a good rope in the centre and spoil it like you did mine, you could of just as well cut it by the hondoo and saved it, couldn't you?"

May Day

BY LAWRENCE LEE

At early cockcrow you will rise
To take the morning by surprise.

Two green silk ribbon ends will float
About the rose-cleft of your throat;

And you will be a blossomy sight,
Wearing a blowy skirt of white.

On you will smile, across the lea,
A world reborn from sea to sea.

The whole young earth will beckon so
You'll wonder which green way to go.

One way your eager feet might pass
Through wavy meadows deep with grass;

Through dappled thickets, dank and still,
Another way leads up a hill,

Where, in the distance, one can see
Small houses clustered silently;

Through roads and fields with you will run
Your shadow in the golden sun;

Far over all that you pass through
Will stretch untrodden fields of blue,

And with you follow everywhere
The clean, sweet smell of country air.

Through green fields you will walk alone,
While I still wander paths of stone;

And, oh, while you are roving out,
The May Days I shall dream about!

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CANCIONES MEXICANAS

by

Edward Shenton
Author of "All the Boats to Build"

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY THE AUTHOR

I

VERA CRUZ

DAWN startled the night, and you could feel the heat coming. There was no morning in the east, only peaks of fire on the sea rim. The lifeless water shrank to the heat and the lank wind drooped under the burden. The shore lay inert awaiting the hot impact of the day. Sky and water were pig-iron gray and the town grayed silver. The wan light on the pharos dwindled.

Mexico . . .

Thin towers of pale stone; domes of lilac tiles; red shanks of rusted cranes. . . . The west was shallow blue, spotless. Except for the hump of Orizaba rising white and frozen out of the dim valley.

A wave of heat submerged the reef of the morning, spattered the shore, waking the three dirty buzzards limp on the gilt cross of the cathedral. The air was dead and hot. The silence was hot. Nothing moved but the heat.

The towers were lovely in the colorless light. Red balconies on white house fronts. Blue balconies on pale-yellow house fronts. Green balconies on pale-blue house fronts. The windows were black and empty. Bill said: "I don't know why . . . This place makes me think of Richard Harding Davis." It did. That was curious. . . . The town looked adventurous and not quite real. Dark women began unfurling great white sheets on the balconies to hide the interiors from the direct beat of the sun. It was as though the whole place were getting under sail; an expedition of clumsy ships bound for the low tangle of the foot-hills. The day broke in a tumult of light and color. A column of soldiers in assorted uniforms came abruptly around the custom-house. Two buglers and four drummers played a pagan march of three descending and three rising notes. It was like a dance. We half

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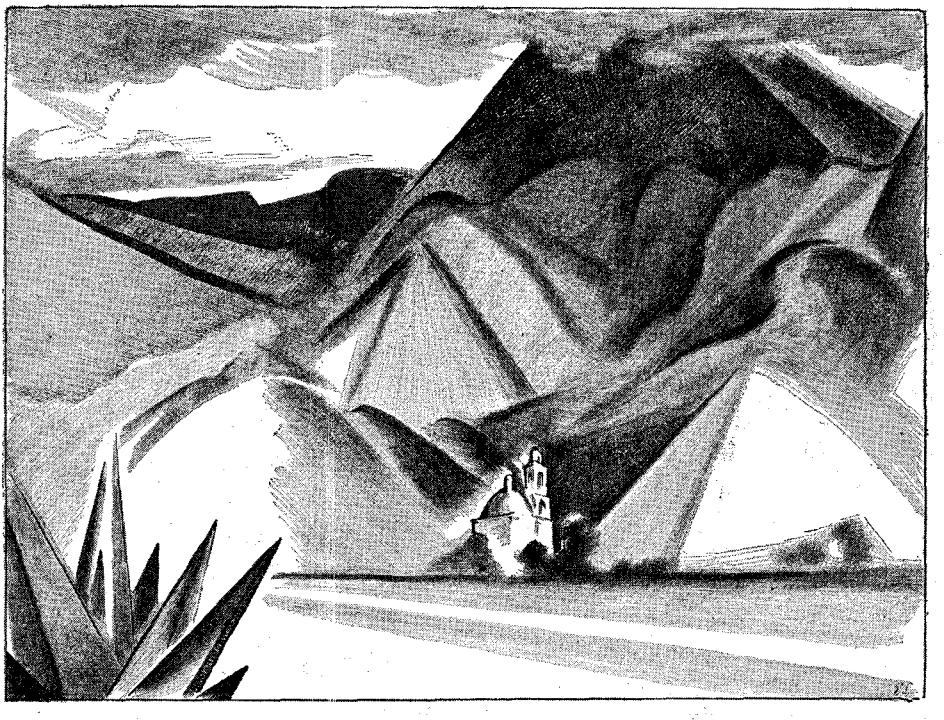
expected to see the soldiers begin the opening pattern of a ballet, but they relaxed over their rifles and dabbed at their sweated faces.

The heat struck the back of your neck like a whip-lash. . . .

Mexico.

smelling spot where we sat. Going up—a long way—slowly. With great labor like being born again. Difficult to breathe; like being born. Calculating the height from the metre marks on the station signs. The valley falling away; tediously slow; winding up. The mountains turning old



Along the sky-line, black still mountains.

II

MOUNTAINS

On the way up . . .

The heat still lay in the car, it hung like a great banner from the rear. Dust and heat flung back to the shore, toward Vera Cruz. Rapidly ascending, the twin converging rails. At a station all the passengers bought gardenias. The car smelled like a perfumery shop on the Rue Royal, like a rich sick garden. Every one had a lapful of the ivory, sweet flowers. On the way up . . .

The near mountains were friendly green. In the distance the mountains turned blue. And then black. An immense bowl with a green bottom, a blue band, a black rim. Filled with clouds. And a tiny sweet-

and barren; dying at the peaks. The continual death. Dead a long time . . .

Far below, the living valley of bright green. Up there, a keen wind blowing among the dead bones of mountains. Clouds and rain bursting. All the time the car smelling like a wan perfumed woman. No more heat. The hot banner torn loose. Torn out of a warm womb into a thin cold living . . .

Along the sky-line, black still mountains; east, south, north, west. Old, bitter mountains, weary of the game—squatting on the edge of the world. Watching the Aztecs building their pyramids. Watching the Spaniards building their cathedrals. Watching us taking photographs of the pyramids and the cathedrals. Having a good laugh at all of us . . .

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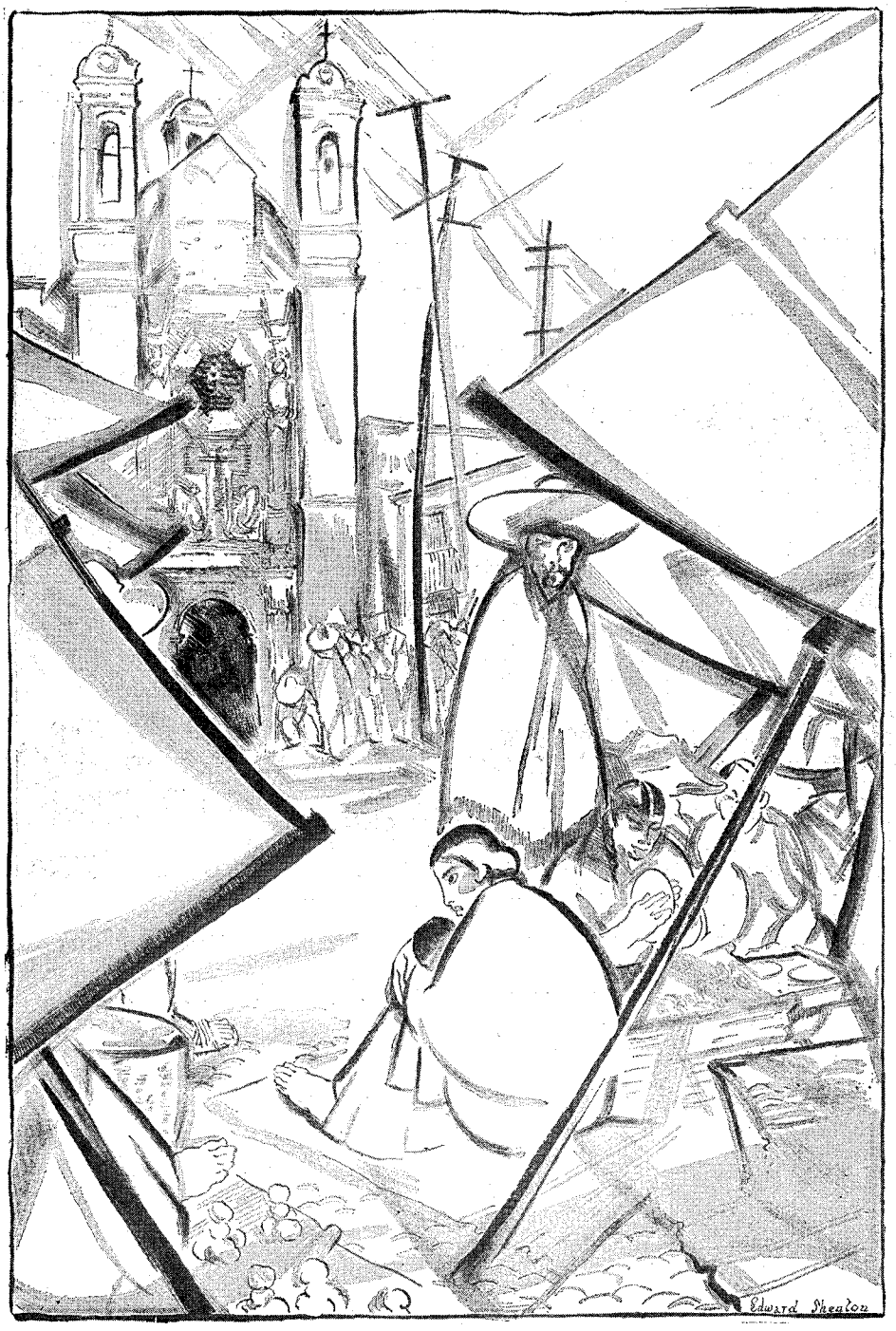

Somnambulistic city, peopled by crowds waiting.—Page 462.

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III

NIGHT IN MEXICO

UP and down the half-lit street.

Señorita con ojos de China, standing on the balcony, leaning on the rusted iron balcony, arms folded on the chilled iron railing, among the dull flowers folded to the cool mountain wind. Stupid little song-birds in wicker cages, all sleeping.

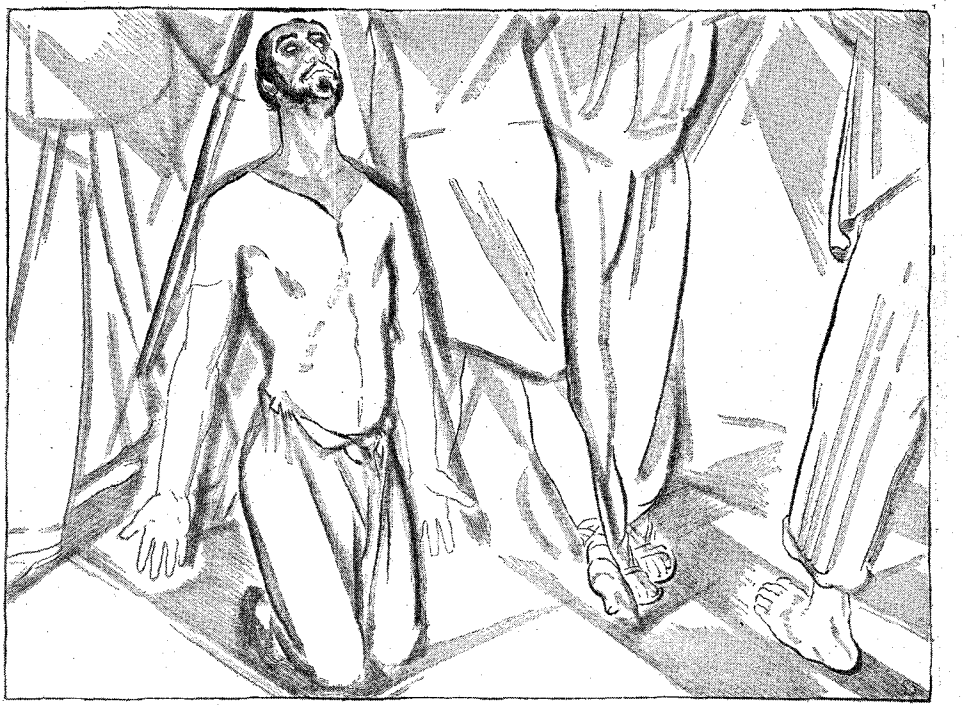
Ojos de China, slant dark eyes; the lids half folded like dark thin wings: folded on her cheeks . . . Dreaming of the "States," longing to go to the "States." Eighteen years old and crazy to go to Boston, to Chicago, to New York, and Philadelphia. With small hands amber color, and amber skin. *Querida!*

In the tortilleria with the fancy name, the dark women pat the dough, sounding applause. Pat-pat-pat-pat. Applauding her dream; the sad-eyed women who never had been beyond San Angel or Xochimilco. . . . "Woman is to give love to that one she love. How she know who she love if navar she go nowhere?" . . . Soft the hands applauding; pat-pat-pat-pat. In the dim tortilleria . . . "Navar go on street. Navar go in troly. Navar go in camion. Mexican girl no do no nothing. I do not like." . . .

Ojos de China, black Chinese eyes; gazing over Mexico, over the flat roofs, the frayed towers, the pyramids of Sun and Moon, the mountains; over the dust of Montezuma, the lost bones of Cortez, the remembered beauty of Carlotta, the stupid grandeur of Diaz, along the wind-worn valley to the jungle, Orizaba, heat-drugged Vera Cruz—where the boats go north to New York and Boston and Philadelphia—the "States" . . . In the "States"—*Muchas cosas felices* . . .

Restlessness in the hearts of women the world over. Restlessness in her heart, Mexican child-woman. . . . "I do not want to do no nothing. Sit and sew all day. And wait." . . . Pat—pat-pat-pat. The dark women flattening the silver cakes of the tortilla in their dusky hands.

"Tsst"—to the black cat at her ankles —"We go north someday." Drinking bit-



He knelt in the middle of the pavement, his blind head back thrown.—Page 462.

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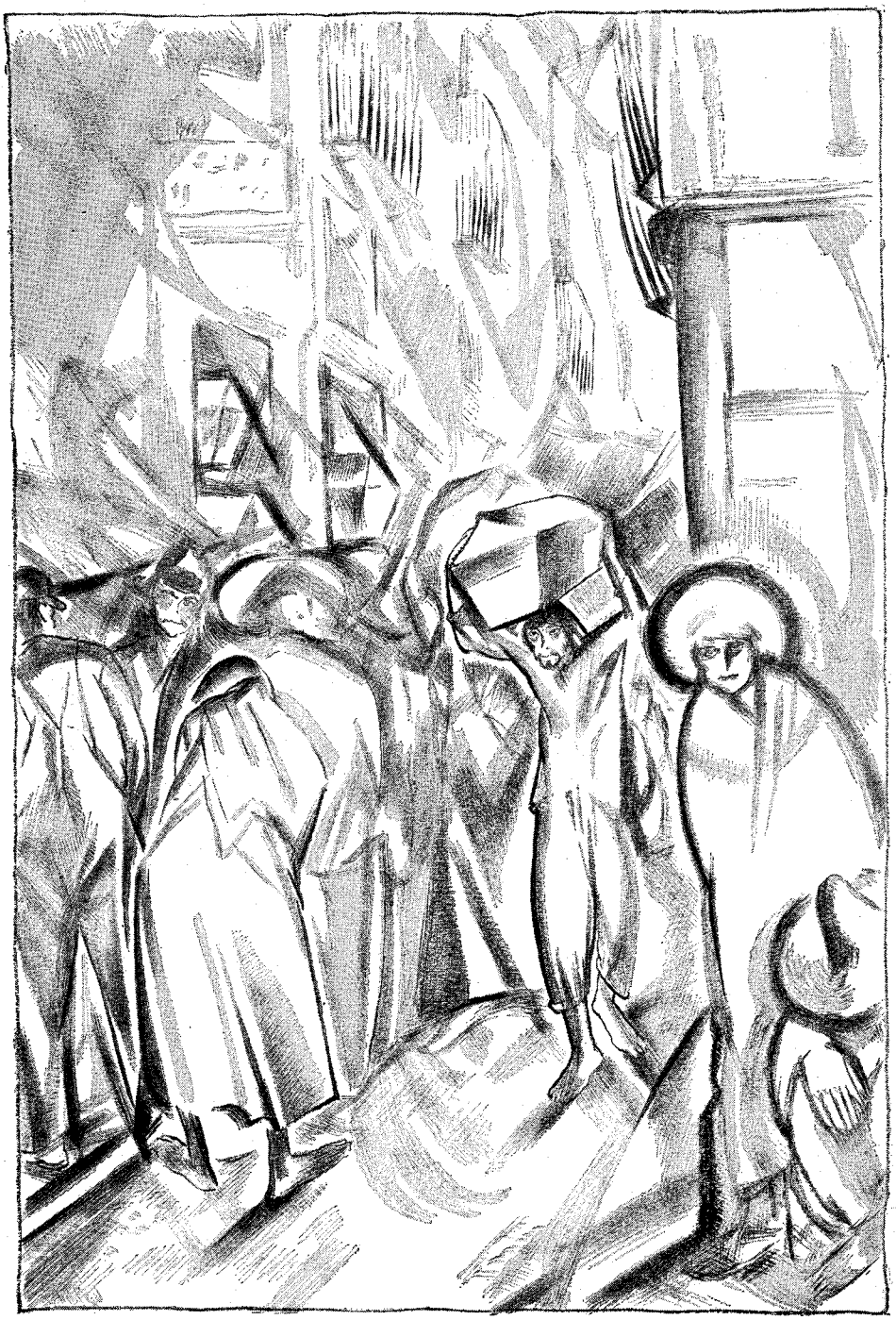

The street of the coffin-makers.

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ter freedom from the chill cup of the night; drinking restlessness. . . . "Sometime I go—how you say?—Return? To the 'States.' I like there. . . ."

Up and down, below the balcony, the half-lit street.

IV

ORIZABA

THERE was silver patterned down the legs of his tight black trousers. There was a design in silver on the edge of his enormous sombrero. He wore a pale shirt embroidered in orange and green and scarlet and gold; and brass spurs three inches across the rowels. His pony had a blond mane and tail. All the women turned, sighing after him, that Sunday morning in Orizaba. He rode down the street past the row of lousy Fords and looked at no one.

V

FEET

ALL night you could hear them, bare dark feet with splayed toes and cracked heels, dragging softly over the pavement. They clung to the earth, they moved with great effort, never swinging free of the hard surface . . . All night long . . . Muffling the sound of the wind, submerging the low voices. The thick music of bare feet; in a single phrase, unchanging; coming endlessly, departing. . . . Feet indifferent to heat, cold, wet, sharpness, and hardness. Feet of families passing; of single wanderers. Feet stamping a pattern without logic, without comprehension; treading an idle pilgrimage. In the darkness the sound rises; from the silver-mines, the oil-fields, the sugar-cane growths, the north deserts, the maguey-fields; from the ruins of Mitla, from the green henequén-fields of Yucatan. It is the monotonous song of Mexico, the history of Mexico written in dust. At night you can hear clearly . . . But the sun rises . . . Swift click of French heels, soft suck of motor tires, steady beat of leather and rubber . . . Only at night . . .

VI

CALLE BOLIVER

HE knelt in the middle of the pavement his blind head back thrown, his arms rigid at his sides, the thumbs pointing out. He had no legs below the knee. Black hair curled over his forehead. Fine dark hair drooped at the corners of his mouth. Little curly hairs grew at the edges of his jaw. The people stepped about him. Every day he knelt there. Once a woman gave him a battered two-centavo piece. He opened his toothless mouth and made a strange sound, as though he were cursing God.

VII

MEXICO CITY

THE city moves with a heavy, slow rhythm. The graph of its pulse is labored and equal. On the Avenida Madero the motors creep patiently. The dark women rise languidly from the curbs at the market-place and squat again listlessly. In somnolent gestures hands and faces follow the drowsy words, the harsh singing voices blurring the hard syllables; keeping time to the regular beat of the patted tortillas.

All the color is heavy, as though the mountains shadowed the city. The flow of life seems to resemble the worn line of the dead volcanoes. There is no brilliance even under the midday sun. A weary city, breathing with effort. The church towers lean exhaustedly away from the original perpendicular intention.

The centre of the city is a space of patient activity engulfed by an immobile vastness of adobe and plaster one-story houses. Silently they circumscribe the small citadel of modernity, presenting their impassive drab walls in an endless beleaguering of poverty.

At night the movement subsides. The quiet deepens over the countless rooms with their lithos of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the crucifixes hanging beside copper pans and gaudy calendars from business houses. For a while young girls in very short skirts, cheap silk stockings, and bright scarfs stand in groups about the dark entrances. Whispering voices cadence the night wind. After these have gone only the sleeping beggars and the police occupy the dim streets.

Somnambulistic city, peopled by crowds waiting.

Waiting . . .

Sitting on the curbs about the Zocalo.

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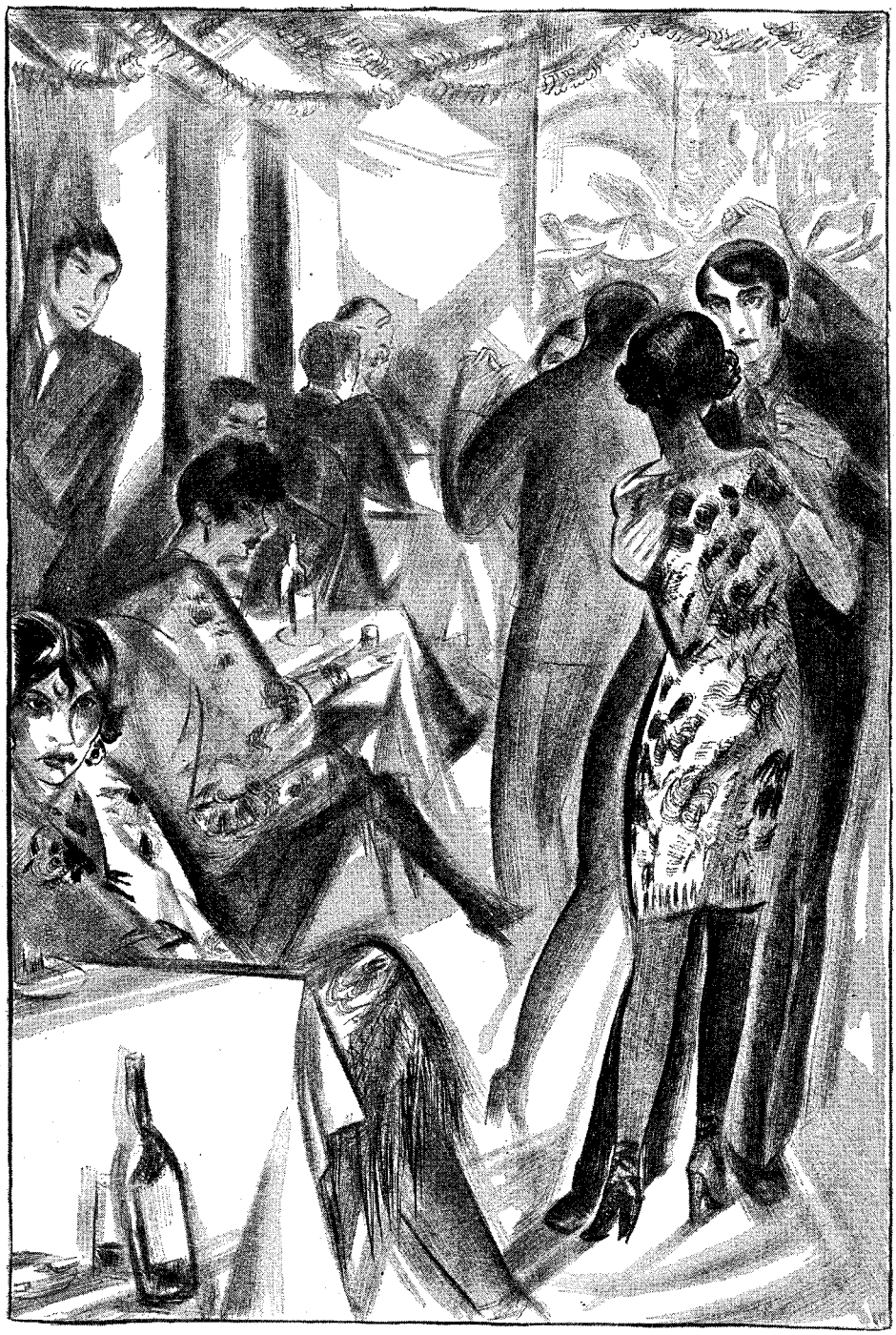

The silent bored girls dancing at the Café Iris.—Page 465.

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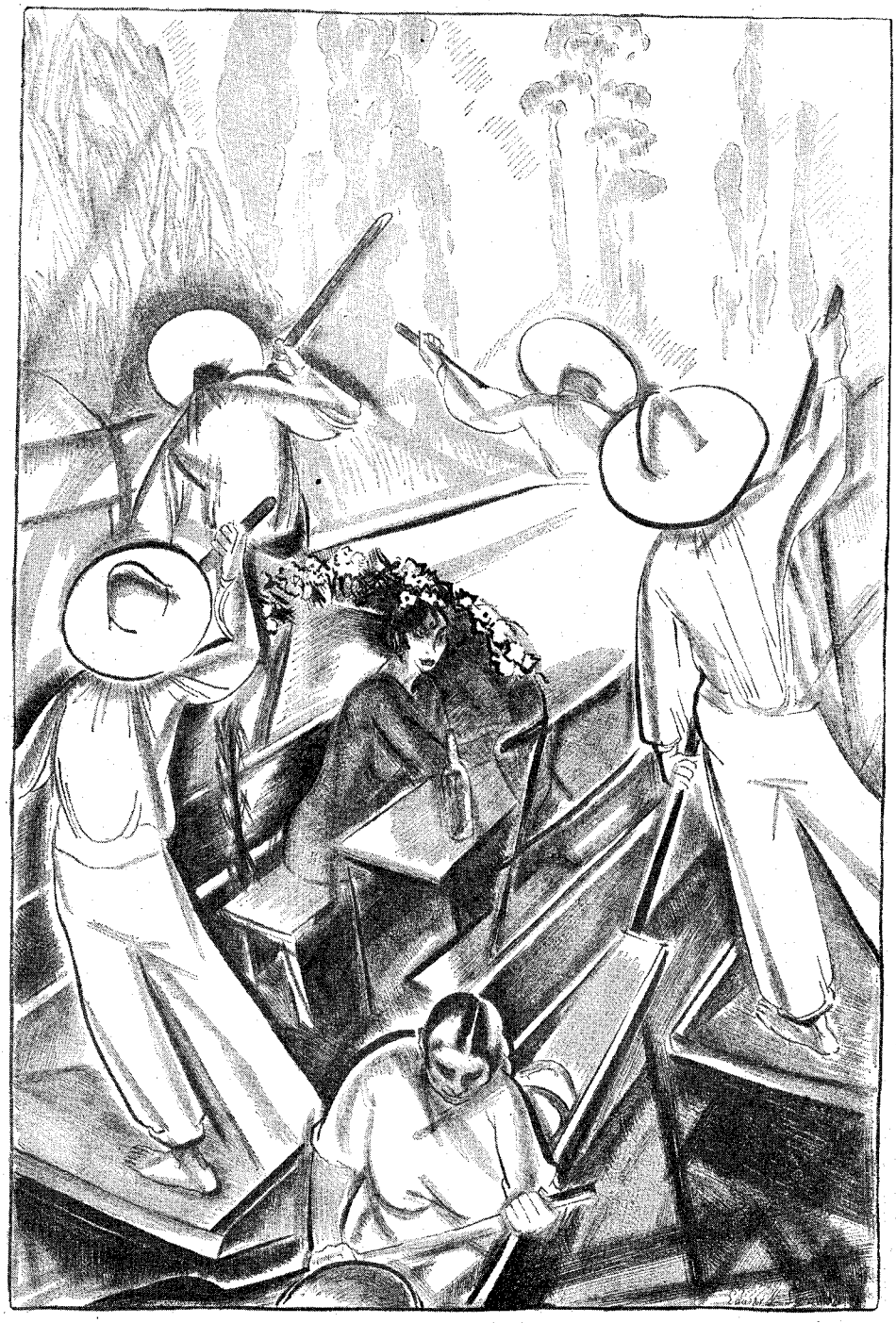

Afloat on the canals of Xochimilco.—Page 465.

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Squatting under the three-pronged sunshields in the markets. Dozing in the doorways. Slumped on the stone benches of the Alameda—waiting.

Women with flat faces and black slant eyes; men with intent swart faces; children with worn dull faces. Endlessly patient. . . .

Waiting.

For what?

Food to appease hunger? . . .

Sleep to revive bodies? . . .

Passion to stir hearts? . . .

Children to be born? the old to die? a thrown centavo? rain? sun? night? day? for the great Serpent? the comforting Christ? . . . Rags worn by thousands accumulate a grandeur. Thousands waiting for an unknown coming acquire a dignity.

VIII

DEPARTURE

After the siesta we took a car and drove to Boca del Rio. The road was along the beach, winding between the small waves of the languid surf and great dunes and banks of matted foliage. The heat was still intense. The rush of the car cooled the air slightly. We relaxed and gazed drowsily at the two distant islands. Buzzards hopped from under the wheels of the car. They did not fly. They hopped clumsily and glared at us from savage red eyes. There were hundreds of them, feeding on refuse from a near-by slaughterhouse, hundreds of dirty, wrinkled birds.

Sometimes the car entered the surf where the beach was compressed by the rising tide and the heaps of drift. The drift was different from our beaches. It was mostly bamboo and enormous stumps of trees. The driver talked constantly, but the heat was too great for the effort to understand Spanish.

At Boca del Rio we sat for a long time looking across the brown river with rows of ochre nets staked in the current to trap the fish; watching the dugout canoes and the huts with their deep-thatched roofs. The scene resembled Africa. The peons glanced at us carelessly. When we returned the sun had gone. The whole sky was pale blue and objects against the sky had an astonishing purity of line and depth of color. We stopped at La Playa and went to sit at the small tables overlooking the wire-enclosed bathing-grounds. Twenty or thirty Mexican men and women were bathing. They swam badly. The water is very warm and swimmers tire easily. We ordered some beer. The day was still bright. It was peaceful there, and comfortable. The buzzards flew heavily up the beach from the south. They flew in pairs back toward the thickets behind Vera Cruz. The color of the evening changed to orange and faint pinks. The houses were brilliant in the glow. The white costumes of the people had an extraordinary sheen. We came on into Vera Cruz and went aboard the steamer. Night enveloped the town. There was no great amount of illumination. Pale flares of light accented the flat house fronts and the balconies. Only the pharos was bright. . . .

The steamer sailed slowly out the harbor, turning in a wide arc, barely having headway.

We did not want to go; neither did we want to stay. We could not remember clearly anything we had seen; but we hadn't tried to see very much; not pyramids or cathedrals or archæological remains. We weren't sure why we felt sorry, leaving. Remembering was difficult, even with the pharos still shining to starboard. Mexico was receding not only into the dark, it was falling back into itself. As though created by our arrival and dissipated by our departure. It fell back through time, year after year, through endless centuries. Worn, subtle old country. The flower of Mexico eternally plucked at the bud, as the peons strip the maguey before the blossoming. . . . Only fragments remained in our memories; the bull-ring looking from the outside like a modern velodrome; the enormous valley of Cuernavaca sunk in a sea of tinted mountains; the singing of Tapia and Rubio in the absurd, amusing Teatro Lirico; the dreary boat-loads of Mexicans afloat on the dull canals of Xochimilco; the silent, bored girls dancing at the Café Iris, the gorgeous murals of Diego Rivera. These—and the wind blowing; the wind blowing and blowing. Down from the brooding mountains—and hosts of people wandering quietly, waiting . . .

Adios, Mexico.

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The Job of Governor

BY GEORGE S. SILZER
Governor of New Jersey, 1923-1926

"A man's a man for a' that."

"PLEASE send me ten dollars for carfare and expenses. I want to go to your inauguration. I worked hard for your election and want to be on hand." Thus began the term of one governor, and thus began his troubles and the demands upon his purse, his time, and his energy.

The job of being governor is much like any other—it depends on the type of man who happens to be the governor, just as the job of being a bank president, a railroad executive, lawyer, doctor, business man, or a taxi-driver depends on the type of man who is doing that work.

Then, too, temperament plays an important part. A lazy man will be a lazy governor; a weak man will be a weak governor. An unambitious, incompetent, or dishonest individual will not change when he puts on the robes of state; he will carry these characteristics into office with him.

I do not mean to say that no change comes after induction into office. Many changes do take place. The demagogue placed in a position of responsibility is no longer a demagogue, or at least not so much of a one or one so radical as before. Many men honestly advocate on the stump policies which they afterward learn cannot be carried out, and often they find a change of policy not only advisable but necessary.

Too many burdens are placed upon the conscientious governor. One who takes the duties lightly throws off as many burdens as possible, but he who takes them seriously, and who wants to know his job and do it well, has little or no time for other matters, even though he be thoroughly trained for the task.

If the man who does any job is mentally and temperamentally fitted for the work, he will do well; if not, he will be more or less of a failure.

Many governors are chosen because of their fitness and training, but the chance of gubernatorial success is much less than that in other professions or occupations. In the latter, men are usually trained for the task; they have deliberately chosen them as a life-work, generally because they had a taste for them or an enthusiasm that made them worth while and interesting. In these circumstances success naturally follows.

It is not so in the former. Few men are trained for the gubernatorial office, and many are nominated notwithstanding their lack of training. Some are chosen for other reasons.

Charles E. Hughes became available because of his success in handling an insurance investigation; Charles Whitman by reason of his able handling of the famous Becker trial in New York City; Colonel Theodore Roosevelt because of his popularity as the head of the Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War.

Others are selected because they are known to have firm views on public questions. Such was the case of Governor Ritchie, who strongly opposed prohibition.

Others have been selected in order to groom them for a possible presidential nomination, as was Woodrow Wilson. There are still others who are selected for no other reason than that they were the choice of those who control the dominant party in the particular State, as in Republican Pennsylvania and Massachusetts and in the strongly Democratic States of the South. These and other similar reasons account for the choice.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that there are more failures among executives than in business and the professions.

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Of course, all governors chosen for these illogical reasons are not failures; on the contrary, many have been conspicuous successes. Among the many may be mentioned Hughes, Cleveland, Coolidge, and Wilson.

It is of course very clear to any student of government or business that our methods are not calculated to bring the best results, and they do not do so. This, however, must be expected in a democracy such as ours. It is too much to expect that the electorate will take as much interest in government and in the selection of its representatives as they take in their own private and personal business.

The surprising thing is that government is as good as it is, when the average voter and citizen takes so little interest in this very important part of his life. I say important because, after all, he is vitally affected by the kind of government he is living under. Taxes, burdensome laws, regulation, lack of regulation, criminal laws and their enforcement, regulation of habits and morals—these and other things affect all vitally, in mind and health as well as in pocketbook.

There is another element not always considered. Ours is a complicated civilization, and we live in an era of big enterprises; consequently government is big and complicated. The government of a great State requires not only a good executive in the political sense but a good business man as well.

It is unfortunately only too true that many men who are political successes and who were selected only because of their political availability turn out to be poor business men, and so are not properly equipped to handle the important business end of government.

The executive may be likened to the head of a great corporation. He must know what is to be done, how to do it, and then must see that it is done.

Unlike the business head, who carefully chooses his subordinates, and discharges them when they fail to measure up to their task, and so builds up an efficient organization, a governor must accept as subordinates men selected for political reasons, others chosen by a thoughtless electorate, incompetents protected by Tenure-of-Office Acts, and a mass of indifferent workers more interested in the hour of adjournment than in efficiency or accomplishment.

How can any one expect of an executive in such circumstances such satisfactory results as are obtained by the head of a private corporation? We cannot expect it and do not get it.

I have often thought of a State government as comparable to that of a private corporation—the governor being the executive, the State officers the executive committee, and the legislature the board of directors. It is only a dream-thought, however, for it does not function in practice.

There is usually fair co-operation between the executive and State officers and heads of departments. I say fair, because in many cases political differences and a lack of interest and initiative prevent complete co-operation.

The difference is still more marked when we try to think of a legislature as a board of directors. Legislatures have a large membership; many men with many and divergent opinions frequently irreconcilable. It is difficult for them to come to a common understanding and still more difficult to find leaders among them who can speak authoritatively for them.

In a business corporation the president can sit down and confer with his board of directors, differences of opinion may be reconciled, and a definite policy determined upon.

A governor is not so fortunate, for he usually can find no one who can or has the authority to reflect the composite legislative mind. Often he cannot even find out what conclusion that mind has reached, if any.

The dealings almost of necessity must be at arm's length, with little or no chance of reaching a conclusion satisfactory or beneficial to the public weal.

Political differences, too, often prevent concerted action for the public good. If of different political parties, it is often erroneously believed that each must oppose the views of the other, no matter how wholesome and sound the other's views may be.

Differences between legislatures and executives are not by any means wholly

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political; more often they are purely psychological.

Mr. Coolidge has met with determined opposition from a Congress controlled by his own political party. Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Roosevelt were both confronted with similar situations. So have most, if not all, governors been confronted with opposition from members of their own party in control of the legislative branch.

This is due to a natural and inherent jealousy between the executive and legislative branches of government. Each feels and exaggerates its own importance and is jealous of its own prerogatives. It resents any trespassing upon its domain, and shows that resentment by striking at the other when it can.

This is not surprising when we recall that we have been taught that the government is divided into three departments, *i. e.*, executive, legislative, and judicial, and that they can and should remain separate and independent departments of government.

Nothing is more human than to resent having some one else's will imposed upon us, unless it be the desire for power which each seeks to secure and retain by exercising its own will in utter disregard of any other branch.

It will be recalled that at the last session of the Congress nominations made by the President were rejected by a Republican Senate; and that legislation recommended by Mr. Coolidge was rejected by a Congress of his own party. Similarly this has happened frequently in the national field and to almost every governor of a State. The human equation, man's egotism, and jealousy cannot be eliminated from public life any more than from private life.

Another reason for differences between the executive and the legislature is found in this: legislators divide responsibility—each legislator divides it with fifty or a hundred others; consequently he does not feel so great a responsibility, and hence does not give so much thought to the subjects as he would if he had the sole responsibility. He makes an intensive study of the particular legislation he is interested in, but usually leaves to others the legislation they are interested in. He devotes a part of his time to legislative duties and a greater part to the continuation of those endeavors which produce his daily bread.

A governor, on the other hand, devotes his entire time to the job; he must have a thorough knowledge of all public questions in which they are or should be jointly concerned. He must study them, have sound and definite views, and he must convey those views to State departments and to the legislature in messages recommending legislation. He must be prepared to defend his views and must satisfy himself that they are sound and in the public interest. If he does not do this, he is promptly confronted with violent and unanswerable criticism from the public press and from his political and personal opponents.

His views, so reached, may perhaps give the appearance of attempted domination of the views of others; he also may be impatient of the views of others who he knows have not given the subject long, serious, and intelligent thought.

Having reached these views he assumes a fatherhood over them which makes him ready to fight for them and defend them; and having convinced himself that they are in the public interest, he frequently finds it impossible to accept weak compromises or such as do not accomplish what he earnestly feels should be done.

On the other hand, governors sometimes do not reach the right or the best conclusions, or they propose something merely for political or partisan purposes, or they may be misled by the zeal of well-meaning friends. They are, too, often carried away by their love of power or by their own conceit. In all such cases it is not only natural but praiseworthy for a legislature to curb the erring executive.

So long as man is man, the ever-present struggle between executive and legislative departments will continue. Attempts to produce perfect harmony are predestined failures for those who undertake them, and are seldom productive of results beneficial to the public. Harmony that is too close usually submerges one or the other, or produces results which the public would not have or desire if they knew how it was being secretly accomplished.

There are limitations to the ability of an executive to meet all demands made upon him.

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In almost every State merely attending to the State's business is a sufficient tax upon the health and energy of its governor. There are, however, many other demands—not the least being the call upon him for speeches and for attendance upon public functions and social affairs. No man can possibly meet these demands.

Some governors receive each month from one hundred to two hundred invitations to speak. No man can accept even a small proportion of them and say anything worth listening to, if he is to give the requisite time to the necessary work of the State. Travelling to and from such affairs, the irregularity of hours, and the lateness of return all serve to deplete his vitality.

Those who seek his presence make it well-nigh impossible to refuse their invitation. If he refuses, they charge him with ingratitude or say the office has gone to his head, and that he has forgotten his constituents; they tell him he forgets all they have done for him, and that retribution will overtake him if he does not acquiesce. They send to him his most intimate friends and those to whom he feels a loyalty, so that he must be embarrassed if he refuses.

In short, everything is done to embarrass and to coerce him into accepting these engagements, thus depleting his vitality and rendering him less fit to do the work he was chosen for and which he has sworn to do to the best of his ability.

Alfred E. Smith, that very efficient executive of the State of New York, who has an unusual and effective way of stating things, has facetiously said that every State should have two governors: one who owns two dress suits, and whose duty it would be to go to dinners and make speeches, and another who should stay at home and attend to the State's business. This Will Rogers type of statement contains both the humor and the philosophy so characteristic of both Governor Smith and Rogers.

There is also a geographical difference in governors' jobs. New Jersey, lying between Philadelphia and New York, with a large urban population and many industries, not to mention its mountains and seashore resorts devoted to health and pleasure, has problems very different from those of agricultural Kansas.

Industrial Pennsylvania cannot be compared with Tennessee. Wisconsin, with its dairy and agricultural interests, is quite unlike Massachusetts, with its mills and factories.

States with urban populations have problems in marked contrast to those strictly suburban.

If the tariff (as has been said) is a local problem, so are many of those presented by the several States. Consequently the task of a governor is different, to some extent, in each State. Generally, of course, the job is the same, as above outlined, because the structural form is the same and because, after all, government is the object sought.

The job has its pleasant side as well as its dark one. Many pleasant contacts are made and acquaintances formed. There is a broadening of vision and an intellectual stimulus in the conflict with legislatures, and in the study and development of legislation, and in dealing with important public questions and business. There is an opportunity to do worthwhile things. Appointments of honest and competent men to office, the elimination of graft, the saving of public funds, providing water, the building of roads, bridges, and other public works, the making of provision for the helpless and unfortunate in State institutions, the creation of a healthy public opinion, the arousing of the public conscience, all lead to permanent improvement and betterment of the commonwealth. They too are comforting and satisfying to the conscience, however much they may lack public appreciation or vocal public approval.

All in all, and notwithstanding its disappointments and the hard work, I should say that the job of being a governor is a pleasant one.

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The "World Court" and the United States

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THE United States Senate on January 27, 1926, by a majority of 76 to 17, voted for a Resolution agreeing to the adherence of the United States to the Permanent Court of International Justice. To the Resolution there were attached 5 Reservations, and 2 incidental Resolutions. The Statute of the Court was prepared by a Committee of Experts in 1920, and was adopted with certain modifications by the Assembly and Council of the League of Nations. The protocol signifying adherence to the Statute has been signed by the representatives of some 50 states. Secretary of State Kellogg communicated the action of the Senate to every state which had signed the Court protocol, and each state was asked whether it accepted the Senate Reservations as a "part and condition" of American adherence.

Five countries answered in the affirmative, Cuba, Greece, Liberia, Albania, and Luxemburg, and two states, San Domingo and Uruguay, indicated that their Governments would take favorable action. At the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations on March 18, 1926, Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British representative, suggested that there were technical difficulties in the way of accepting the American Reservations through an exchange of notes. Beyond saying that it was "not usual" to adopt this method, he did not explain what these difficulties were. He added that the Fifth Reservation, which forbade, without the consent of the United States, a request upon the Court by the Council or Assembly for an advisory opinion in a dispute or question in which the United States "has or claims an interest," was capable of an interpretation which would hamper the work of the Council and prejudice the rights of members of the League. In what respect this was so, Mr. Chamberlain did not say. He said that "It is not clear that it was intended to bear any such meaning," and suggested that the correct interpretation should be the subject of discussion and agreement by the member states with the United States. He suggested the framing of a new agreement with the United States after opportunity for discussing with an American representative the questions raised by the Senate Resolution. After March, 1926, no further replies were received from any other country until February, 1927, when the British Government and two others sent replies embodying the terms of the Geneva counter-reservations, presently to be discussed.

The Council, upon Mr. Chamberlain's motion, decided to call a conference of the member nations of the Court and of the United States, to be held in Geneva September 1, 1926, to study "the way in which the Governments of the signatories might accept the 5 reservations and conditions proposed" by the United States. Secretary Kellogg declined an invitation to send a representative to the Conference, with the statement that the Reservations were "plain and unequivocal," and had to be accepted by an exchange of notes between the United States and each of the signatory states.

The representatives of 40 states met in Geneva, and a Report issued from the Conference September 23. Contrary to Secretary Kellogg's view, they concluded that more than an exchange of notes was necessary, as they said, to alter an international treaty like the Statute of the Court. They therefore drew up a new draft protocol, embodying certain declarations, which was to be signed by the United States and the member nations,

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and was to supplement the Court Statute. It was agreed that all the member nations would reply to the United States individually but in identical form. The Conference adopted, in answer to the Senate Reservations, certain conclusions by way of counter-reservations, so to speak. These deserve more extended comment.

The Conference accepted the first three Reservations of the Senate unconditionally; namely, (1) that adherence to the Court would involve no legal relations on the part of the United States with the League or the assumption of any obligation under the Treaty of Versailles; (2) the United States was to be permitted to take part in the election of judges in the Council and Assembly on a basis of equality with any member of the League; and (3) the United States would pay a fair share of the expenses of the Court as determined by Congress. The fourth and fifth Reservations were accepted only conditionally. The fourth Reservation provides (1) that the United States may at any time withdraw its adherence to the Court, and (2) the Statute of the Court may not be amended without the consent of the United States. Both as to this and the fifth Reservation, the members seemed to fear that the United States would by these Reservations obtain a privileged position. It was argued that it was not known whether any member could withdraw adherence and the question as to how the Statute was to be amended had never been considered; hence it was not known whether unanimity was required or not. They then conceded the American privilege of withdrawing. In agreeing, however, to the second part of the fourth Reservation, by which the Statute could not be changed without American consent, they added a counter-reservation to the effect that the signatory states, acting together and by a two-thirds majority, should possess the corresponding right to withdraw their acceptance of the American conditions to this part of the fourth and to the entire fifth Reservation, if it were found that the arrangement agreed upon did not yield "satisfactory results." The Conference apparently decided that unanimity was required for a change in the Statute, for in the proposed draft protocol which was to be signed by the member nations and by the United States it is provided that no amendment of the Statute shall be made "without the consent of all the contracting parties." Thus the United States secures a position of equality and not of privilege.

The most serious difficulty was caused by the fifth Senate Reservation which reads:

"That the Court shall not render any advisory opinion except publicly after due notice to all states adhering to the Court and to all interested states, and after public hearing or opportunity for hearing given to any state concerned; nor shall it, without the consent of the United States, entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest."

It must be remembered that the Court has two functions: the actual decision of litigated cases between two or more states, and the rendering of advisory opinions to the Council or Assembly of the League. The latter function has been sharply criticised by leading authorities, including Elihu Root and John Bassett Moore, as not involving a strictly judicial function, for the Court merely advises and does not decide and the decision is not binding on any one. Only by the most careful safeguards, approximating the advisory opinion procedure to that prevailing in ordinary contested disputes, has that procedure been prevented from turning the Court into a function analogous to that of an Attorney-General to the League. Thirteen such advisory opinions have been rendered to the Council, against seven decisions in litigated cases.

The Conference appears to have found the fifth Reservation inexact and puzzling, and expressed regret at the unwillingness of the United States to explain or interpret it; they declared that it was not known whether a request for an advisory opinion requires unanimity on the part of the Council or not, and thus whether the United States' demand involved merely equality with the other members, or a veto power, assuming majority vote suffices. They answered the first part of the fifth Reservation by pointing out that by an amendment in the

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Rules of the Court, effected by the Court itself, it was now provided that advisory opinions shall be given after deliberation by the full Court, and after public hearing and notice to all the member states, and the opinion was to be read in open Court. The Reservation by the Senate was induced by the fact that there was known to be some support, both in the Council and the Court, for secret opinions and private hearings. These dangers the Conference believed the Rules of the Court averted, but as these Rules could be changed, the Conference was willing to include in the proposed additional protocol an article to the effect that "the Court shall render advisory opinions in public session."

The second part of the fifth Reservation to the effect that the Court shall not "without the consent of the United States entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute in which the United States has or claims an interest," proved the most serious stumbling-block to the Conference. So far as concerns disputes in which the United States is a party, it was asserted that no advisory opinion could be asked without the consent of the United States. The Conference cited as authority for this conclusion the decision of the Court in the Eastern Carelia case, in which the Council had asked for an advisory opinion in a case involving Finland and Russia. Russia refused to appear, and the Court by a majority of 7 to 4 refused to render an advisory opinion on that ground. The majority also were supported by the fact that Russia had refused to furnish to the Court any information in the matter, and such information had been suggested by the Council as necessary to enable the Court to reach a conclusion. Had the question submitted by the Council been framed differently, it might have been less easy for the majority to prevail. The fact is, however, that the Council censured the Court, in a printed Report, for its refusal to give the opinion (*Official Journal*, November, 1923, pp. 1335–1337, 1501–1502), and Judge Bustamante, one of the dissenting judges, still maintains in a recent book that the opinion should have been rendered. Had it been given, it would have seriously impaired the position of judicial independence and detachment which the Court must maintain to assure its continued existence. A single decision, reached by a majority of 7 to 4, with a strong dissent, was not deemed by the Senate sufficient assurance for so important and fundamental a principle, in the present state of international relations, that a decision should not be made in a case affecting the United States, without its express consent. The Conference speaks of this as a case in which the United States is a party; possibly they deemed this the equivalent of "has an interest."

But where the United States only *claims* an interest, the Conference objected to the American Reservation, at least, in the absence of more definite knowledge on their part of the procedure necessary in Council or Assembly in the matter of requesting advisory opinions. Advisory opinions can only be requested by the Council or Assembly. Although such opinions had always been requested by the Council (never by the Assembly) by unanimous vote, the Conference maintained that this was not definitely established by any formal act, and while they were willing to grant the United States equality with the states represented in the Council or Assembly, they felt that, if only a majority were required to institute a request for an advisory opinion, the veto power thus demanded by the United States over the submission of a question in which the United States claims an interest would be more than equality, but rather a privileged position not possessed by any other member. The suggestion that the Council ask the Court for an opinion whether unanimity or merely majority was necessary for a request was voted down. The Conference were thus willing to concede equality to the United States, a veto if unanimity was required, but a vote only and no veto if mere majority was required. The Conference proposed the following paragraph in the suggested protocol to cover this point:

"Should the United States offer objection to an advisory opinion being given by the Court, at the request of the Council or the Assembly, concerning a dispute

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to which the United States is not a party, or concerning a question other than a dispute between states, the Court will attribute to such objection the same force and effect as attaches to a vote against asking for an opinion given by a member of the League of Nations either in the Assembly or the Council."

This seems reasonable, but in fact it is probable that it will not satisfy the United States Senate. The fact is that it had never been suspected in the Senate or elsewhere that anything but unanimity was required, and inasmuch as this gave every member of the Council an opportunity to prevent the submission of a question for opinion, it was deemed a sufficient protection for the United States. Had it been supposed that questions could be submitted by mere majority vote, it is quite probable that neither President Harding nor President Coolidge would have submitted the World Court protocol to the Senate for consideration, or else that even stronger reservations would have been attached to the Senate Resolution. The fact seems to be that the Senate regards the advisory opinion procedure with considerable suspicion, indeed as a political link between the Court and the Council. The Conference expressed the view that, if majority were sufficient to institute a request for an opinion, the veto power demanded by the United States would hamper the functions of the League, and the rights and duties of the member nations—this by a nation not having the responsibilities of League membership. It is conceivable that Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion that the Reservation might hamper the work of the Council was induced by the thought that other states, not members of the Council but only of the Assembly, like Rumania, might claim the same privilege. But it might well be said that these members of the League had by the Covenant constituted the Council their agent for the purpose of requesting advisory opinions. This the United States, as a non-member, has not done.

The Conference also expressed doubt as to the procedure by which the United States would indicate its claim of interest, whether this would be Executive notification or whether Senate "advice and consent" was necessary. They believed that in the latter event great delay would ensue, to the injury of the advisory opinion function of the Court, which often had to act rapidly. To this suggestion it has been said that inasmuch as the Council or Assembly only reach their unanimous decisions to request an opinion after considerable deliberation and discussion, it would not consume much more time to ask the United States for its assent to the submission of a question in which the United States claimed an interest. Time might be saved, if it was believed that the United States might claim such interest, if the United States were consulted before the Council completed its deliberations. It had been quite usual to except from the arbitration treaties of the twentieth century, including the Franco-British Treaty of 1903, the seven arbitration treaties submitted by President Roosevelt in 1905, and the unratified Taft-Knox Treaties of 1911, the submission of questions involving the "interests of third parties." It had never been determined how such interest was to be established, and it was assumed, it may be inferred, that such third states would claim an interest if they had it. The inclusion of the term "claims an interest" was to make it certain that the United States was the sole judge of the question whether it had an interest. It is also a fact that in the Taft-Knox Treaties of 1911 the British Government had reserved the consent of any dominion Government for the submission of any question involving such Government. The Senate Reservation did not extend the requirement of Senate consent to litigated cases before the Permanent Court, but only to requests by the Council or Assembly for advisory opinions.

The fact seems to be that the United States Senate was reluctant to accept the advisory opinion procedure at all. As it had served the League well, however, it was apparently felt that it should not be hampered, but that it should not be employed by the Council in a matter involving United States interests without United States consent. The original Coolidge reservation that the United States would not be "bound" by any advisory opinion was deemed insufficient

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protection, for while no advisory opinion binds anybody, neither Council nor Court nor any State, the opinion has an important effect in moulding public judgment, and often has the effect of a decision. The Senate had observed that Turkey had refused to appear before the Court in the Mosul case, which was converted from a litigated issue between England (Iraq) and Turkey into a request by the Council for an advisory opinion as to its own powers under Article 3 of the Treaty of Lausanne. The opinion rendered nullified the effect of Lord Curzon's express promise to Turkey that no decision would be made by the Council without Turkey's representation on the Council, necessarily unanimous, on which condition Turkey had signed Article 3. The Senate had also been informed that the German minorities in Advisory Opinion No. 6 had been denied by the Council and by Poland the rights which the Opinion of the Court had conceded them. On the whole, therefore, the Senate had looked upon the provision for advisory opinions with some apprehension and was determined to hedge it about so that it could not be used against American interests without American consent. The Reservations, it may be recalled, were written by friends of the Court and not by opponents. The Senate does not apparently insist upon actual hearing for a State unwilling to appear or consent to the submission by the Council of a request for advisory opinion, for it provides that *opportunity* for a hearing may suffice to give the Court jurisdiction.

It was also observed by a number of the Senators that the Council and Assembly had the entire power of initiating opinions, and the United States could be consulted only after it had been decided to request an advisory opinion. The states represented in the Council and Assembly had full opportunity to protect their interests, it was felt, by the deliberations and discussions in those bodies, of which the United States was not a member. The United States wished as nearly similar an opportunity in connection with matters in which it claimed an interest. A member of the Council was not required, in support of a negative vote against a request for advisory opinion, to explain the vote or claim an interest. The United States, on the other hand, would have to explain the nature of its interest and the reasons for its objection, if any, though it was by no means certain that the United States would refuse its consent, temporarily or permanently, to the submission of questions in which it had or claimed an interest. It might indeed help to settle the terms of reference, as France and Great Britain did before the submission of the request for an opinion in the Tunisian Nationality case (Advisory Opinion No. 4). Thus, what the United States sought by the Reservation was not merely equality with any other member of the Council but, as a non-member, equality with the Council itself.

It is not without interest to observe that the Report of the Inter-Imperial Conference at London, published November 20, 1926, makes reservations on behalf of the Dominions of the British Empire not unlike those made by the Senate in the Reservations now under discussion. Throughout the Report of the Imperial Conference it is made clear that neither the British Government nor any Dominion Government shall deal with or decide or submit for decision any question involving the interests of any Dominion without the consent of that Dominion. These constitutional limitations, if they may be so called, relate to Dominion Legislation (IV, C), Appeals to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council (IV, E), the Conclusion of Treaties (V, A, B), the Signature of Treaties (VI, B), the General Conduct of Foreign Policy (VI, C). With respect to the signature and ratification of the Optional Clause of Article 36 in the Statute of the Permanent Court, providing for the obligatory submission of cases if states so desire, it was deemed "premature to accept the obligation" in question (VIII, A), and each Dominion "was in accord with the conclusions reached," by the Geneva Conference with respect to the conditions upon which the United States desired to become a party to the Court protocol (VIII, B). It is interesting to observe that Sir George Foster, the Canadian delegate to the Geneva Conference, denied to the United States in a world organization

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privileges which are claimed for Canada in the British Empire.

President Coolidge has been criticised for his speech at Kansas City on Armistice Day, 1926, in which he indicated that the Senate Reservations would have to be accepted as they stand by the members signatory of the Court protocol, and that he would make no effort to bring about Senate approval of the Geneva counter-reservations. It is not believed that the criticism is altogether justified. President Coolidge had in fact made considerable sacrifices for the Court when he consented to cloture preceding the vote of January, 1926. In the Senate elections of November and in the primaries an affirmative vote on the Senate Resolution had not proved in some sections of the country to be a political asset, and, in fact, some Senators had apparently been defeated on the issue or had recanted. Indeed, there is some opinion to the effect that if the President resubmits the question, it will result in a Senate resolution of withdrawal from the Court. Although the Trammell Resolution of withdrawal was tabled in February, 1927, with the concurrence of opponents of American adherence, this was due to the circumstance that the British reply, just then received, had, instead of accepting the Senate Reservations, embodied the Geneva counter-reservations, and this was regarded as foreclosing American membership.

If the United States is then to become a signatory of the Court protocol, it would seem that the next step must be initiated abroad in a withdrawal of the Geneva counter-reservations. If United States' membership is seriously desired, this could easily be done by an agreement among the member nations upon the necessity for unanimity on the part of the Council or Assembly in requesting advisory opinions. Four words amending Article 14 of the Covenant would effect this. This would but confirm the existing practice, and there seems little reason not to make it a formal rule. The conference agreed to the necessity for such unanimity in the matter of amending the Court Statute; even less change would be required to extend the agreement to cover the existing practice of requesting advisory opinions. Such a formal rule would make practically unnecessary the Geneva counter-reservations. There ought to be no serious objections to the United States withdrawing from the Court if it desires. None of the Great Powers has consented to the obligatory jurisdiction of the Court under Article 36, even in the limited classes of legal issues therein contemplated, and is free to submit or refuse to submit a litigated case. By its presence on the Council it may prevent the submission of a request for advisory opinions. The United States, under the Reservations, would be in the same position. It seems useless to seek to prevent a nation from withdrawing from the Court protocol, if it sees fit.

The only alternative to such a step by the member nations would be the now impractical ones of the United States joining the League of Nations, an acceptance by the Senate of the Geneva counter-reservations, or the withdrawal of the Senate Reservations. None of these measures seems within the realm of practical possibilities. It would thus seem that the only hope of the United States becoming a signatory of the Court protocol lies in a further accommodation by the present signatories to the views expressed by the Senate.

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College by Correspondence

THE ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER

BY ANNIE MARION MACLEAN

DUE to the unfriendly offices of that gay dog, Time, I find myself almost a pioneer in a movement recently grown popular. A generation ago an institution of higher learning offering correspondence courses of university grade for credit was looked at askance by those who clung to hoary traditions in education; now the university that does not offer such courses is trying to establish a reasonable excuse. In the meantime, adult education has stepped into the limelight, and here have I been in the midst of it for over twenty years, with never a laurel wreath thrown my way until some months ago when a questionnaire came from a great foundation, suddenly aware of a significant movement, asking, "How do you do it?" or words to that effect. Since then a desire to tell about my own work has been growing rapidly, and now I feel that I have been "repressed" long enough and am going to do it.

My own teaching by correspondence has been done through a great university having now upward of ten thousand students registered in home-study courses. Owing to certain circumstances my work has shifted in the last few years from an avocation to a vocation. The number in my courses seldom falls below one hundred and twenty-five and, on account of the nature of my subject, the students are more or less mature. Many are teachers in important positions, but practically all are men and women working, for one reason or another, for university credit. So much for personnel. As to location, it is everywhere. This is not a story of methods, because it goes without saying that a great university maintains high standards in all its lines of endeavor. On the part of the instructor, courses are prepared and outlined, probably with greater exactness than for classroom instruction, where the give-and-take of spoken language may be depended upon to clear up obscure points. On the part of the student, there is little opportunity to bluff his way through. He must prepare the entire lesson and write his answers to each question. Opportunities for dishonesty are reduced to a minimum. And why, in the name of common sense, should any one undertake anything as laborious as correspondence study to cheat at it? Parents do not send children to school along the inky way; children at considerable sacrifice send themselves. Such work, praise God, has not yet become fashionable. If, and when it does, we may expect to see a full quota of frivolous documents cluttering up the United States mails. Then, of course, we shall need social, athletic, intelligence tests, and what-not to keep them out.

I am free to confess that what may be called the human side of teaching has always interested me most. I am really writing about the by-products of home-study instruction rather than the isms and ologies with which my work deals. My mind is full of the subject I teach, but it is also full of the men and women who operate fountain-pens and typewriters in quest of higher learning.

Twenty-three years ago when I began work by correspondence as a side-line of viva-voce teaching, my subject was considered hardly a suitable one for women. In consequence of this attitude of earlier years, my first student, a foreign gentleman, with more or less uncomplimentary language, sidestepped the course when he found it had been taken over by a mere female. That was at the time a hard pill for me to swallow, now it is a toothsome morsel. Then, as now, my work was ever present. Never a vacation could I take without being accompanied by a trunk full of papers or explaining to students all over creation that their lessons would be delayed for a time. Urgent cases had to

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be arranged for by telegram. Running away from a family of children is a simple affair compared with trying to escape from a hundred home-study students. Lessons pursue me relentlessly. But I would not have it otherwise. I am sure I should be lonesome with no thirster after knowledge in North Carolina or Oregon to placate. Going on a trip becomes a great adventure. Once I penetrated to the northeastern wildernesses only to have mail arrive at each point *after* I had left. The accumulation reached me weeks later on the last boat of the season scarred by travel and completely covered by forwarding addresses. "You have many friends," said the village postmaster who finally turned it over to me. I obliged by answering affirmatively. Now when I travel, my arrangements are far-reaching, and designed to cover every possible emergency. But there is always at least one that is not covered. I have concluded that a home-study instructor's place is in the home, yet I know I am too modern to stay there. Therefore, unless physical handicaps prevent, I move about with a cloud of witnesses in the air or mail bag.

Getting a new student started is always exhilarating. One never knows what he is going to do. He may settle right down to work, or he may conduct a vigorous correspondence about the how or the when of beginning. Some students seem to find difficulty in deciding how to address me. One man from a distant State wrote: "Am I to call you Professor, Doctor, Mrs., or Miss? Please let me know at once so I can send in the first lesson." My reply was to the effect that if he eliminated the Mrs. he could make his own selection. "Since Mrs.," I said rather flippantly I fear, "is a title that I have been able to avoid only by exercise of the most subtle diplomacy, it is a point of honor with me to object to its use in connection with myself." His reply was: "In my State women are proud to be called Mrs.!" After that we got on very well, and I found that he himself had given three women (at different times) a right to use the title of which his State was proud. It is surprising how, in starting a course, there will occasionally be a student greatly occupied with the petty matter of terms of address. Once one wrote me quite impersonally to the proper university department:

"DEAR SIR OR MADAM:

"Your name escapes me. A line to the undersigned will oblige."

Recently, a first lesson came from a distant city, addressed simply to my street number. That captivated me. In an effort to understand life, I have been at various times in my career various things, from a factory-operative to a casual laborer, as well as a consumer of midnight oil, but never before a street number. I let it ride. Not so the student. He is urging me to tell him the forgotten name (which he could easily find in the university announcement, but he has probably lost that) and I forget to tell him. My name has nothing to do with theories or world events. But after all, hasn't it? The best work by correspondence is personal. I must admit that most of my students are very real to me. Their hopes, academic ambitions, and private affairs help me to interpret their work. No investigating body can ever really find out how the thing is done unless it has all the returned lessons in a course, together with the private correspondence that has been carried on; in short, the friendship that has been established. All instructors do not feel this way. A man who taught Greek once said: "My students mean nothing to me; the work is merely bookkeeping."

If I felt that way, I think I should prefer, as being less monotonous, operating a machine that pastes labels on cans. When the mail comes, and I take a preliminary look, I have little Victorian thrills. I simply must know whose work has come in. Then I decide whose papers to take up first, and as I read I see blue eyes or brown eyes with puckered brows or smiling faces and minds keen or befuddled grappling with problems. There is no stuffy classroom with shuffling feet and suppressed yawns. Conditions for me are ideal. In winter, I can flee from steam-radiators to some coral strand, taking along, of course, a bottle of red ink. The United States mail does the rest. In summer, students are on the wing. Lessons come from seashore and mountains, city parks and farms; often with bits of description thrown in. One young man wrote: "If you think Atlantic City is a good place to work, you are mistaken."

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As if any one above the grade of moron ever supposed that was an ideal spot for intellectual pursuits! All I said was: "Where is her home?" And another who in apologizing for delay with lessons wrote: "I got touched with the city. You who have lived in New York must appreciate what I mean. A man, a woman, the Village, the theatre, and—time flies. Suffice it to say that the love-affair is almost over." These confidences are enlivening just as many extraneous matters are when they get mixed up with classroom instruction. They add infinitely to the gaiety of teaching. The gods probably send them to counteract monotony. Blessed be the gods! I well remember the gushing student who wrote: "I found six of your books in our library. Oh! Boy." Another said: "I should think being an author would make you feel as if you belonged to the distinguished dead!" A "dead one"? I wonder.

But acquaintance with students is not all by post. They come from remote parts and call upon me as opportunity presents itself. This is in an effort to make real to themselves the divinity who shapes their credits, rough-hew them as they may, and is always an interesting experience for the divinity. One woman on a thousand-mile motor trip called at the university to see me only to discover that I was then thirty miles away. She dashed furiously to my home, found me, threw her arms rapturously about my neck, and exclaimed: "I knew I'd like you." Then she departed to call on another instructor —a man. I wonder how she greeted him. Another time a man from a distant State, accompanied by his four-year-old son, came to see me. Before the greetings were nicely under way, the son, doubtless in an infant's effort to be friendly, kicked my dog. In the ensuing mix-up all formality disappeared. While I was trying to soothe the outraged feelings of my Irish setter, the father turned the boy over his knee and administered old-fashioned punishment. Whereupon the dog leaped on the cruel father. Finally, with the dog locked in the bathroom, and the young culprit calmed, my visitor, bowing himself out, said: "I am so glad to know you personally." And there was the timid-appearing young Japanese who called to get some light on "cos-cosmetic evolution," and the girl from the Dakotas who wanted me to get her a teaching position, and the woman from Arkansas who asked me to identify her at a bank in the big callous city, and the clergyman who requested me to find a publisher for a book he had written, and the housewife who asked me, "as one woman to another," if I could tell her how to make black-currant jelly. Then there was the elderly missionary on furlough who came to discuss high-sounding theories, but who remained to talk over methods of removing fleas from Pekingese dogs in a subtropical climate while my pedigreed pup of that breed gave illustrations.

A thing that interests me tremendously is the individual student's reaction to debatable subjects. This can usually be determined by geography. For example, a subquestion inserted in one of the lessons for my own delectation has to do with the student's acceptance of an author's view of human evolution. From various sections of the country came such answers as: "It's all right with me." "If you knew my granddad, you'd think a monkey was a prince." "I believe in Jesus, my Saviour, and am praying for the author." "I believe in the Bible." "I accept science. How can a person with sense do otherwise?" "The religion that was good enough for that Prince of Peace, William Jennings Bryan, is good enough for me." And finally: "I don't want to tell you my view for fear it might queer me in the examination!"

Study by correspondence is no longer in the stage of experimentation; it has demonstrated its right to live as at least a partial substitute for residential courses. It also provides a cultural opportunity for busy adults. I grow enthusiastic when I think of the thousands of papers I have smeared with red ink and the accruing credits in appropriate offices of record in practically every State in the Union. I can imagine myself in future years with one foot in the grave, holding tight to a bundle of papers on which I make marginal notes and despatch them to Oklahoma, Yukon, and Delaware while the grim reaper waits. I cannot see myself letting go. Believe it or not, I love my work and I am proud to march with the pioneers. Here comes the mail!

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The Truant

BY OSCAR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THERE were a dozen men in Grant who knew Hal Eldridge better than I, and there were fifty, at least, whose prominence in the town overshadowed my own. If prominence had had anything to do with the selection of the reception committee, I would not of course have been at the station that afternoon. I understood that perfectly.

The real reason I was selected to be one of the three men to greet Hal Eldridge was, I suppose, because no one else could be found in Grant whose work was even remotely like his. *The News* that morning, in telling of the preparations, had mentioned me as "a boyhood friend and fellow worker in the arts." We have our civic pride. It would hardly do to greet an internationally famous artist—Hal is Horace Eldridge, the etcher—with a committee composed solely of bankers and members of the Real Estate Board. But they must have realized they were stretching a point in choosing me. I am a teacher of the violin. It strikes me that civic pride can sometimes be a bit pathetic.

When I arrived that afternoon, a few minutes before traintime, a large crowd had already gathered at the station. The other two members of the committee—Lambert, president of the Farmers and Merchants National, and the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, Harry Cram—"Sir Harry"—were chatting together at one end of the platform, a bit withdrawn from the others. They both looked at their watches when I appeared, and this, without their saying anything, seemed to rebuke me for my tardiness for being the last to appear. I felt apologetic, for no reason, of course; the train was just coming in sight, the merest speck down at the edge of the horizon.

I fell into step beside Lambert and Sir Harry and we walked the length of the platform, but my actions must have shown that I was self-conscious. This being set off from the other people of the town was a new experience, and it made me uncomfortable. My two companions, of course, were used to that sort of thing and didn't mind. As we walked, I kept looking every now and then at the crowd lined up along the edge of the platform, and I could not help wondering what Hal Eldridge was going to make of it all.

He wouldn't, of course, be expecting anything like this; nearly half the town turning out, and the head-line in *The News*, and that sign, WELCOME HOME, HAL ELDRIDGE, stretched across Walnut Street opposite the station. I could see it flapping each time we turned at the edge of the platform. He would wonder, when the train pulled in, what all the fuss was about. I found myself wondering too.

On his last visit there had been no fuss. Three years before he had slipped into town and out again almost unnoticed. There are a number of former Grant boys who have gone to the big cities in the East to live, and every now and then one comes back to visit his family or to be present at a wedding or a funeral among his relatives. We see them on the streets for a couple of days, then they disappear.

Grant is used to such visitors and, on the whole, the town is proud of them, especially if they are well dressed and seem to be doing well. Hal Eldridge on his last visit, I remember, seemed just about the average. A little stand-offish in his manner but very quietly dressed. There was nothing about him to indicate that he was making very much money. He was not at all in the class with Tom Lambert, who motored through Grant last spring on his way to the coast, with his chauffeur and with his pretty wife, who was worth, Tom's father said, three-quarters of a million.

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But since Hal Eldridge's last visit to Grant he had come to be recognized as belonging to the very first rank of American artists. Our town is, of course, out of touch with the art centres, and nothing of this had reached us until last spring when he received the Kingston Award. That was published everywhere in the papers because it was the first time the honor had been won by an American. We learned that a Grant boy had become famous. We were proud of him, of course, but at the same time a bit sorry that recognition had first come to him not from his own town but from a place so far away as London.

We did what we could to remedy our oversight. The Chamber of Commerce at that time was erecting sign-boards on the highways, a mile from town, in order to tell motorists about Grant. The signs stated that Grant is the county-seat of Crandall County and the site of the second largest farm-implement factory in the country. Below, they added this sentence: "The birthplace, March 30, 1888, of Horace Eldridge, the famous artist."

I think the men who put this on the signs were right in supposing that motorists like to know about the famous men the towns they pass through have produced. But I never liked the idea of putting Hal Eldridge's name on the signs. I don't think that sign-boards, no matter how carefully planned, are as beautiful as the countryside they shut out, and Hal Eldridge, who was an artist himself, would not, I felt, care to have his name on them. But this was only my personal feeling and not the opinion of the town as a whole. Besides, his mother and sister said they liked the idea. Under the circumstances, it was hardly my place to object.

When he got down from one of the Pullmans of the Overland, I saw that something important had happened to Hal Eldridge. It was not merely because he had grown older, though three years make a difference, even when a man is still under forty. And his clothes were not noticeably different; they would hardly attract attention in Grant, except, perhaps, by their subdued and quiet effect. I have my own way of describing them. I think of them as the sort of clothes that would make the emblem of a fraternal order on the lapel of the coat seem out of place. But perhaps this negative sort of description conveys no impression at all to any one else.

The change was in his expression. I saw it when he looked out over the crowd, which was cheering, and when he saw the sign, and still again when he was shaking hands with Lambert and Sir Harry. He looked doubtful and perplexed. As he stood listening to Lambert's greeting, I studied his expression. One can sometimes understand a lot by watching people's expressions. As nearly as I can describe it, he was searching the faces about him for something he could not find, and at the same time feeling a little apologetic because he felt that he shouldn't expect to find it. A puzzling expression; I did not have a very clear idea of what it meant.

We moved toward Lambert's big automobile, and when we had stepped in, Hal leaned over—I was sitting on one of those folding seats—and put a hand on my knee.

"When are you going to let me hear 'The Butterfly Song'?" he asked.

"The Butterfly Song" was his own name for a thing I had often played for him in the past, one of Chopin's elfish, dreamlike nocturnes.

"I'm almost afraid to attempt it now," I said. "You must have heard Heifetz play it."

"Yes—once. It took me straight back to your studio, bodily. When it was finished my companion asked where I had been. She said my chair had been vacant." His eyes sparkled. "Shall I come around to-morrow?"

"Of course!" I said, pleased. "I'll be in all afternoon."

The car started and Sir Harry leaned over to point out the Hogarth Block, our new seven-story building on the corner of Jefferson Street. We said no more during the ride.

II

ANOTHER old friend, Lillian Blunt—she had not gone to the station—was at my studio when Hal appeared the next day.

In former years the three of us had been

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close friends. She was younger than we by three or four years, but I have never known any one, either then or now, to whom mere age made so little difference. Even when Hal and I had reached twenty—the most mature age possible—and she was a gangling child hardly sixteen, Lillian had been the leader. We had looked to her. We had always looked to her.

For a time Hal wandered restlessly about the room, fingering the objects on the mantel, smiling at the etching—his own—above. I had sent to New York for it. It was one of the series of studies he had made two years before in Provence, a little girl with a water-jar standing before a roadside shrine. We talked the inconsequential talk of friends who are trying to recapture an old mood. He presently found his chair by the window and filled and lighted his pipe.

After a moment he asked Lillian a question. Somehow, our questions always were addressed to Lillian. "I wonder," he said, "if you can tell me what the devil is the matter with this town?"

"You mean, Hal," said she, in her competent way, "that you are wondering what's the matter with you. The town's more or less what it always has been, except for the new passenger-subway under Jefferson Street, and the Hogarth Block. You've seen the Hogarth Block?"

"Seven stories, with Parker's glittering new drug-store on the ground floor. Does Walt Parker drop around here any more?"

"Oh, talk! That's all we ever do. The words we've wasted!"—Page 482.

"He's a dreadfully busy man. Walter has a branch store now in Cameron. Did you know that? And a manufacturing and wholesale department. He hasn't time to waste his afternoons listening to fiddlers."

"No," said Hal, "I suppose not. Still—how about that Winters girl—what *was* her name?"

"Fay. Shame on you for forgetting! She's married, but she's as enthusiastic as ever over her profession. Only she's changed her profession. It's not water-colors any more; it's bridge. I suppose you want to know about the others. Well—Dale Harris is still with *The News*. Remember how excited we were when he

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sold that sonnet to *Hampton's?* He was going to be the first to become famous. How we tried not to be jealous! He's business manager now at *The News;* they say he's done wonders building up their printing department. They get out dozens of glossy catalogues for the manufacturing houses; three-color work. It's hard to realize that he used to spend his evenings setting up his own poems. Austin Atkins has moved away. He killed his practice—what there was of it—when he defended Hugo Wentz in his suit against the Alien Property people in 1917. He never got on the right side of a case after that. He was presently defending conscientious objectors in Sacramento—finally, even I. W. W.'s! He went from bad to worse. Carl Millman is working in the City Garage. I don't think he even *reads* Whitman any more. Let's see if I can think of any others——"

"You can't," said Hal. "That accounts for all of them."

"I suppose it does," said Lillian. "I didn't realize how much our little gang had changed. The town has been growing since you left. We're not a village any more. The Chamber of Commerce has been getting lots of factories. You should go down to the West Side. You know the old Walton Tract, where we used to have the picnics; it's a little Pittsburg already. It's hard to realize what's happening."

"It is," said Hal thoughtfully. "I suppose it's too much to expect that little group of ours to hold out against all this progress."

"They're getting on, you know. They're all near forty now. You can't blame them, much. It's fine to be a rebel when you're young, and dedicate your life to art; even here in Grant it was exciting and noble. But you can't buck indifference forever; most of us can't. You either escape, or you surrender. It's lucky you escaped."

"You didn't escape."

Lillian raised her expressive shoulders and laughed. "Don't point at me. I've done nothing. I'm ashamed of myself when I think of the opportunities I've wasted. The worst of it is, I *could* have accomplished something."

"I've been hearing about you," persisted Hal. "The symphony concerts last year; you brought them to town. And I understand you're backing the Little Theatre——"

Lillian waved her hand. "Any one can write checks, Hal, provided one happens to have the money." Lillian's father had been the owner of the huge Blunt Manufacturing Company—farm implements—and Lillian had inherited a third of the stock. "It just happens that I prefer to squander a bit that way rather than"—she smiled—"in other ways. But as for doing anything worth while; as for realizing my opportunities——"

"Then there are opportunities? We weren't so wrong then, after all, we youngsters?"

"Hardly! When I think of the things that can be done right here in Grant; that are crying to be done! It's not necessary to run away to find beauty. It never is, of course; but we get to thinking it is, and we give up. I've never blamed the town; it's not the town's fault. It's ours! We're too weak-kneed; we let the factories get uglier and the buildings smokier, and all we do is feel superior and talk about the ugliness and say America's no place for an artist. What we mean is that America is no place for our kind of artist. I wonder if any country is? I don't mean your kind of artist—you're the real thing—but our kind. The kind that doesn't even put up a fight; that gives up its sonnets without a struggle and grumbles because it has to print machinery catalogues. You have to admire the Philistines; they don't blame the country if they don't get what they want. They don't say they're not appreciated. They work harder. What we need are some artists with proper, man-size backbones. A mere natural liking for beauty is never worth anything unless its owner believes in it enough to put up some sort of struggle. Beauty's just as good a god as Efficiency. Why the devil are we afraid to fight for it?"

"Evidently you're not afraid," said Hal. He had settled back comfortably. "You talk as well as ever, Lillian—and get just as charmingly excited."

She was charming as she sat there on the edge of the divan, her fine body tense, her slender hands moving to give unconscious emphasis to her words.

"Oh," she said contemptuously, "talk! That's all we ever do. The words

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. . . and showed him something she had brought in a portfolio, an architect's drawing . . . of the new community house.—Page 487.

we've wasted! Anyhow, I'll talk no more to-day. I've company to dinner—catalogue printers! People who know what they want."

She was drawing on her gloves. At the door, as she held out her hand to Hal, she asked, a touch of irony in her tone: "Do you know now what's the matter with Grant?"

"I know now that Grant's not hopeless. If you ever start the fight, I hope you'll count me in. I mean that."

Lillian's smile was almost motherly. "You poor youngster! You don't know

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"I gather from your surprised looks that because I'm sort of an artist

what you're letting yourself in for. Suppose I should take you seriously?"

III

It happened that Lillian did take him seriously.

I shall always look back upon the two months that followed as the most exciting in the history of Grant. Unlike most exciting times, moreover, it was not all on the surface. It went underneath. It had a real significance.

Lillian in her campaign to bring art to Grant was at her best. She was one of those persons with a real gift for organization, whose usefulness lay not so much in her own creative ability as in her knack of stirring enthusiasm, of inciting others to efforts that surprise even themselves. It was this that had made her so valuable to our little group twenty years before. It had worked then, and it worked better now, in the wider field. It worked better because time had added to her gifts. Her tact and diplomacy had deepened, her reasoning was surer. Besides, she was Lillian Blunt, supposed to be the richest woman in Grant. That would have as-

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I'm supposed to be interested in your scheme. . . ."—Page 488.

sured her a hearing for anything she wanted to undertake.

She had, besides, a great asset in Hal Eldridge. His prestige in Grant, of course, was large. He had been honored in London. He was a success. Grant listened when he talked.

Lillian saw that he had plenty of opportunity to talk. There was, first of all, a series of dinners at her fine home on the Heights. To influential people. Then, after preparation, the public announcement, both in *The News* and in our evening paper, *The Sentinel*.

Grant was to be made the Athens of the State, an intellectual and artistic centre second to none in the country. It is remarkable how attractive the plan, as it was described in the papers, was made to sound. I have never read anything more inspiring than this sweeping project to make culture and material prosperity go hand in hand.

Lillian was not one to deal in abstractions. There was a concrete plan, fully outlined. The first step, the creation by the city supervisors of an official Art Commission, was a reality within a week. It

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was a real triumph for Lillian's management. Hal Eldridge was made chairman, over his protests, and, to my surprise, I became a member of the Commission, with supervision over the musical division.

There were half a dozen other divisions—painting and sculpture, dramatic, literary; a member to co-operate with the board of education, another who was to head a still nebulous city-planning commission.

It was all very exciting and worth while. And it was all, of course, to cost money. Subscriptions were asked, and Lillian led off—it was at the big organization banquet in the Grant Hotel—with a round $10,000. The subscriptions poured in; Grant prides itself that it has never failed to oversubscribe any worthy "drive."

The idea took hold of the town. A dozen times, at meetings before various organizations, I was reminded of the war-time enthusiasms. At the end of a month the Art Commission was able to announce these projects definitely under way: a permanent Little Theatre with a paid professional coach and a building of its own; a series of concerts (weekly) lasting three months each winter by artists of national reputation; a municipal art gallery, to be housed in the City Hall, and later—if the $250,000 bond issue carried—in a building on the lake; the opening, in the West Side, of a settlement house where the women of the foreign element were to be induced to revive their peasant arts; a complete reorganization of the art department of the public schools.

Occasionally, when I had a moment of leisure—not often in those days—I used to wonder how all this was affecting Hal Eldridge. Of Lillian I had no doubt. She was having the time of her life. She had, at last, something in which she believed thoroughly, into which she could conscientiously put the whole of her fine enthusiasm. This life of stress and turmoil suited her temperament. She thrived on it. I felt that she was realizing herself.

I was not so sure of Hal Eldridge. There were times when I wondered if his enthusiasm was at all times as deep as it seemed to be. It seemed to me that it must be different from anything he had known before. The life of a painter, in the nature of it, must be rather a lonely one, with periods of solitude. Here there was no solitude. I wondered. I took to watching him occasionally, while he was presiding over our meetings of the Commission, while he was addressing gatherings—he proved to be a ready and easy talker—and while he kept office hours at the Commission's headquarters in the Hogarth Block.

I was forced to abandon my doubts. It was perfectly clear that he was enjoying it all hugely. I began to realize that Lillian had something to do with his enjoyment; they were almost always to be seen together. They had very little leisure, but what there was they shared. Lillian, always charming, had never shown to better advantage than during those weeks. Hal's interest in her—and hers in him—was easy to understand.

I was by no means the only one who expected presently the announcement of their engagement.

IV

Such was the state of affairs when the young lady, Carrie Jordan, arrived in town.

She was a small person with careless clothes, a snub nose, and a disconcerting directness of speech.

"Excuse me," she said, that first morning, "if I'm not polite. I didn't travel two thousand miles to sit around and talk pretty."

She had dropped in unannounced at the Art Commission's offices in the Hogarth Block. There was to be a meeting of the Commission that morning and Hal invited her to sit in with us. We gathered that she, too, was an artist, though none of us—except, of course, Hal himself—knew who she was. We would have been astonished to know that one of her portraits had been purchased by the French Government and was hanging in the Luxembourg.

I liked her eyes, which were singularly frank and clear. My old trick of watching expressions presently caused me to make a discovery. My interest quickened. I can't quite describe it, but I knew there was something in the air, something big, a clash of wills. It was there, evidence of that impending battle, both in Hal's face and in hers. What it

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was to be about, I hadn't the slightest idea, but I found myself positively tingling with excitement, sure that we were in for an interesting session.

I was not disappointed. The others arrived, members of the Commission, very brisk and busy, pleased to be part of our big, successful campaign. They were introduced to the Jordan girl and took their places at the conference table. Lillian came in, beautiful and competent, greeted the visitor with her usual fine graciousness. The Jordan girl seemed awkward by contrast, awkward and unresponsive. Lillian took Hal across to a table against the wall and showed him something she had brought in a portfolio, an architect's drawing, I think, of the new community house.

Eleven o'clock came and the meeting opened. I looked occasionally at the Jordan girl, who sat, not very gracefully, in her chair by the wall. Mostly she looked out the window; she didn't pay much attention to what was being said.

I began to wonder if my instinct had not, after all, been wrong. But when Hal presently turned to her and asked if she would not, as a visiting artist, say a word about what Grant was trying to do in

She nodded again, softly opened and closed the door.—Page 488.

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this campaign, I saw a slight squaring of her shoulders.

She turned about from the window, put one arm over the back of her chair, and regarded us.

"I don't know a thing about your campaign. It may be the most wonderful thing in the world. Or it may be mere piffle. That's your affair. I don't know, and I haven't time to find out. If I did have time, I wouldn't be interested. I gather from your surprised looks that because I'm sort of an artist I'm supposed to be interested in your scheme to teach people to appreciate art. That strikes me as foolish. It strikes me that you miss the point."

She paused, leaned forward a bit. "I said I was not interested. Why should I be? What you, perhaps, don't realize is that interest, if it's real, is selfish. It shuts other things out; you haven't room for other things. I'm not talking about little interests, I'm talking about a big interest. You can't have two big interests any more than you can have a compass that points south as well as north. If it does, it's a rotten compass. Supposedly you're all interested in getting people here to appreciate art. If you're interested in that, you're not interested in artists. You haven't time. Believe me, I'm right in this; I'm dead right."

She talked slowly, and with surprising seriousness.

"Let me tell you what interest means. I'm going to be vain enough to talk about myself. The point is not whether or not I'm a good artist, but whether I'm an artist at all. Well, I am. I was an artist when I was ten, and I'll be an artist, if I'm alive, when I'm a hundred. If this sounds foolish to you, then you don't know what interest means. When I was a kid, they had to take the pencil out of my hand; they had to hide every scrap of blank paper in the house. My mother had to spank me to make me go to parties. That's what it is to have an interest. Right now I'd rather be painting than dine at the Plaza—not that I don't like to dine at the Plaza! I'd rather be painting than be here. I'd a lot rather. You see what I'm trying to get at; that interest is selfish; that it shuts other things out. That it's jealous; that it doesn't allow rivals. That you can't love two jobs any more than you can love two women. In either case it becomes trivial, not worth bothering about."

We were listening, you may be sure! I was watching Hal; she had *his* attention.

"I said just now that art is selfish. Well, it's generous too. It's not a bad master, once you acknowledge that it *is* master. It has compensations. You're ready to fight for it. Not for yourself, you understand, but for it. You're ready, for instance, to come two thousand miles on a train to a place you don't give a hang about and talk to people who think you're crazy, just because you're interested. For no other reason. Just because you think you can persuade some idiot to quit playing the big man of the world and go back to school. Don't think I enjoy being truant officer and spoiling your party. But the truant happens to be an artist, and if he works hard he'll probably be a good one after a while. Not all at once, but after a while. Of course, sometimes, we all want to play hooky. It's not exciting, being an artist, and you seldom get applause, and you never, never get to preside at conferences. And that's nice, too. Only it's not for you, not if you're an artist, if you're the kind whose easel doesn't get dusty and whose paint-tubes don't dry up. If you're the kind whose hand itches for a brush, you're not going to find contentment anywhere else; you've got to get back to work. You've got to get back. Nothing else will do. Believe me, you've got to get back!"

She ended her little speech in the middle. Abruptly she was on her feet and walking toward the door. She nodded good-by in her careless, half-diffident way, then stopped before Lillian.

"I'd like to paint you some time, sitting like that." She spoke almost shyly. "That stunning, frosty look in your eyes. Beside a bowl of corn-flowers."

She nodded again, softly opened and closed the door. For a moment the room seemed entirely empty.

We had an emergency meeting of the Commission next day to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of the chairman. I am glad to say that Lillian was persuaded to take the post. But I heard hardly a word of what was said at that meeting. I was thinking of Hal, sitting somewhere on his train, going back to work.

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The mausoleum, on the south side of the Red Square, is the most historic spot in Moscow.

A Hero for Russia

BY WILLIAM C. WHITE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

MOSCOW'S Red Square, at twilight, is a changed place. The "Chinese City," on the north, with its banks and offices, shops and stores, is as deserted as Wall Street at midnight. On the east the Church of St. Basil bars the vista to the river—St. Basil, once the great church of Moscow, the masterpiece of Russian ecclesiastical architecture, now a museum; St. Basil, with its many colors and cupolas—lasciviousness built in wood and stone, for the planning of which the architect was rewarded with blindness, that he might never build another. On the west are the unsightly red walls of the State Museum, and on the south the wall of the Kremlin is towered over by the golden spires of the churches within.

Two soldiers, leaning surreptitiously on their guns, guard the gate of Salvation to the Kremlin and look on the historic place of execution where rebellious soldiers and famous bandits have died. The bell-tower of the Kremlin gate throws its shadow on the rutted cobbles, and atop the tower gleams the double eagle of Imperialism, newly gilded, fired by the sunset. The bells strike the hour with their seven half-note descending scale which rings forever in the ears of those who have heard it.

The Red Square is the most historic spot in Moscow, and in it, on the south side near the Kremlin wall, is the most sacred place in the U. S. S. R.—a small, brown, frame structure, wood of Russia and Russian iron, of a design unique in the world, a rectangular building surmounted by a truncated pyramid—the tomb of Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov, commonly called by his pen name, Lenin.

By day the Square is noisy, with the business section on one side, and with buses and trams, droshkies and push-carts, on their way to the city across the

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river. At night it is quiet. Traffic has ceased. The stores are closed and the peddlers along the curb have departed with their boxes of cigarettes and their baskets of apricots, pears, and apples—coming and going with the sun. Near the government stores stands an asphalt tank, and a crowd of "bezprizorni"—the homeless boys of Russia—amuse the few passers-by by fighting for kopecks, preparatory to sleeping in the tank.

The Square is quiet, but it is not empty. Before the mausoleum, where electric lights play on the name "LENIN," stands the eternal guard. Crowds begin to gather at its gates. Four deep, the line lengthens, and by eight o'clock three or four thousand people are quietly awaiting the opening of the gates. A car bearing the flag of a foreign embassy drives up, but the ambassador and his aides are accorded no special privilege; they, too, must get in line. At eight the doors are opened, and the crowd begins to enter. There is no noise. The quietness of the Square is unbroken, save for the shuffling of feet and the cry of a lone cripple, begging the passing line for bread.

Moving rapidly, the crowd files past the guard. The people of all the Russias go by. School-teachers and peasants, "excursioning" in Moscow, sun-hardened faces from the southern steppes, merchantmen from the cities, black-robed Caucasians and felt-booted Kalmucks, girls of the Young Communist party with their red kerchiefs. And when this three thousand have passed through the vault and are gone, another three thousand or more will gather to-morrow, for the mausoleum is open five nights a week and the crowd is always there.

At the door, where a Red officer keeps close watch (although no passes are needed), all talking automatically ceases. The first impression, on entering the building, is of being within the gaudy masterpiece of some concessionaire at Coney Island. The interior is finished in a feverish red and the heat seems oppressive. Down two flights of stairs—and the line slows as it passes the glass case in which lie the remains of the leader.

I have been through the mausoleum several times, but the surprise of the first glance is always intense. Brilliantly lighted, the body of Lenin lies before you, dressed in European clothes, red hair cut short, beard neatly trimmed. There is no sign of death; rather, it is a quiet sleep, and you subconsciously tiptoe, for fear of awakening him. At his head hangs a red flag—the flag of the Paris Commune of 1870; at his side soldiers keep the line moving.

A minute later, up the other side of the building, on to the gray cobbles of the Square—and the illusion is broken. The golden domes of the Kremlin churches smoulder in the last rays of the sun, while a search-light makes the red flag atop the Senate House a wave of living crimson. The crowd comes from the mausoleum and separates. A few wander to the terrace behind the mausoleum, where lie the "brothers," revolutionists killed in 1917–18. Here, by the way, is an American, John Reed. Others walk slowly toward the main city, talking quietly. They have seen the leader. They have seen the greatest masterpiece of modern embalming. (They have seen, say the sceptics, a clever waxen image.) And they have seen the greatest advertising force in Russia for Communism.

I overheard a guide talking to a group of peasants whom she had just taken through the vault. "We have seen Vladimir Ilyich. He gave us our freedom. He made Russia ours, and we must keep it so, for his sake. Is it not so, comrades?" They nodded, thinking of the story they could now tell at home.

There is, in Moscow, a government printing-office which distributes to the workers and peasants millions of simply written pamphlets on Communism—its leaders and its doctrines. These are a chief source of information for many Russians on their government and their leaders; and they are eagerly read. To show the information which the average Russian is receiving about Lenin, I have translated and greatly shortened an "official" biographical pamphlet:

"Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov was born April 23, 1870, and was only seventeen when his brother Alexander participated in an attempt to assassinate the Tsar. All those who wished to aid the common people, at that time, said that the root of all

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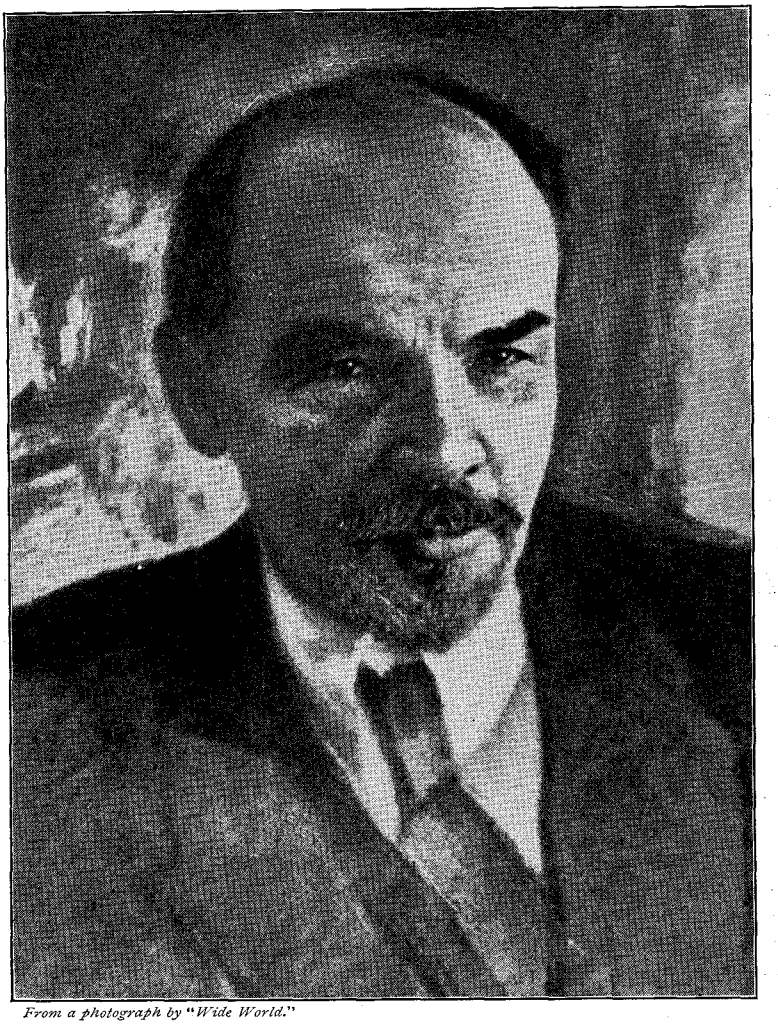
poverty was the Tsar. Alexander was of this opinion; and he was hung by the executioner.

"Vladimir attended the Gymnasium in the city in which his father was director of education; from here he went to the University of Kazan. Already he had dedicated his life to the battle for freeing the people from oppression. At this time a Worker's Movement was slowly growing. Lenin attached great importance to it, for he understood that single and scattered attempts to kill the Tsar and his ministers could not aid the movement for freedom. One Tsar would succeed another; and killing a minister only meant that another, more cruel, took his place. Lenin realized that it was necessary to create a united movement with greater aims and, eventually, the fight for freedom would be won.



From a photograph by "Wide World."

Nikolai Lenin.

"So Lenin created the Socialist-Democratic party, which should have but one plan and one aim in the struggle for the people—a union which included many workers from the mills and factories. He also published the first workers' paper, *Workers' Affairs*. In 1895, however, he was arrested and sent into Siberia. There he remained three years, continuing to

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learn and teaching others. Here he wrote his great book, 'The Development of Capital in Russia.' When the exile ended, he left Siberia for foreign parts, where he could work more freely than in Tsarist Russia. He began to publish the paper *Sparks*, with the motto, 'From sparks are kindled flames,' which was sent into Russia and widely circulated, in spite of careful police supervision. The paper emphasized that, to free the people, there must be one organization, one programme, one demand.

"In 1903–1905 he attended the meetings of the Socialist-Democratic party, leading the Bolshevists in their split with the Menshevists, and saying all the while: 'Remember the peasants—they are the most important ally of the proletariat. The Russian peasant is not yet freed from soil-bound dependence. The peasants and the workers, perhaps, hope for different things, but they have enemies in common. If the peasants wish to have their land, they must combine with the working class; at the same time, the workers will be unable to defeat their enemy unless they ally themselves with the peasants.'

"Then came the World War. It began when the quarrel between English and German capitalists broke into flames. The English capitalists had plundered many peoples through all the world, and the Germans insisted on a share of the plunder for themselves. Lenin, in Austria, protested against the war. The capitalists began to scream that he was a traitor if he urged the soldiers to desert the front lines. 'No,' he answered, 'I do not urge the soldiers to throw away their arms—I only urge them to turn to a new front—to battle against the rich capitalists.'

"Finally, in 1917, the first Workers-Communistic-Peoples' Alliance was formed. In February, through Lenin's teachings and work, the workers and soldiers in St. Petersburg rebelled against the Tsar. And, on the 25th of October (old style), the All Russian Union of Soviets was created; the first thing they did was to follow Lenin's teaching—all wealth in factories and mills was given to the workers and the land returned to the peasants.

"Therefore, each peasant knows what he owes to Lenin. In the time of the Tsar, land was owned by the royal family, the nobles, the capitalists, the monasteries likewise—only the peasant, who bowed under their whip, was landless. Then came the voice of Lenin—'Workers, peasants, join hands. You will yet be lords of the land, for the land is yours.' But he did not promise them a life in Paradise immediately after securing power. He continually said that the way to Communism was difficult and tedious, that difficulties would ever be encountered.

"The whole world knows Lenin. In all corners of Germany, in France, in China—even in America, where police arrest you for a single mention of his name—the workers repeat his sayings and remember the great Ilyich. In life he was simple and modest. He loved to be with the simple people, the workers, the peasants. Enemies of the working class, through hatred, have spread reports that he lived in a great palace, etc. As a matter of fact, he, with his family, occupied four small rooms in the Kremlin buildings. The great leader lived and worked in one very small room with a single window, in very dark surroundings. But no persuasion could force him to occupy other quarters. The same Lenin, as soon as he learned that this or the other comrade was living in poor surroundings, did everything he could to render aid. And many people came to him with questions, with suggestions, with requests for advice. He had the gift of getting close to the people; he knew how to listen. Many peasants, balked in their questioning elsewhere, cried, 'I will go to Lenin himself,' and they went.

"Lenin worked without cessation and gave himself so completely to building up a new life for Russia that his labors told on his constitution. He sickened in 1922, fought the illness, but in January, 1924, he died. Certainly, it was the stubborn struggle for the proletariat of Russia that caused his illness and death. . . . Centuries will pass, but the sturdy figure of the peoples' leader will always live in the memory of his people. And we, in our work, in our struggle for the prosperity that is to come, must never forget these wonderful and prophetic words:

"'However difficult may have been the birth of the new order, however hard the

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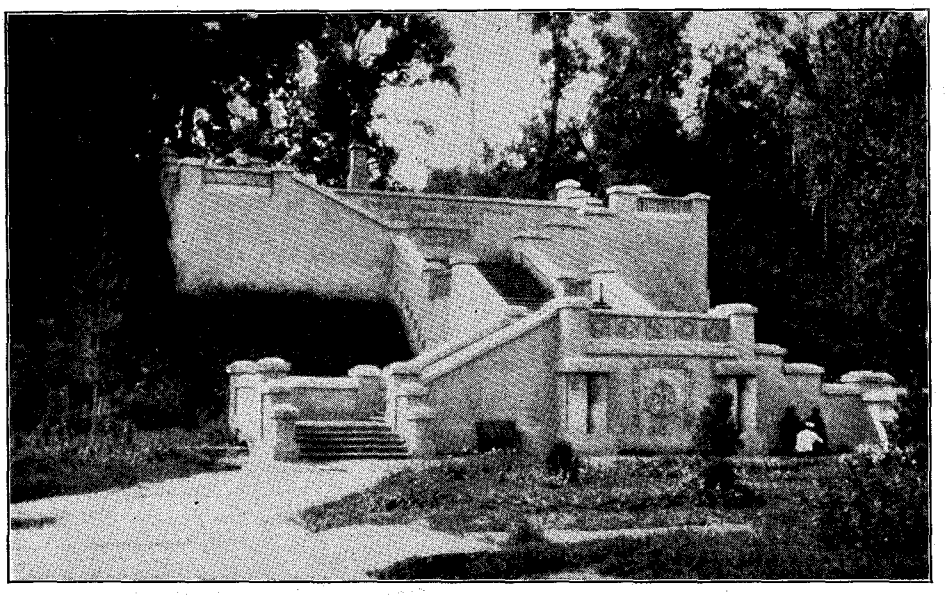
lot of the Soviet Republics, there is no force on earth sufficient to turn mankind backward.'"

This, I think, helps to sum up the reasons why Russia to-day reverences the memory of Lenin. The interpretation of his life in this propaganda pamphlet may differ from our own, but the fact remains that he helped to bring about the present system, in which the worker has his clubs, his libraries, his two weeks' vacation with pay, and, in addition, higher wages; the system in which the peasant has his land, owing only a slight rental to the government. And these facts, ever held before the Russian people, coupled with the insatiable appetite of a heroless people for a hero, explain the million people per year who look on the face of their leader (so much more satisfactory than merely staring at a chilly gravestone)—and not all of them from curiosity.



The Lenin Memorial at Kazan, a Volga city.

The body of Lenin lies in Red Square, but his memory lives everywhere. Russia has never had a real, national hero, and he supplies a long-felt need. His face is before all Russia—in picture, in statue, even worked in gaudy flower-beds. I saw it in the first custom-house I entered, at the Polish border, and I saw it in a corner of a peasant's hut in the Ukraine—in the corner where once an ikon hung. He looks over the bar in the court-room, in the station restaurants, in shop-windows, in the salon of Caspian steamers. A booth in the government stores, in Moscow, specializes in the sale of his pictures and statues, and is always busy. I overheard a group of peasants buying a statue for their club. "Take this one," said one, pointing to an expensive bronze cast, in preference to the cheaper plaster pieces, "for it is for Lenin that we buy."

Simbirsk, his birthplace, with its golden domes reflected in the waters of the Volga, has been renamed "Ulyanov," and his home there is a shrine for the pilgrims of to-day. A Lenin memorial stands in every town in Russia—a simple shaft, a statue, or, perhaps, an elaborate structure of stucco and cement—in the Volga cities, in the Caucasus, in all of western Russia. A hotel in Kazan has a whole room, with an altar-like structure therein, dedicated to him. There are "Lenin" schools and stores without number, and "Lenin Streets" are as common as "Main Streets" here.

Finally, there is in Moscow a Museum

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of Revolutions, showing pictures and objects connected with previous rebellions against the Tsar. Here are four rooms devoted to "Leniniana"; here are his clothes, the things he made and used while in Siberia, his books, letters, manuscripts; and here are some of the wreaths sent to his funeral—the hammer and sickle of the U. S. S. R., tediously worked in bolts and screws by some machine-shop; the same, in bullets, made by an army corps. And in this room, every day but especially on Sunday, there is always a crowd listening to the explanation of the Young Communist guide—a woman. And here is the same quiet and order—not always prevalent among a Russian crowd—that prevails in the mausoleum.

Perhaps this reverence toward Lenin is not entirely a natural growth. The Russian Government is skilled in the fine points of mass advertising, and it may be that they have built up a hero, with the excellent material at hand, with a purpose: if Russia can be brought to revere a man and the things for which he is said to have stood, Russia will not willingly part with his teachings if it means losing the hero. "Lenin worship" may have been started artificially, through euphonistic speeches and pamphlets; but to-day it is spreading by the power of its own intoxication. And this worship of Lenin—more the worship of the man than of the things for which he stood—is the most striking thing about Russia to-day, a movement unintelligible to the Russian emigrée. His principles are broadening as the stories about him spread, and myths, natural and supernatural, are arising about him. He is claimed by all classes and groups in Russia. Trotsky claims to be nearest in aims to those of Lenin. Stalin boasts that the mantle of the leader has fallen on him.

We were on the Volga, coming into Astrakan. A young Communist, sure of the outbreak of the proletarian revolt in America, was arguing with me. "No, we are not Communistic," said he, "but we are on the road to Communism. And had Lenin lived, we would be nearer our destination to-day." A day later I met one of the old régime—formerly a professor, now a manual laborer. "We are slowly going back to the old and better economic system," said he, "and we would be nearer had Lenin lived, for he could see the weaknesses in this present system of semi-Communism."

I have heard in Russia of the "New Religion"—of Communism as the faith, and Lenin as the Savior. There are those who profess to see a close resemblance between his life and the life of Christ, even to the vicarious sacrifice—between their economic teaching. This is especially connected with the increase in stories, all over Russia, about the numerous returns to earth of a spirit resembling Vladimir Ilyich. But two years is too short a time to establish the principles of a New Religion or even to formulate them, for new religions, like whiskey, need the aging process. But if it is a new religion, it is an unusual one; its principles are indefinite, but its spirit enters into the daily life of the people. Rather than a religion, it is a hero-worship in a country where popular heroes have been few. The Russian people have sung the praises of Volga bandits and Cossack rebels, but always their golden shield is tarnished with defeat; defying the Tsar, they met with death. Here is a hero who succeeded, and who had the good fortune to die at the climax of his career—an act neglected by would-be heroes, who live to anticlimax. The hero of all the Russias has appeared—here is the opportunity to see a hero-worship in the making. The Russian Revolution ends—in the creation of a hero.

Any group who hope to overthrow the present system of government must count first on destroying this new hero and the popular conception of him. The first is becoming increasingly impossible, but the popular conception of him may slowly change, for hero-worship can be moulded by careful advertising. Future governments will find in the worship of Lenin a powerful support, if they can mould it to their use; the figure will remain, but the attributes can be modified. And should Russia come to the capitalistic system as we know it, separate statements of Lenin's will be interpreted for the mass as being the sum of his teachings and, when that time comes, Lenin will still be reverenced—but as the first Russian Rotarian.

To-night, three thousand people are gathering in Red Square.

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Neighbors

BY VERNON KELLOGG
Permanent Secretary, National Research Council

WE human beings are a self-centred lot. Although few of us still claim, as many of us used to do in times not so very long gone, that the universe was made for man, we still assume all too readily an anthropocentric view of the earth and its inhabitants.

But this self-centred way of looking at things may not be exclusively peculiar to us. Perhaps our "little brothers, the birds," whom St. Francis of Assisi used to love and talk with seven hundred years ago, may look at us and the world and all the things in it in a similarly ornithocentric way. The sky must have been made for their playground, the trees for their nests, and the insects and seeds for their food.

And what about the honey-bees? Certainly they may very well think—if they do think; and it is not certain that they do not—that the sunshine and the hollow trees, and the flowers with their indispensable nectar and pollen must have been created for them.

And even the flowers, what about them? Sir Jagadis Bose has not quite shown yet that they think, but he has shown how much more they have in their life of what we have long believed were structures and functions peculiar to the life of animals and us. And so perhaps we may think of the plants as looking on the bees as created to cross-pollinate their flowers, and the birds to scatter their seeds, and millions of hard-working human beings to plant them in fertile places and water and cultivate them and bring them safely to a full flowering and fruition.

But however strongly we may feel that the world is our world, or the birds and the bees and the flowers may feel that it is their world; one thing is certain, and that is that all we living things of earth, in all our variety of kind and our manifold manner of life, are of necessity neighbors. And this inescapable neighborliness has, for mutual helpfulness or hurt—in a word, for better or for worse—its very important significance and consequences for each of us.

We may be neighbors living rather apart in detached houses, or closer in semi-detached houses, or closer still in apartments, or in the same rooms, even. But in the character and importance of their consequences, our relations to each other may not depend entirely, nor even largely, upon degree of proximity. The locusts which devastate a wheat crop in Argentina may have an important effect on the family of a farmer in Kansas. They produce a better market for his grain, and this better market may send his children to college. The few rabbits that some too friendly hand introduced into Australia where had been none before, and which found there an ideal home, with plenty of food and scarcity of enemies, soon threatened, by their geometric increase, to make this island continent almost uninhabitable by man. But now that human ingenuity has found out how to make seal and mink and squirrel, and almost any kind of fur out of rabbit fur, the rabbits of Australia have become a bonanza to human beings in that land, and the savior of the lives of many fur-bearing animals all over the world.

The web of life holds all of us in its fabric, and any variation in its spinning, or change in its outer or inner circles, may mean more abundant life or a more premature death to any of God's creatures, plants, animals, or human beings, anywhere in the wide world.

But there is another kind of neighborly relationship among us besides that of circumstances or environment. Among all the quarter-million kinds of living plants, and the half-million kinds of living animals, and the many various races of

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mankind, there exists a relationship of blood, an intricate relationship of germplasm and descent. We are all relatives. If the birds are little brothers to man, the honey-bees are his little cousins, and even the plants trace back their genealogy to very remote ancestors of his own which are neither fairly to be called animals nor yet plants. They are the forerunners of both, the Protista, as Haeckel would have had them called, minute, independent bits of living matter in its simplest terms. From them have debouched the two great lines of life, the plants in their manner and the animals in theirs, each line continuous but constantly throwing off side lines, ever more numerous and more complex and specialized as world time passed and new earth conditions came to exist.

To trace these lines, to recognize the orderly sequence of units and groups in them, is the task of the evolutionist. To find in this persistent unfolding of life and its possibilities, its constant thrusting forward and upward and its present culmination in man, the miracle of the world —to find in all this a rational scheme of Nature, an immanent thought of God, is the task of the natural philosopher. And, finally, to feel the wonder and majesty of it and express it in music, color, and poetry, is the task of the artist.

II

But, with all the good-will possible to him to see the world as the birds see it, and the bees and worms see it, the anthropocentric view of it is the one natural and inevitable to man. He is more interested in his own position in this world, in his own doings in it, and in his own particular relations to his neighbors, than he is in the relationship and behavior of there neighbors as among themselves. He reads with much more lively interest the evidences of anatomy, physiology, and psychology which show the close blood-relationship to him of the anthropoids, than he reads that classic story, with its convincing picture of animal descent, which traces the evolution of the noble horse of to-day from the miniature four-toed Eohippus of early Tertiary time.

But whether man's neighbors claim close or distant blood-relationship to him, his interest in any particular kinds of these animals and plants is much more likely to be determined by his other kind of relationship to them, that is, his environmental or ecologic relationship. He is much more interested in the ecologic relationship to him of that minute species of one-celled animal that lives normally for a part of its life as a parasite in his blood, causing him to suffer and perhaps die from a disease which he calls malaria, than he is in the very distant blood-relationship of this little animal to him. He is much more interested in the Hessian fly that ravages his wheat and corn, or the codling-moth which takes toll of his apples, or in the industrious hive-bee that provides him with honey for his consuming, and the mulberry-moth whose larva spins silk for his adorning, than he is in most other insects. He cares more to know how Blastophaga, the tiny fig-wasp, pollinates his figs, which makes a more delectable fruit of them, than how the yucca-moth pollinates at night the odorous white blossoms of its host plant, which is an equally extraordinary performance, and a necessity for yucca to persist as a plant species. He is more interested in the horse and pig than in the zebra and wild boar, although these latter are equally related to him by blood.

It is this ecologic and economic relationship which especially fastens man's eyes on his animal and plant neighbors. Or at least it is this which generates his more active interest in them.

III

Man deals, ecologically, with some of his neighbors on a large scale. Raphael Zon has written a fascinating account of the age-old warfare of man and the great forests. First, man was dominated by the forests, then struggled on more and more even terms with them, and now he dominates them. At least he does where he has developed a high degree of societal evolution. But there are still culturally primitive peoples who continue in the stage of domination by great forests.

Somewhat similar stories could be written about man's large undertakings in relation to others of his neighbors, such as his domestication and amelioration of

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many plant and animal kinds; his extensive development of fisheries; his protection of game birds and mammals on the one hand, and warfare on injurious insects, rodents, and carnivores on the other; his planned artificial distribution of useful animals and plants from one country to another, as also his unintentional similar distribution of harmful ones; and, finally, not to lengthen unduly the list, his intensive attack on the microscopic living germs and their insect carriers, which cause infectious diseases not only in him, but in his domesticated animals and plants. Billions, trillions, of malaria germs are poisoned to death by him each year with quinine, while the minute unicellular parasite which causes yellow fever is well on its way to extinction because of his efforts.

Man fights for supremacy over his neighbors, and wins it, on the whole, easily. He kills those that threaten him; he makes others provide him with shelter, clothing, food, comfort, and luxury. Bows and arrows and traps and guns win over teeth and claws and horns. His cunning outwits that of the animals. He has not yet learned the great secret of the green leaves by which the plants make food in sunshine from inorganic materials, but he takes the plants themselves for his own sustenance. He is more adaptable than the most adapted of other creatures. He can cross all barriers that restrict his neighbors, and can live in every region of the globe.

But his neighbors have one singular advantage over him. The very development of brain that gives him such supremacy over them, also creates in him an ever-present, ever-pressing need to know the why and how, the whence and whither, of himself and all his neighbors. He can never rest from his questionings. His self-consciousness is a plague; his inquiring mind a racking torture. His life is one long tiring pilgrimage toward an ever elusive goal of understanding. How happy the thoughtless butterfly!

IV

THE simple-minded codfish carry on no internecine warfare over evolution and fundamentalism. But they and the mackerel, the lancelets and the eels, and all the other fifteen thousand living kinds of fishes help provide the incentive for man to carry on such a warfare. How did there ever come to be so many fishes, he asks himself, with so much variety, both of appearance and habit, among them? Why the brilliant and bizarre color-patterns of the butterfly and parrot fishes? Why the strange shapes and phosphorescent appendages of the sombre deep-sea fishes? Why should the eels go down their fresh-water streams to the sea at spawning-time, and swim two thousand miles to one particular region in it to produce their young, which live there some months, as pale, translucent larvæ, and then, by some extraordinary instinct, or reflexive reaction to some mysterious stimulus, swim back all those many miles to the self-same streams whence came the parents? How do the flattened flounders, that lie on the sandy sea-bottom, come to have their two eyes conveniently on the single upper side of the head, while the other free-swimming fishes have an eye on each side; and why do the fishes which live in dark caves have no eyes at all, or only very poor ones? Why are the ribbon fishes long and thin and narrow, the eels cylindrical and snake-like, and the globe-fishes almost spherical in shape? Why do the pugnacious little sticklebacks make a nest and guard their young, while almost all other fishes simply pour out their eggs into the water and never see their scattered offspring? How does it come that so much of this variety of make-up and behavior is plainly seen to be associated with useful adaptations to varying conditions of fish life, while some of it seems to have no such relation at all?

These are the besieging questions that press on the naturalist and evolutionist for answer when he fastens his attention on the fishes. And there are just as many of the same kinds of questions when he faces any one of the other great groups of animals. Nor are the questions any less abundant and insistent when he gives similar attention to the plants, with all their variety from microscopic ephemeral bacteria to giant sequoia, older than the Christian era.

Go into any large museum of natural history and stand before the case of birds

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of paradise. What a riot of color and fantastic plumage! Pendant plumes five or six times as long as the bird's body, masses of lacy and fluffy feathers, stiff, curling feather-plates, and delicate projecting feather-threads with expanded eye-spots at their tips; and from these strange shapes all the colors of the spectrum blazing out, violently juxtaposed in cubist patterns. What dangerous weight, entangling appendages and conspicuousness when enemies must be avoided by swiftness in flight or concealment while at rest!

It was, indeed, precisely these birds and the pheasants, peacocks, herons, humming-birds, and others like them which run to plumes and color, that compelled Darwin to recognize that his natural-selection theory could not account for them, and hence to devise, to cover them, the theory of sexual selection, which, interesting and plausible as it is, has been quite disproved by later observation and experiment. Why, then, if these colors and plumes are dangerous, are they there? And, as they are there, how did they come to exist?

But besides these gorgeous plumes of problematic use the birds show many characters which are understandably useful adaptations. Look at their feet. Examine the foot of a sparrow, a warbler, or thrush. It has three unwebbed toes in front with a long, perfectly opposable hind toe. This is the perching foot. Compare with it the foot of a woodpecker. Two toes partly yoked together project in front and two similarly yoked project behind. The woodpeckers can perch, as thrushes do, but they can also cling upright, firmly, to the rough bark of tree-trunk or large branches. See the webbed swimming foot of the aquatic birds; the long, slender wading legs of the sandpipers, snipe, and other shore-birds; the short, heavy, strong legs, set far back, of the divers; the stout, heavily mailed foot of the scratchers, such as the hens, grouse, quail, and turkeys; and the long, grasping talons, with their sharp curving nails, of the hawks and owls—birds of prey. In all these cases the adaptation or fitness of the foot and leg to the special habits of the bird is apparent.

Or we may examine the bill. Note the strong hooked and dentate bill of the birds of prey; they tear their victim to pieces. Note the long, slender, sensitive bill of the sandpipers; they probe the wet sand for worms. Note the short, weak bill and wide mouth of the night-hawk and whippoorwill, and of the swifts and swallows; they catch insects in this wide mouth while on the wing. Note the long, sharp, slender bill of the humming-birds; they get nectar and small insects from the bottom of flower-cups. Note the peculiarly crossed mandibles of the crossbills; they tear open pine cones for the seeds. Note the long, hook-ended bill of the pelicans with the large pouch on the under side; they scoop up fish from the water. One could go on tiresomely, but always suggestively.

These differences in the bills of birds are related intimately and advantageously to differing special ways of feeding; just as the differences in feet and legs have their plain relation of fitness for differing special uses. One might also thus catalogue the varying types of wings and show their relations to varying needs and habits of flight.

But I have more than illustrated my point and posed the problem, which is that of the origin and elaboration of all this variety of structure and habit among living things, much of it plainly adaptive. Being biologist I am evolutionist. The one is inescapably the other. But when I say—as I do with entire confidence—that evolution has brought about all this manifoldness of kind, and this fitness through adaptation, I have by no means wholly solved the problem. For evolution itself is a problem. We know there is evolution, but what are its causal factors and just how it works we conjecture rather than know. Lamarck, Darwin, de Vries, and other great brains have each in turn offered a causal explanation of evolution, and each has had, and still has, his followers. But none has won us all.

And so we continue unceasingly our questioning, while the codfish stream on over the Grand Banks, in their simple-minded millions, with never a thought of troubling themselves with that query that is always haunting their neighbor, man—that query of why the myriad creatures in the world are as they are, and how they became so.

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V

THE abundance of kinds and of individuals of our plant and animal neighbors is not commonly realized. We have discovered, classified, and named as distinct species at least three-quarters of a million of them, not taking into account those of past ages, now extinct, which we know through their fossils. And this total is being added to at a present rate of about fifty thousand a year by our constant discoveries of "new species," not newly produced, of course, but newly found.

But not only is there an abundance of kinds of animals and plants beyond familiar conception, but the numbers of individuals of some of these kinds—indeed, one may say of most of them—are literally beyond the conception of any of us. These numbers go into astronomical figures. The great chalk beds and cliffs of England, France, Greece, Spain, and America are composed of countless numbers of tiny shells of certain lime-secreting one-celled animals, while the rock called Tripoli found in Sicily, and the Barbados earth from the island of Barbados, are composed of the silicious shells of other such minute animals. An unusually inquisitive entomologist once set himself to the task of counting the plum aphids on a single small plum-tree in a badly infested orchard. After he had counted some hundreds of thousands he stopped, appalled by the number of these little creatures thus charted for the whole orchard. And there are many orchards. We know fifteen hundred different species of ants in the world. Examine a single populous ant-hill—one of a million community homes of a single kind of ant. How many individuals are there in it? There are over three hundred kinds of insects that find board and lodging in apple-trees. How many insect individuals are harbored by the apple-trees of the world? The gauzy-winged Mayflies which, after a night's dance of courtship, mating, and death, fall along the shores of Lake Michigan, form long windrows of uncountable bodies. We used to think of the soil as an inert covering of the land spaces of the earth. We know it now as teeming with life, various and multitudinous. The earthworms in it are sufficient to plough it, the bacteria as abundant as the very grains of it. We are impressed by the crowding human populations of China and India, the swarming human hosts of London and New York. But the locusts of Argentine and Syria outnumber the human population of the earth, and a single termite's nest in Central Africa is a greater metropolis than Paris. If numbers count for importance our neighbors deserve our attention.

These excessive numbers, both of kinds and individuals, bring about a severe competition for place and food which, in turn, leads to the adoption of many "shifts for a living," some of them of most complex and extraordinary character. These adaptive modifications occur in connection with all the structural parts, physiological functions and environmental relations of our neighbors. Variety in adaptation is not less than in species, and to most observers it is decidedly of more interest. Especially is this true of those adaptations which involve an element of mind, a psychological element—and most of the adaptations of animals do this. Reflex, instinct, intelligence, and reason, these are the animal attributes whose manifestations excite our liveliest interest.

VI

IN comparing ourselves with our neighbors we readily recognize that our superiority over them lies in our capacity of mind, and not in any peculiar bodily advantage or special physiological fitness. How far, then, are our neighbors unlike us, or like us, psychologically? What do their varying types of behavior reveal as regards their development of mind?

The mechanist biologists and behaviorist psychologists, running to one extreme, and the personifying and humanizing naturalists to the other, leave many of us in a state of bewilderment regarding this matter. The observers and experimenters bring back from field and laboratory differing and often conflicting stories. But an analysis of these reports suggests that their differences depend first, upon the different animal kinds studied, and, second, upon the different attitudes and points of view assumed by the students. If I am searching for a physico-chemical

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explanation of animal behavior and choose a one-celled animal like Amœba or Paramœcium to study, it is not difficult to come to the conclusion that nearly all the behavior of one of these simple creatures is the direct outcome of the colloidal make-up of its body, and the varying chemical and physical environment in which it finds itself. Its movements are so directly responsive to obvious external stimuli of light, of temperature, of gravitation, of contact, of chemical variation in medium. Mind, in this case, and to this type of student, seems to be all physics and chemistry. The name, mind, even seems to be superfluous.

But if Köhler and Yerkes are the students, and an anthropoid ape is the object of their study, we get a very different story. Their close observations and ingenious experimentation reveal in our cousin, the chimpanzee, a behavior which suggests to these competent psychologists that the chimpanzee's mind is everything that ours is, only in quantitatively lesser degree. Yerkes says bluntly that his anthropoid apes show an unmistakable ideational element in their behavior.

Between these extremes in the animal scale are half a million animal kinds, and between these extremes of behavior runs a long series of observed gradations, or rather run two series, one culminating in the extraordinary instinctive performances of the solitary wasps and the social bees, and the other in the unmistakably intelligent behavior of the elephants and apes. Nowhere can one say, *here* is the place where nature supplanted, through some catastrophic action, behavior controlled by physico-chemical mechanism with behavior controlled by the vitalistic phenomena of instinct, intelligence, and reason. In our own behavior reflex and instinct play a part; in the behavior of even the simplest animals there is something that physics and chemistry do not explain.

But our mental experience is that of human beings alone; we cannot put ourselves in the place of a dog, a bird, a fish, or an insect, and be conscious, as we can be of our own mentality, of the character of the mental workings of one of these animals. So we have to interpret their behavior and their condition of mind from a human basis and in the presence of human prejudices. These prejudices tend to make us lean strongly toward humanizing animal behavior; or, on the other hand, quite as strongly toward mechanicalizing it.

For myself, recognizing the unity of all life and the kinship of all living creatures, and thrilling always with a certain responsive feeling whenever I come to make close acquaintanceship with any living thing from chimpanzee to Amœba, I cannot escape the belief that we shall do better, in our endeavor to understand the behavior of our neighbors, to trace downward from our own behavior the manifestations in them of that strange and distinguishing attribute of life that we call mind, rather than to try and trace these manifestations upward from physics and chemistry. I feel a strong sympathy for that one-time most rigorous of all mechanists, Hans Driesch, who has become, by virtue of his own many carefully guarded experiments, one of the most convinced of scientific vitalists.

Some of us take pride in claiming for man the unique possession of self-consciousness. But have we any more convincing proof of that than we have for the conclusion that all life has self-consciousness? I am not at all sure of it. And if the second possibility is, indeed, the actual state of affairs, then what a new significance has every action of every one of our neighbors, all the multitudinous denizens of land and sea, in all their manifoldness of form and manner. What a new meaning of every little cheeping from the hedgerows; of every movement of the industrious bee among the flowers; of every swift scuttling of the crabs in the tide-pools! What a new significance the attribution of the friendly cognomen of neighbor to all of the creatures of earth!

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The Chaplain of the "Mayflower"

BY H. ADYE PRICHARD
Canon of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine; Author of "The Alien's Childhood"

IT was a foolish name, given in a moment of jocularity and ecclesiastical unbending. He had been a curate only a few months, and it was the first occasion on which he had been intrusted with the dignity and responsibility of the Sunday-morning sermon. The vicar had settled himself back in his stall, abstractedly counting the wealth of cherubim and seraphim who (or should it be which?) floated around the apostolic figure in the great east window. It may have been that he enjoyed an intermittent dose—but, if he did, the preacher was unconscious of the fact. The church had been very still that morning, only the cry of a sea-gull on the rocks outside breaking into the silence. But suddenly, as his topic, adventure—the adventure of living, the adventure of dying, the adventure of loving and being loved, of believing and serving and praying—had begun to grow vivid in his words, there had arisen in his brain the consciousness of another noise, unnatural and not unghostly. It had seemed to him that the church was filled with the sound of water lapping round the prows of a ship, of wind straining at slender sails, of voices raised in command and hushed in benediction. He saw before him the picture of pilgrims landing on a barren coast. He watched them kneel, and then rise up and scan with flat hands above their eyes the boundless sweep of a new romantic country; and the thrill of their supreme adventure for God seized powerfully upon him. Then it had been that he had used that foolish phrase: "Would to heaven that I might have been the chaplain of the *Mayflower*."

It was a fancy bred in a moment, as fancies are. And he could not let it die. He played with it and fondled it, and it grew to meet his wish. He pictured himself as the minister of that God for the sake of whom mankind has ever left his home, bringing the guidance of the church to lighten all the ideals, longings, hopes, and fears that formed in that alien company. He saw them grouped in prayer through many an Atlantic morning, his voice leading in the appeal of wayfarers to their friend. He watched them in their disappointments and cheered them in their tedium. He saw himself exalted among them with the spirit of Ruth: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

The vicar had twitted him unmercifully, assuring him that most of his congregation had never heard of the *Mayflower*, and would have despised her company as a dissolute band of apostatic non-conformists if they had. The fathers of this quiet English seaside town, he asserted, and their forefathers to the approximate generation of Noah, had been born, baptized, reared, raised, confirmed, married, communicated, and buried with full contentment in the matchless shelter of the Established Church, and God alone knew why any one should want to adventure his soul and skin outside the folds of her protecting mantle. In a singularly undignified manner he even referred to his curate in the presence of the Lord Bishop, on the next day of visitation, as "the chaplain of the *Mayflower*." He had waggled his thumb as he had said it, and the Lord Bishop had laughed.

But the fancy had taken root in the curate's soul. It was perfectly true that the loyal parishioners of Appleton-cum-Codmore showed no interest in, or knowledge of, the *Mayflower*. They shook their heads when he taxed them with their ignorance, and looked meditatively out to

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sea as though they timed the imminent arrival of Drake's squadron with a line of galleons in tow. It was true the Mother Church did seem amazingly restful and beneficent, like the copper glint of the channel at daybreak. And the spirit of adventure was singularly lacking, perhaps because the clarion call to adventure was singularly infrequent. Storms came, but the little fleet of fishing-boats sought shelter in the harbor at the first warning. Big ships sometimes made signals of distress—but that was the affair of the lifeboat crew, semiprofessional adventurers who liked to play with death. It was true that Samuel Trevarth had been drowned a few years ago trying to rescue his pipe which had slipped overboard—but Samuel Trevarth had never been really normal. It is true that a woman occasionally screamed in childbirth; but on the whole even they did not suffer so much as their more stylish and careless sisters of the city. And there were practically no motor-cars, and no fire-alarms, and no mad dogs. With a strong head and plenty of determination one could possibly make fiery trial of one's soul in the public-houses along the esplanade; but a taint of aboriginal crudeness lingered about the effort; and in any case that were a course of procedure obviously impossible for a minister of the parish. Such things simply were not done, even for the sake of testing a curate's salvation.

But, while he brooded over the decadent state of Romance in his adopted village, the unexpected happened. An uncle who, in the late years of the nineteenth century, had forsaken England and Mother Church and the comfortable fastnesses of feudalism to make cutlery in New Jersey, had become senior warden of the village church where his factory was situated. He described in infrequent letters the charm of the locality, the squares of streets, the splashing river by the main hotel, "as broad as the Avon and much more enterprising," the steam-heat and elevated railroads in the houses and cities, and the red riot of the ramblers trespassing in June over all the porches. He called them "stoops," which, for a time, his correspondent assumed to be some such phenomenon of nature as a field or a wood where ramblers would most naturally ramble. He wrote to suggest that the curate should come over to be rector of his church. The last incumbent had been made an executive secretary of some progressive board. He was ready and able, he said, to "fix" the bishop. He could promise fifteen hundred dollars and a house; also a good golf-links and a Ford car.

The curate showed this letter to the vicar.

"And where is New Jersey?" said he.

Its geographical position was elucidated with the aid of a map.

"And what is the stipend, you say?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars and a house."

"And how much is that in Christian money?"

"About three hundred pounds—and a house."

"And what are you getting now?"

"One hundred and twenty, sir, out of which I pay my board."

"Oh!"

The vicar turned once more to the letter he held and tapped it with an appraising forefinger.

"I see your uncle calls his church St. Luke's. What—ah—what kind of a church do you imagine it is?"

"What kind of a church?" his curate repeated vaguely.

"I fancy"—the vicar was growing pompous—"that these Americans do not see things quite the same as we do. Now I should be very remiss to advise you to throw in your lot with any congregation of—may I say?—free thinkers. You see what I mean."

"Certainly, sir, certainly," replied the curate, "but I do not think you need have any fears on that score. This church is an Anglican church. In the United States they call it the Protestant Episcopal Church. It's the same thing as ours."

"The what?" snorted the vicar, much aggravated. "I am not aware that I represent a Protestant Episcopal organization. Explain yourself."

The curate explained. That is to say, he floundered in a rough sea of explanation. That is to say, the bark of his knowledge twisted about in the flood of his conviction. He made it plain that the Protestant Episcopal Church possessed bishops, a prayer-book, and an occasional candle.

"But how," complained the vicar at

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last, "can you tolerate becoming a Protestant Episcopalian? The word is offensive and uncanonical."

It was the ramblers that really turned the scale, their soft petals outweighing the charm even of the elevated railroad and the onus of the church with the unsympathetic name. It took four weeks to find out what ramblers were; but the explanation was decisive. Millions of red roses—shot with every shade of carmine and crimson and pink. Of course there were flowers in England—but not roses by the million, except in the gardens of the squire. And the only good they did was to substantiate the pardonable and garrulous pride of the gardener. No one else ever saw them.

And so it was settled. The chaplain of the *Mayflower*, after a parish supper at which he kissed all the babies, wrung the hands of all the men, received a pipe and tobacco-pouch "with the affectionate regards of the people of St. Dunstan church," and was bedewed with the moist affection of all the old ladies, went overseas in the second cabin of the *Mauretania*. His uncle met him at the pier in New York, shook his hand in the manner of one endeavoring to make bricks without straw, and objected immediately to his flat, round, clerical hat. "Only high churchmen wear those things over here. I'll buy you a real honest-to-goodness hat as soon as we get up-town." And he presented him with a gray felt fedora, ornate with little, long, silver hairs that glistened. The curate felt almost unfrocked.

And so a ride in a strident subway; a welcome change into a train in which every one faced the same way throughout the length of a long omnibus, and the man in front sat without a coat; and a furious trip in the back yards of sooty houses, where people hung out clean sheets to catch the grime of the engine.

His church was a brown frame structure standing in its own plot of well-trimmed lawn half-way down Main Street. He first saw it in the steely incandescent light of a bright November morning, and his heart gave an unaccountable thump in the deepest recesses of his being. It looked so preternaturally and indecently bare. A wooden church was a concrete abstraction which he had never even imagined. The interior was, if possible, more surprising and alarming than the outside—naked stucco walls tinged a reddish pink, small dark pews of unlovely stained wood, no pillars, no chancel-screen, a wooden altar at the head of a shallow depression clogged with choir-stalls, and an atrocious window emitting a riot of highly colored light which suggested nothing so much as a brass band playing "Thaïs." There surged unbidden into his mind the recollection of his last service in the parish church of Appleton-cum-Cudmore, with all the little intimate details that filled remembrance to make it live—the soft tread of the feet as the great door, nail-studded, swung open, and admitted to the temple of a Presence—musty, perhaps, and somewhat damp, but mellowed with the sanctity of centuries of prayer; the odd and holy memorials jutting out from every square yard of wall, and thrusting marble legs and swords from dark and forgotten corners; the grating of the choir-screen twisted into iron contortions, playing with the subdued and reverent rays that fell lightly from the tracery of the old windows. The paved floor was uneven, but it suggested the march of saintly generations; there was more than a suspicion of dust in the air, but it seemed like the outpouring of mediæval censors, left to crystallize; the shadows, even at midday, were dim ghosts of vanished lives, mellowing in the afterglow of the spirit. And God was almost visibly present—at least a mystic's God, immaterial, immobile, and calm, but wonderfully pervading.

It was hard to get used to the apparent absence of God in his new surroundings. Divines may preach as they please of the inwardness of the spirit, but the average man—and the chaplain of the *Mayflower* was no more than an average man—requires an external impetus to call out the indwelling response. He pondered this, many a sunlit morning, kneeling alone in the cold church, his head buried in the hollows of his arms; and his soul longed for a visible semblance of God—even a bare pinewood crucifix, a holy mustiness, a mysterious shadow—anything in the world to take his thoughts away from the nakedness of a void which, it seemed, would require centuries of God to fill. God is like a spiritual perfume that grows into the cloistered atmosphere of a quiet room until it pervades. The essence of

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God is familiarity; the voice of God is an echo, witness of sound that has been, and peradventure still is.

"No wonder," he wrote home to the vicar, "we hear a great deal of the irreligion of America. How can these people over here be religious when it is only by the toiling effort of constant imagination that they can have any inkling of the feeling of God? That is true, at least of the atmosphere of their churches—not all, I suppose, but these in which the majority of people are set to worship. If I were an American, and wanted a sense of His Presence, I should at least stay out-of-doors—where the sun and the blue of the sky and the lazy wind speak of freedom, of expansion, of the joy of the eternal and the illimitable. We know that God is in those things because they have been with Him in the beginning. They inherit something of the intimacy of creation. I am grossly short-sighted, I know, but I cannot yet find Him very persuasively, if at all, in a setting of newly varnished pews, carpets immaculately swept with a vacuum cleaner, windows polished to let in the full glare of the day. My soul longs for a hoary God."

The first Sunday, over his surplice and cassock he wore, as had always been his custom, his scarlet academic hood. His uncle burst into the vestry at the close of the service, hugging the collection plates. "What is that thing?" he demanded, pointing an accusing finger as it lay over the back of a chair.

"My hood."

"Forget it," he said. "We don't want any of this dressing-up here—just plain simple worship for plain simple people—no form."

"No—what?" asked the rector, perplexed.

"No form—you know, ritual, high-church stuff—no nonsense!"

The chaplain folded up the offending piece of silk and tucked it away in a drawer. "How did the service go?" he asked timidly.

"Pretty good"—his voice was muffled by the sound of the coins he poured out noisily upon the table and flicked adroitly back into the bag again as they were counted—"the people seemed satisfied—one dollar twenty-five, thirty-five, thirty-six—but you must learn to say the Lord's Prayer—forty-six, fifty-six, two dollars and a penny—in American."

The rector gasped. "In American?" he repeated politely.

"Yes—two dollars and seventy-five cents—in American. You said: 'Our Father'—now I wonder who the devil put in that Canadian dime?—'which art in heaven.' We say the proper grammar: 'who art in heaven.' And we don't say 'as we forgive them'; we say 'as we forgive those,' which is right. Four dollars and forty-seven cents, not counting the envelopes. Not so bad."

"I'm sorry," said the rector, genuinely distressed. "I'll learn it all over again from the prayer-book."

"Bully for you! And now you'd better hustle out in front. Some old busybody will probably want to talk to you."

A good many people wanted to talk to him. Little knots of men and women were standing in the aisles, chatting with pleasant familiarity; others were leaning against the pews with their feet over the radiators. As he appeared they gathered round him and wrung his hand. Many were outspokenly friendly and cordial. They assured him that they had enjoyed his sermon. He was on the point of replying that he had not preached to them from that motive, but checked the words in time. Experience was to tell him that this word "enjoyment" was always on their tongue. It meant what it implied. The sermon had lifted their thoughts for the time being from the stress of their own monotonous lives. They regarded pleasure as absence of pain—in which they shared the philosophy of Plato. Therefore they enjoyed the sermon.

The only adverse comment was from a stout vestryman in a fur coat and motor goggles, which he adjusted before he left his pew. "Good sermon—very good sermon," he said, "but the service was too long. We usually cut some of the prayers, and a verse or two of the hymns. It makes the service brighter and more snappy. See what you can do." And he puffed out to his car.

They took some time to go, evidently loath to leave the pleasant circle of companionship; but at last the rector was left alone. He went slowly up the chancel steps and knelt down before the altar. His eyes rested upon the Latin inscription

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inlaid across its length. Mechanically he tried to translate it, and his brows drew into puzzled lines. It would not construe. A little thought explained the reason. The object of the sentence was naïvely rendered in the nominative case. He shuddered and went home.

Despair? Yes, it was despair—but it was something else as well. It was the despair of travail—of a new life troubled in the making. Late in the night he began to see the implications of his task. He—the chaplain of the *Mayflower*—had sailed away from an old, consistent, orthodox unbending God into the freedom of a younger revelation. There were glories in the old—of course there were glories—and upon those glories his soul had fed until they had become bone of his bone and breath of his breath. But there were other glories—neglected, despised—but real and potent. The chaplain of the *Mayflower* must open his soul to the taste of the new air, and, though he found it bitter, yet he knew that it had tonic strength. God cannot always remain a memorial. He must be a present vitality—such a vitality as the descendants of the *Mayflower* had discovered in so many of the other arts of life. They would make abundant use of Him when they rediscovered their religion. That was their trouble. They had not had time as yet to find that new religion. They had come away to look for a God, as children stray in search of a butterfly from a garden in which they had grown tired into another bigger, brighter garden just across the boundary-line. But the flowers of this new garden are tall and strange, and they forget the butterfly in their eagerness to pick the blooms. One day they would remember—and the search would bring fulfilment and understanding.

He had not searched; he had been given. They were searching, and as yet they had not found. Which were the more glorious case? He knew, but had not experienced; they were experiencing, but did not know. Amid all this crudeness and banal expression there was being unfolded in their sight the age-long revelation of God. They were trying to keep pace with that revelation. They felt sometimes that they were being outdistanced. The vestryman's expression came back to him: "We usually cut some of the prayers." It was indecent, unholy, utterly indefensible. And yet it expressed one of the qualities necessary in this potent American God. He must not take too long in going about the task of human salvation or humanity would, in self-defense, be compelled to save itself. God must conform with the practice of life, which desired to get somewhere and get there quickly. God was important. He must not be left out; but he could not be a very valuable God if he delayed the procession too long.

The chaplain of the *Mayflower* rubbed his eyes. He thought he saw a vision—the semblance of the spirit of Love that has always been and always will be; so manifest in his love that the life of his children is all that he can ever care to know. He wants to share the substance of that life, to help it over its difficulties, to guide it in its wanderings, and to comfort it in its tragedies. He plays his many-sided part according to the passions of the drama. England is old, well revered, but slow of step and halting in its progress. Its God keeps pace, waiting to support the infirmities of age. America is young, the *Mayflower* still a token, and God is young and very happy and very free. His people of the West have made the color of their lives like the rising sun. He takes that color too, and goes on with them to their playground. And one day they will grow old and revered, slow of step and halting in their progress. And God will keep pace to support and to sustain.

The chaplain of the *Mayflower* dreamed his dream, and its texture entered into his soul. The God he had loved was still, and would ever be, the strength of his thoughts and visions, instinct in those moments of sweet idleness when a man longs rather to be than to do. But the God he was going to love would be the partner of his endeavors, going forward with him hand in hand to the beckoning adventure—going forward to face new problems, to create new spiritual destinies, to transform the social and industrial and national life of men into the purpose of the Kingdom of Heaven. America would, one day, need them both—those two Gods, one for the soul, the other for life. But not now. She craved a God only to climb with her in triumph over the ramparts of physical needs. And, if He were truly God, she knew that He could not fail.

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The Student Speaks Out in Meeting

BY ALFRED S. DASHIELL
Author of "A Serious Young Man"

TO those who believe what they read in the papers and what they hear from the pulpit, college boys and girls are no longer human beings: they are symbols. Whether symbols of growth or decay depends upon the source of what it would be fantastic to call information. Such catchwords as "flaming youth," "younger generation," "youth movement," have sapped the vitality of popular discussion. Collegians are immoral, degenerate, atheistic, if the speaker is a fundamentalist hell-raiser. They are aspiring to new spiritual heights, returning to original Christianity, if certain types of uplifters have the floor.

The newspapers furnish lurid tales which the pulpit-pounders seize with ghoulish gloating. They play up drinking orgies, petting-parties, co-ed bandits, undergraduate criminals. There is a hint of joy-ride about every collegiate automobile accident. No student may commit suicide without being reported as bewildered or disillusioned by his courses in philosophy or psychology. In many minds the Leopolds and the Loebs are the classic examples of the advantages of a modern liberal education.

To immorality and atheism is added political indiscretion. The patriotic societies are continually in a flutter over the alleged fact that the student is going Bolshevik. Even Calvin the Silent once wrote an article on radicalism in the women's colleges.

The students are scarcely better treated by those who are, or say they are, friends. College presidents—most of them—are fond of paternally reproving the boys and girls for neglecting the higher and finer things of life. The tune of these utterances is changing gradually as new blood enters the administrative fraternity. President Little of Michigan, President Hopkins of Dartmouth, Dean Gauss of Princeton, and a few others have turned the search-light in another direction.

Inspirational writers, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, and a cult of "liberal Christians" are fond of patting the youngsters on the head and announcing condescendingly: "Youth's all right."

All this pother obscures the fact that normal individuals are the subject of discussion. Generalities are useful for headlines and sermon topics, but useless as aids to understanding when knowledge goes no further. It seems safe to say that students are neglecting their home-work in Bolshevism for the sake of pleasanter social diversions. The colleges are more nearly hothouses of adolescent flirtation than hotbeds of radicalism. Undergraduates are probably as concerned with the transient pleasures as are their elders. They are possibly a little more honest about it, and certainly less hampered in their pursuits by the demands of daily living. They can scarcely be expected to love learning in an atmosphere tainted by the odor of decayed knowledge, when "Do!" and "Get!" command the age. Beyond that it is not safe to go on the basis of press reports and popular interpreters. The investigator so often finds exactly what he is seeking to prove his point.

II

CERTAIN observations gathered from a group of students may serve to lend a different perspective to the picture of what goes on in the undergraduate mind. With no panacea to ballyhoo for, with no preconceived notions to fortify, I attended the second congress of the National Student Federation of America, held at the University of Michigan. Here gathered representatives of 194 colleges located in 40 of these United States to consider the state of their academic health. The enrolment of these colleges

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totals 410,000 students. They range in size from universities such as Columbia and Michigan with more than 10,000 to Hiram College with 300, and others even smaller.

The National Student Federation is perhaps potentially the most significant association of undergraduates ever to form in this country. The congress was held under the auspices of neither church nor party. It had little in common with the conference which met later in Milwaukee with the benediction of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. where the topic for discussion was "What Resources Has Jesus for Life in Our World?" It had no connection with the conference in New York fostered by the League for Industrial Democracy addressed by prominent Socialists, Norman Thomas and Morris Hillquit.

The set speeches before the congress were made by Doctor Stephen Duggan, director of the Institute for International Education, President Henry Noble MacCracken of Vassar, Professor Alexander Meiklejohn of the University of Wisconsin, and President Clarence C. Little of Michigan. The Federation then proceeded under its own steam, held meetings at which only students were present, and discussed, mirabile dictu, their own affairs. It is interesting to note that this organization grew out of a student conference on the World Court held at Princeton in 1925. Having said their say on the court—an indorsement of American adherence—the undergraduates considered the question of continuing the Federation. They decided that there was a place for a national organization, but also saw that its concern should be with matters nearer home. To them it seemed that more could be done for international co-operation by fostering understanding between American and foreign students than by passing resolutions on the World Court. They saw that the development of intelligent student opinion might be worth more than any official programme. They believed that encouraging enlightenment on their own campuses might be of more value than an attempt to reform the world.

Even with these worthy aims, a certain atmosphere of an undergraduate Rotary Club hovers about the Federation. Despite disavowal of cure-alls, the official pronouncement sounds a bit solemn. It was only when the delegates assembled and the student meetings started that the air cleared.

Each college or university sent one accredited delegate. Coeducational institutions were allowed one representative of each sex, each having half a vote. Many colleges sent other students as observers. Selected by student governments or whole undergraduate bodies, these representatives came as near a real cross-section of American collegians as it is possible to assemble. They were by no means intellectual giants. There were no greasy grinds and only a few owners of Phi Beta Kappa keys among them. They were campus politicians, athletic heroes, prominent fraternity and sorority people, and a large number of the hard-working participants in campus activities who are always designated for conventions. These young men and women came from all sorts of homes. There were negroes as well as whites. They spoke the American language with all kinds of twangs and drawls. An Oklahoma University senior as he tumbled into my taxicab at Ann Arbor station complained bitterly of the cold with fine disregard of all the "r" endings. My other companion tossed off this little snap as not a patch on the winter they were going to have. He was from Niagara.

A captain of the Harvard football-team and the quarter-back of the University of Washington eleven, who received All-American mention, entertained me highly during the small hours of the morning in one of the aisles of grease which cater to hungry Michigan students, with a discussion of the fine points of football.

One co-ed, exceedingly good to look upon, related an amusing story of blundering legislative persecution of a staid old professor for alleged radical utterances. "Are you one of these campus radicals?" I asked. "I'd just as soon be," she replied. "But there's nothing in being radical these days. Every one else is."

Her remark is fairly indicative of campus sentiment. The students are not swinging any farther to the left. The theories of Marx and Moscow offer no

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Elysian Fields for the student mind. Academic authorities, at the tail-end of the intellectual procession, have now ceased to be horrified at expressions of opinion which may be called liberal. So student revolts are largely confined to minor matters, such as compulsory chapel, disqualification of athletes, and attendance regulations. Of course the protest against militarism bobs up occasionally, and college publications are now and then suppressed, but largely on the grounds of taste.

The spirit of inquiry dominated the congress. It is true that the president brought the civic-club atmosphere with him to the opening meeting. Fired by evangelistic zeal and carried away by his own eloquence, he talked twice as long as he should have. It is also true that in bidding farewell at the induction of new officers, he concluded with the Lord's Prayer. Still, some sort of zeal is necessary to carry on such an organization. He has enough sceptical minds on his executive committee to winnow the kernels of ideas from his flow of oratory. "I'm not sold on this organization," one man remarked in reply to a request for an honest opinion. "I've come to question the worth of all extracurricular activities. They require too much work." This came, not from a disappointed office-seeker, but from an editor of the daily and member of the student council of one of what used to be the Big Three universities. It is an attitude not uncommon among those of some intelligence who have achieved eminence in campus affairs. He and the editor from another of the Big Three worked together amicably, although these two universities no longer meet on the athletic field. They had nothing of the preacher in them. In fact, they threatened the president with bodily harm if he injected the name of deity into his opening address. An assault was almost committed in error when he said "godfather."

Of course many of the delegates came for the ride. Others, especially those from the smaller denominational institutions, came with little idea what it was all about, and suffered somewhat from an inferiority complex in the presence of students from big universities whose football teams are featured in the press.

A congress such as this one is an excellent antidote for the booster spirit. In the committee meetings students from all sections had their say. They discovered common problems. The men and women from the Pacific coast were able to see that Princeton, Harvard, and Yale, Wellesley, Vassar, and Smith do not produce snobs and, in their turn, they showed that they were not born among cowboys and Indians.

III

President MacCracken in his speech remarked: "In this generation young men are considered by their elders to be old enough to furnish food for powder, and old enough to command squads and companies of other men in the crucial time of war. . . . Then they are old enough to be respected when they criticise classroom methods in their college."

These students were not slow in taking the president at his word. Their committees on the choice and methods of teachers, the nature of the curriculum, and athletics revealed interesting ideas and brought forth important facts in their discussions. Liberal opinion had already preceded them in many of their conclusions. They had nothing startlingly new to offer. Beyond the clarifying of ideas, whatever benefit was derived went to the smaller and more isolated colleges. The remarkable thing was the readiness of students to recognize their own failings and the shortcomings of the whole system. They recommended the spread of the practice of criticising objectively their courses and instructors. They advocated action against the suppression of teaching freedom, and an investigation of the salaries of athletic coaches in relation to that of teachers.

I was surprised at the honesty exhibited in the committee on athletics. Most of the delegates spoke out and had something to say. They cited instances of pressure brought to bear by business people of the town to secure winning football-teams. A west-coast football star condemned the commercial aspect of the Tournament of Roses game at Pasadena. They saw that the real function of athletics had been lost sight of, that "athletics for all" was only a shib-

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boleth, that college football had become a huge gladiatorial spectacle in which eleven men represented their college and played for unbelievably high stakes—the endowment fund, enrolment, prestige.

One lad from a small college in Ohio told me pathetically that he did not know what they were going to do at his institution. There were only about enough athletes to make up a football-team. This team had not won a game in three years. Attendance at the games did not support other athletics as it does in most colleges. Yet they feared to give up their place in the conference where they were always beaten and drop to a league of colleges nearer their own size because of the loss of prestige it would entail. To drop football and other intercollegiate contests altogether and concentrate on intramural sports was well-nigh unthinkable.

These lads, from colleges large and small, showed the serpent's tooth to the old grads by declaring that alumni interference in college athletics is objectionable. This remark, they said, was aimed at "the great body of alumni who demand winning football-teams, and through unethical methods secure athletes for the teams of their alma mater."

IV

It would be absurd to claim that the congress reflected the opinion of 410,000 students, or even a majority of them, for the reason that the majority of them probably have no opinion. Recognizing this, the Federation adopted no resolutions. They are not marching up to educational authorities with the announcement that "we represent 410,000 students and we want thus and so done." The delegates are to develop opinion on their own campuses. They are not attempting to wield the big stick, even if they could.

Even so, it is going to take intelligent steering to keep the Student Federation off the rocks. At present the offices have to be moved about from year to year. Everything depends upon the interest and enthusiasm with which the undergraduate officials pursue their duties. The inevitable trend is toward a central office with a paid secretary. While this would undoubtedly be mechanically more efficient, it would in all probability lead to gradual fading of undergraduate participation, with the result that the secretary would become director of policy. From this point the road to uplift and the big stick is short. Already the Federation has been solicited by lady lobbyists to join some thirty other organizations in protest against the government's imperialistic policy. What, one is tempted to ask, would a Federation lobbyist represent except his own opinion?

The Federation Congress, however, does reveal the fact that our splendid isolation has little appeal to American students. Through co-operation with student unions in other countries, the Federation is arranging tours and making it possible for students intending to live in Europe for a time to have quarters in the homes of European students.

What conclusions may we draw from all this? There is no reason for believing that our students have suddenly seen the light, and have become completely intelligent in the course of one college generation. But, if you had been there, you would have seen what a fine, clean-cut-looking crowd they were, and you would, I think, have been a bit encouraged by their attitude. They are taking advantage of our mistakes, and they will go a step farther than we did. They will, that is, if they receive a sympathetic hearing from college authorities. Some educators will inform these students that their ideas are all very nice, but they "don't understand the problems of administration." Met by this attitude generally, the congresses may well rebound from the Scylla of academic adamant into the Charybdis of social carnival. The boys and girls not inclined to bigger and better Bolshevism will turn to gathering rosebuds and lovely lilies for the scandal-sheets to paint with loud yellow daubs.

In the meantime, those who are alumni may better understand the situation if they:

1. Stop worrying about what the younger generation is coming to.

2. Be less jealous of athletic prestige and social customs, and give more thought to the establishment of intellectual traditions.

3. Get acquainted with a few of the young college men and women of to-day.

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The Tact of Monsieur Pithou

BY VALMA CLARK
Author of "A Woman of No Imagination," "Enter Eve," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. F. WILFORD

THE occasion was the fourth birthday of Miss Patricia Bellamy, of New York. The tables in the dining *salon* had been joined in banquet fashion; all the guests of the house—barring not even my husband and me, newcomers that afternoon and total strangers to every one present—had been included in the celebration; and the candle-light and the shadows of fine-leaved pepper-trees moving across the windows, wavered over as odd an assortment of the aged and the decrepit, the worn and the disillusioned—relics of depleted health, depleted hopes, and depleted fortunes seeking the palliatives of milder climate and favorable exchange in this little *hôtel pension* in the south of France—as ever arrayed themselves in their best and foregathered as the festive playmates of a little girl.

They took their cues from the young Frenchman who, with the diminutive guest of honor, occupied the head of the long board. A little man with a slight, waxed mustache mounted on a round, guileless face, he looked, in spite of accomplished grooming and an accomplished manner, as though he had left his youth and his compulsory military training not many minutes behind him. As the party progressed from alphabet soup to fancy ice-creams, it grew evident that spontaneous play was natural to the Frenchman. He improvised games, communicated zest, and finally staged a table race between the animated bugs, which had served as favors, with the chocolate doll of the centrepiece for a prize, in which his excitement was so infectious that the little girl wound up her own self with one wildly gyrating arm and the old lady with the paralytic hand across from me was near tears because her striped beetle did only stationary circles.

With the presents, the youngster could no longer be contained in one chair. Throughout the dinner she had been in constant small motion, like the candle-light and the pepper-tree leaves, but now her capering delight was pretty to see. She was a singularly unspoiled child: a creature in miniature with soft, pale curls, a pale mobile little face—a cheek that smiled in its contours before her lips began—and with tentative, confiding little ways. The climax of an affectionate medley of offerings was the gift of the Frenchman—a tiny jewel of a wrist-watch.

"For Patsy? It tick-tocks all by itself!" she squealed.

"Ah—and does one not expect it of a watch?" he chuckled. "It pleases you, *ma petite?*"

Patsy crowded closer and lifted her face, and the little Frenchman's tenderness, as he kissed her on both cheeks and then on the pursed lips, was so palpitant that it suddenly occurred to me to wonder: "Is *he* Mr. Bellamy? Is he her father?"

"Oh, no; that is Monsieur Pithou." The Englishwoman at my left further enlightened me: "Patsy has no father; the mother is a young grass widow, not present to-night."

"Oh! Then . . . monsieur is interested in the mother," I ventured.

"Well, certainly he is interested in the child."

"You hear it, Mis' Delancey—Mis' McCosh—Ma'am Deux?" Patsy offered, skipping from the old lady with the paralyzed hand to a shy Scottish spinster with a face sadly reminiscent of George Arliss, thence to a Frenchwoman of dignity and refinement, whose smooth black hair, startling in its lustre, was now her one surviving beauty. "*You* hear it tick-tock, Mis' Wingate?" she asked of the

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Englishwoman beside me. "And you, too, Mis'—what is your name?"

"I am Mrs. Hunter," I told her.

But the Italian *garçon*, obviously by arrangement, now appeared with a guitar. He bowed, and plunged dramatically into a warm love-song in Italian. Patsy, who again hung over Monsieur Pithou's knee, began a jigging to the music; she pointed this way, that way; now, to that amorous, entirely incongruous accompaniment, and to the breathless, the worshipful delight of all from the *garçon* to that terrible old Delancey woman, she ran a sad little swan-dance in the cleared circle of the floor. Arms playing wings, head drooping, she was absorbed in her own small pantomime, unconscious of the spectators as only a very young child can be. The Frenchman, finger to lip, signified to us that we were not, by any false note of applause, to break through that fragile artlessness. Mrs. Wingate, at my left, murmured: "The mother is a professional dancer in a cabaret. Patsy picks up steps as other children pick up words."

Miss Patricia Bellamy, of New York, in that little fawn-colored frock of costly French simplicity, slid into her place in my picture of a spoiled favorite pursued by a wealthy young Frenchman—though what they were doing in this very modest *pension* was beyond me.

But Patsy died on the polished floor to the last passionate thump of the guitar; and now a brittle-thin woman, blond and rouged, flaunting a shoddy black satin of extreme cut, moved petulantly into the room and in a hard voice addressed the Frenchman: "What do you mean, Michel, making her dance in public!"

"But I do not make her dance, madame——"

"You'll turn her stage-conscious, ruin her! Get up off that floor, Pat! You're a bad girl to show off before people! You——"

"You alone," suggested Monsieur Pithou soothingly, "make her conscious. But come, madame is pleasantly early—a chair, Pierre——"

"But *that* person," I breathed, "is never the mother of this exquisite baby!"

"Patsy is exactly like her mother—the same frail build, the identical features; that's the tragedy—she inherits such slender capacities. You and I"—Mrs. Wingate spoke with passion—"see her now at the height of her loveliness; unless she gets free of that woman, she can hardly grow beyond her four years. Just as sure as little crab-apple-trees make big crab-apple-trees, she'll make another bitter-bearing——"

"And my God, Michel, the candy! How many times have I told you Patsy's got a touchy stomach!"

The temperature of the party had chilled. Some one switched on a brutal flood of electricity, and the dance of candle-light and leaf shadows was done. Miss Delancey of the paralyzed hand leaned across the table, and shaking at me a topknot barricaded behind fancy combs, confided horribly: "Meat had no taste, eh?— It's got no taste because it's treated with some kind of acid to preserve it. Shocking! . . . That Bertha Bellamy—she's not a proper person. I was in her room looking after Patsy, the little fairy, and it smelled of gin. Shocking, shocking!"

But the Bellamy woman now exploded the party with the announcement that it was Patsy's bedtime. Patsy teased, exhibited her new watch by way of delay. Mrs. Bellamy examined the watch: "Platinum?"

"Only white gold," conciliated Monsieur Pithou. "I owe madame my thanks for her graciousness in permitting me to give to my little friend the trifle."

"Time the kid was in bed," she shrugged. "Scoot, hon!"

Patsy showed signs of whimpering.

"Time 'the kid' was in bed," he coaxed, and the word from him held such endearing quaintness as to capture even Patsy's grin.

With her departure, the others sifted back into the main *salon* to their cards, their gossip, their everlasting talk of ailments. John and I, waiting interminably for the lift, which was stuck above, were inadvertent auditors of the set-to which now occurred between Mrs. Bellamy and Madame Mecari, the proprietress of the house. Mrs. Bellamy, as she sauntered through the hall with Monsieur Pithou in attendance, was requested by madame to step into the cubby-hole of an office. She was then informed that madame

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must have a settlement of the bill for her room.

"Sorry, but it can't be done—you'll have to wait."

"But I have already waited——"

"Madame," insinuated Monsieur Pithou, "chooses a bad time to broach the subject of bills. Only this moment we have wished to thank madame for her kind extras at the party of Mademoiselle Patsy."

"Ah, the infant! That is nothing—nothing! I am happy to do all that I can for monsieur's party for the infant."

"*My* party? But you misunderstand! It is not my party, but Madame Bellamy's party for her daughter; Madame Bellamy has only permitted me to arrange the details."

"*Mais parfaitement, monsieur. Mais* ——"

"You will please speak to me in English in the presence of madame, and you will please speak to me in the absence of madame concerning this bill. I think," he entreated, "if you will honor me with your trust, I can so arrange it that Madame Mecari will be happy to wait."

"Go to it. But I may as well tell you now, it's apt to be a long wait. They let me off early to-night because they've taken on a new team—pair of cheap little East Side kikes with a line of comedy patter—rotten! From now on they want me only half time. It's a damn shame! I've got a standing offer for a tour of the biggest vaudeville circuit back home, or I could land a stepping single in one of the most exclusive Paris restaurants to-morrow—but here I am, tied to this climate with a delicate kid!"

"You would not leave the child temporarily to me?" breathed Monsieur Pithou. "To me and to Madame Mecari? Ah, we would take such care of her——!"

"But yes, consider it!" rushed Madame Mecari. "That infant is good b-ee-siness for me—the life of this old house——"

"Papa Micky!" scoffed the Bellamy woman. "Not a chance—while we're registering kicks, Madame Mecari, I'd like to mention that my room's got a stone floor that gets devilish cold without heat——"

The lift resumed its buzzing.

The only illusion concerning the trio which I now had left was that of the Frenchman's wealth; it, too, collapsed on the following morning, when John and I, entering the Menton office of Thomas Fry, that accomplice of tourists the world over, to cash in on our letter of credit, found Monsieur Pithou installed as clerk behind a mahogany counter. Installed with him was Miss Patricia Bellamy, at present intent upon the mutilation of a circular featuring highly colored scenery in Egypt, and, judging from her familiarity with the several other clerks in the office, Monsieur Pithou's rôle of day-nurse was not a new one. The little Frenchman, it appeared, was committee of one for arrangement of those day-excursions to Grasse, Sospel, etc.; indeed arrangements seemed to be his specialty. While we waited, he booked a large, difficult hotel party for San Remo—distributing outside seats to the hardy young, inside seats to the chilly old, and a place by the driver to the deaf gentleman, advising steamer-rugs for all, assuring them from his heart that Monsieur Thomas Fry's autobusses were never overloaded, that Monsieur Thomas Fry's drivers were invariably cautious.

In a lull, Monsieur Pithou recognized us, called upon me to interpret for him one of Patsy's Americanisms, advised us as to sights to be seen. Patsy's scissors pointed a desert view: "What's that?"

"A camel, *ma petite*."

"Can Patsy see a camel?"

"Camels are in Egypt. Would Patsy go to Egypt with Michel one day? Would she go alone with Michel, without *maman?*"

"*With* mama. When?"

"Ah . . . some time. But what do you say, *mignonne*, if, on Michel's next holiday, we take a nearer trip to Roquebrune with Monsieur and Madame Hunter here. We see no camels, but we climb many steps up to the roof of the world and we come close to the clouds. You like that? *La petite* is too housebound, I fear," he worried to me; "she does not take sufficiently the air." Patsy's skin, as she lifted her face to us with that child's wistfulness of waiting upon the moods of her elders, *had* a waxen quality, a texture of unearthliness, as though,

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but momentarily arrested, she might melt away from us at any instant.

Having determined that the mother was not to be separated from the child and the child was not to be separated from the mother, Monsieur Pithou, in his arrangements for the life of Patsy, progressed to the next logical step—the courting of Patsy's mother. Not that one could have read this cause and effect from Monsieur Pithou's manner; he gave a perfect portrayal of the respectful, the genuinely devoted suitor. But we could hardly have stayed in that house without being very much on the inside of the affair. In addition to our geographical proximity to the Bellamys—our two rooms were at a corner of the *pension*, the two French windows and balconies at right angles to each other and overlooking the same garden—and in addition to our natural friendliness with them as the only other Americans in the house and, with Monsieur Pithou, as the only authorities on the American species—in addition to these first-hand sources of observation, we lived close to a swarm of old ladies whose chief occupation was the constant retailing of every morsel covering the past, present, and probable future of the case.

Mrs. Wingate was the least biassed and the most charitable of these prattlers. One afternoon in the last hour before dinner, she and I rested together in the *salon* —that medley of plush furniture, gilt mirrors, plaster plaques of cupids, and elderly females bickering, criticising—when a sudden, intimate glimpse of Berta and Monsieur Pithou set them all clacking. I had summed our discussion: "Well, she ought not to be allowed with the child. I'd like to adopt Patsy myself."

Mrs. Wingate said: "We all feel that —Monsieur Pithou the strongest. But Berta is jealous of the baby. Those who are nice to Patsy suffer for it; Monsieur Pithou, being the nicest of us all, suffers the hardest. You'd never believe the woman's tyrannical whims and tirades—one minute denying Patsy tested milk, which she needs, the next minute giving her unbottled water, which is really dangerous. Berta has a number of pet precepts—Patsy must not be excited, her delicate stomach must not be upset—which she enforces spasmodically and always at the most inconvenient moments, and which she converts into the reasons of all her own misfortunes. Her moods are reflected in the child's disposition: in Patsy's restlessness, in the ease with which she cries——"

"Even her cuddling ways," I broke in, "come from her having served in place of a Pomeranian. That appealing little diffidence, which is half Patsy's charm, comes from her familiarity with the adult slap!"

"Yes. And yet, one is sorry for the mother. She's another of those underdeveloped persons who can't help taking out their own ill luck upon the nearest object."

"You think she's really at the end of her rope?"

But a silence had fallen over the room. We looked up, to discover Berta and the Frenchman standing in the unlit hall, but framed for us, as in a stage-setting, by the draped curtains of the doorway. They had evidently just returned from a promenade: Berta wore a jacket of soiled white fur and a metallic toque; Monsieur Pithou was immaculately gloved and spatted and swung a stick. "Where is my Patsy?" he smiled.

"Oh, somewhere—forget her, can't you?" Berta put a possessive hand upon Monsieur Pithou's coat-sleeve; as he rose to the ardor of her smile, I was abruptly struck by the utter disparity between this round-faced, clear-skinned *boy* and that veteran coquette. The hand travelled to his cheek; I thought, for one dreadful moment, that they were going to kiss in full view of the *pension*. But Michel took the hand into his own, and with the gesture of gallantry bent to it. . . . Berta laughed out. . . . It struck me that neither was unconscious of the audience: she flaunted a conquest, he announced his honorable intentions. They parted, the gate of the lift clanged shut.

A volley of words was released: "There, did you see that! She's imposed upon him in every other way, and now she'll marry him!" "Thirty-five if she's a day, while he—" "—And so experienced, my dear, that one wonders in what moment of negligence she saddled herself with that fairy child. Shocking!"

"But can't he *see*," I despaired, "what

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an utterly impossible creature she is? Why, every cheap up-State chorus and every second-rate family theatre must be personally acquainted with Berta Bellamy."

"It is always difficult," sighed Mrs. Wingate, "for those of one nation to recognize the types of another nation. If only *you* could somehow enlighten him on American types! But no; I fancy that would only hasten his rescue of Patsy."

"But it's too fantastic that a man should take on the mother to save the daughter!"

"Yes, Michel is fantastic in his devotion to that baby. I have yet to meet the father and his child who are as deeply in accord as those two."

"You don't really believe he'll marry her?"

"Will your American," shrugged Mrs. Wingate, "marry *him?*"

"Berta may be . . . merely playing him."

"Michel is scarcely that type of lad."

"Well, I don't know—his poverty may save him. If he were a *catch* now——"

Madame Dreux, the Frenchwoman with the dignity and the beautiful hair, whose sole contribution up to this point had been the accompanying scratch of a French pen, suddenly looked up from her desk and said: "Monsieur Pithou *is* a good match; he inherits at the death of his grandfather. I know the family in Paris."

"May the good Lord help him, then," said I. "Does Berta Bellamy know this?"

"Probably not," frowned Mrs. Wingate; "it would not occur to Michel to boast of his prospects."

"Then you and I and Madame Dreux," I breathed, "are forming, right now, a conspiracy of three to keep those prospects a secret."

The firing against Berta was now becoming spattered with cross shots at each other—the ladies of the *pension* were resuming their habitual plaints and animosities. "Unfortunately I am so built that I cannot take things for granted. If they give me a bad egg, I know it's a bad egg; some persons don't. This egg that I am speaking of——"

"I beg your pardon."

Miss Delancey, who held down the last remaining chair in the room with her ball of crochet, paid no heed to the broad hint of the heavy person from Toronto. "—As for those sweetish, light-colored meats which I can't place, I never touch them."

The Toronto dowager simply sat, with the tired flop of an old geranium-leaf. Furiously Miss Delancey rescued her work. "I wish," she announced to the room in general, "that the hook had gone into her! But this Bellamy woman, she makes no distinction between veal and horse-meat. She——"

"Sh!"

Into the room, like a small leaf blown from the outdoors, flickered Patsy. She was trailed by the Scotch spinster, who wore on her shy face the pride of having been Patsy's chosen companion for the afternoon. Patsy did a little race, with the crabbed Miss Delancey as her goal; she hugged Miss Delancey by two well-skirted legs, sent a shower of laughter over her. Then she stepped back, and exhibited her costume of matching hat and cloak of softest green: "Look! This I got new to-day."

Every person in the room recognized, in the perfect taste of the outfit, the thought of Monsieur Pithou. Every woman present probably had a mental picture of Monsieur Pithou congratulating himself upon his adroitness in managing the gift and of Berta congratulating herself upon her cleverness in having worked the gentleman. But Miss Delancey, who had the most acrid tongue of them all, put her old claw of a hand upon Patsy's soft curls and said: "Pretty little fairy! That's right—get all the pretty new clothes you can, dear."

It is no exaggeration to state that Patsy was a sunbeam in that house, where a sunbeam was badly needed. She exacted her mothering and fathering from the world at large. When Patsy's lip was "kissed by a mosquito" overnight, Mrs. Wingate rubbed a lotion on the swelling; thereafter, whenever she had a hurt, she brought it to Mrs. Wingate for treatment. So each of us had delegated to her, by Patsy, her special duties. Patsy's childish sayings were cherished and repeated; her remark to Michel, "It's raining—see the goose-fleshes on the water," when

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Eventually she did become "zigzag."—Page 518.

interpreted to him by me, was delightedly broadcast. Patsy's naughtinesses were condoned—that time she was found rolling all the napkin-rings together on the floor, and the rings had to be sorted with the help of their owners, and the sorting ended in a clash between two ladies, Patsy was completely exonerated. And when

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the November rains set in, the amusement of Patsy became a household concern. She was permitted to sail paper boats in the tin pans set in the dining *salon* to catch the drippings from a leaky roof. Michel proved himself adept at the manufacture of the craft—and, indeed, at the manufacture of cardboard cradles that rocked, match-box jack-in-the-boxes, and cork animals of every species.

Patsy's very popularity made for the mother's unpopularity—though the woman *was* increasingly difficult. With her American curling-iron of high voltage Berta blew out the lights in a whole wing of the *pension*—this, in spite of signs which stated explicitly: "It is not *allowed* to use the apparatus electric for any other service than the light." With her constant petty demands and exactions, she kept the management on the jump. But Patsy and Michel suffered the brunt of her sharpening disposition. He tapped at our door one noon and, speaking low against the Bellamys' open window, wondered whether I would just trouble myself to talk across to Patsy occasionally during the afternoon, explaining that she had been locked into the room.

"What's she done now?" I asked.

"It is not Patsy, it is I," he shrugged ruefully. "Madame shuts her in where her digestive system will not be disorganized by idiot males. I have only given to Patsy one tangerine, but madame says the acidule qualities——"

"That's nonsense! The child needs fruit."

"About the diet of Patsy, madame doubtless knows best," Michel gently rebuked me. "Should madame shut the balcony window before her departure, will you occasionally whisper to Patsy through the keyhole?"

"Don't you worry—I'll keep in touch with her." But this nice boy was on my mind. I saw a chance of safeguarding him with his own version of the lady. I said: "It's a good thing for Mrs. Bellamy, Monsieur Pithou, that you are not a wealthy man."

"How——?"

"We Americans are so independent. We can accept favors from those who are in our own circumstances, but from those who are above us, never!"

It was the sort of hint which Michel, with his tact, was quick to comprehend. "Now why did you say that?" my husband marvelled. . . . I snickered: "The conception of us he must have!"

But Michel did worry. We returned from a brief tea, to find him camping out on Patsy's door-sill. He was on hand for the big rumpus which broke with Berta's arrival. Patsy, we gathered from the storm of exclamations, sobs, and entreaties, had whiled away this last hour by cutting out the fillet cupids from the lace window-curtains. "Spank Patsy's hand—no spank Patsy's other place!" wailed the child. . . . "Berta, I beg of you—!" "Get back, Michel. I'll be damned if I'll have you spoiling her!" . . .

Peace was restored at last; audible to us were Michel's compliments of Berta, his polite mirth for her somewhat doubtful vaudeville jokes. Patsy, with the catch still in her throat, asked from the window close to me: "Why do the chimleys have tops to them?"

"Here's a hotter one, Michel: A man was walking down an alley——"

"Why"—with that dragging, patient insistence of children—"do the chim-leys have—tops to them!"

"Oh, my God, Pat, shut up! This man——"

"Oh, Mike Gud, Patsy mus' shut up. But why *do*——?"

"They are the hats of the chimneys," murmured Michel; "they wear them, like Patsy wears her hats, to keep off the rain and the weather."

"Do they speak with their hats, and sleep in——?"

"Listen," cut in Berta; "is this a duet between you and me or between you and her? I've got to dress now—so long, Micky. Hunt me the *big* flash, Pat—the diamond tiara——"

"And the flowery dress," begged Patsy. "Oh, *when* will you wear my flowery dress, mama?"

"Not to-night, hon—Christmas, maybe, if I'm still kicking."

All my memories of Menton are checkered with impressions of Patsy and her Frenchman. I hear them calling back and forth to each other across the garden from the windows of their two rooms. I see them blown down the street on a

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windy day with Patsy clutching Michel's hand for anchorage; stepping the little bright, conventional public garden of a Sunday afternoon, in a setting of palm-trees and against the back-drop of gray Alps, to the slipshod flute trills of the municipal band; playing tag with the Mediterranean, on another stormy day, as they dodged the spray which the breaking waves tossed up over the pavement. I see them mousing along from one lighted shop-window to the next of an early evening, engrossed in an animated discussion of cameos, laces, chemises. I see them "stamping" the gilded horse-head of the market district, or busily engaged in walking on no cracks of the sidewalk—Michel quick to pick up her small games and superstitions, lending them often a Gallic fillip of his own.

Rarely, Berta put the damper of her presence on their play. John and I circling a terrace of that little high crown of the cemetery for the view, one afternoon, came abruptly upon the three of them in the narrow path. Patsy wore a seagoing cap, and she looked like a good little cherub. I was struck again by the waxen unearthliness of the child's face—not a pretty face, I reflected, with its large mouth, but lovely in a strange, fugitive fashion—a little face vital in its flickering emotions, but frail—dangerously frail!—in every other way. Looking at her, I thought of graves of children—that "Amiable Child" of Riverside Drive, a "Little Pet Annie" of Cape Cod—and suddenly, shudderingly, I wanted her to run down from this place to the laughter of urchins below. But both Patsy and Michel were now brightly absorbed in a pink plaster virgin. It was Berta—her thin, hard face the permanent, finished coin from the identical mould of Patsy's—who shivered: "Say, let's move! What's the cheerful idea—?" She put her arm through Michel's arm, twined the fingers of her hand through the fingers of his. . . .

That Michel was a doomed man was generally conceded; sentiment for Patsy being what it was, the *pension* reluctantly sacrificed him to the hope of the child's future. The question was—how far had our little Frenchman committed himself with Berta at the present moment? Miss Delancey, dozing, and I, knitting, in the semidusk of the deserted *salon* on the afternoon preceding the unexpected climax to the triangle, were witnesses to the fact that Michel still teetered on the crumbling edge of safety. I knew, of course, from the sounds and from the tremors of our own walls that Berta, in the next room, had been giving Patsy a strenuous initiation into the Terpsichorean art, but I was unprepared for this newest turn.

Berta, Michel, and Patsy arrived together. Berta immediately inquired at the office for a telegram. She said the message was sure to come, she would wait down there for it. Patsy, discovering me, prattled about the trip to Roquebrune which was scheduled for the next morning. Their conversation sifted through to us:

"—No trouble, I hope?"

"Trouble? Not likely!" Berta laughed. "The fact is, Micky, I'm expecting a stroke of luck; Pat and I," she said, watching him, "may be leaving you any day."

"Not back to New York! But you have told me how those winters are terrible for Patsy!"

"Not New York—Paris. I've got a friend that's got a pull with Oswald of the *Café de Nuit*. He says there's an opening for a team with a genuine novelty dance, and, believe me, I've got the goods this time. I'm not superstitious, but I've got a feeling in my bones, Micky, that this is the beginning of a real future leading straight to the legit for yours truly. Is that a boy——?"

It was. Berta switched on the desk light, broke into the pale blue billet. She kept the silence too long; then she laughed: "Curtain on that hope—they've taken on some one else. It's a damn shame—I had a real act! I did two lively numbers, and Patsy, dolled up fit to kill, did two take-offs of me. Then we brought it to a hot Charleston finish——"

"It is not possible," paled Michel, "that you intend that Patsy dance in a *café?*"

"Why not? Kid stuff goes—she's clever——"

"But, my dear Berta! You must see the incongruity—you must feel the in-

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jury to her— Ah," he swerved; "it is too much for one woman alone. Do you not feel with me, Berta, that Patsy needs also a father?"

Berta giggled hysterically: "Are you proposing to me? My God—and I've always heard Frenchmen were fast."

"But seriously, my beloved——"

"Sh!" she ragged him, between spasms of brittle mirth; "some one might—hear you! But listen, Micky, Patsy aside, if you want to make an honest-to-goodness hit with me, take me to Monte Carlo on a bat to-night. I'll cut my stuff at the *café*. Serve them right! I can't stand much more of that Rosen pair queering my act."

Poor little Michel hesitated: "Ah, madame, I am most honored, but I regret. . . . The truth is, Berta, that I am seriously out of funds; already I have borrowed against my next pay-day."

"Hm! Come along, Pat!"

"Did you hear that? Did you hear it!" whispered Miss Delancey. "If there were any organization for the protection of children in this town to which one could report her——"

At the moment I was planning that my husband should finance me and Monsieur Pithou to dinner at Berta's *café*.

What I hoped to gain from further observation of Berta Bellamy, I can't say. Certainly I added nothing, that evening, to my knowledge of her. The place was what I had expected, Berta was what I had expected. She danced nimbly, and she occasionally sang, to a piece the refrain of which seemed to be: "There Ain't No Flies on Auntie." I omit the details. Even Michel's sole tribute to her was: "The mother—not now, but in repose—looks very like Patsy, is it not?" That was perhaps the best compliment one could pay Berta Bellamy. In between numbers, she sat at our table. She laughed too loudly and too gaspingly over nothing at all, and she drank too many cognacs, so that Michel warned her, in an undertone, against becoming "zigzag." Eventually she did become "zigzag," and Michel sought out the management to have her excused from her final number. He returned quite pale. He murmured to me, when we had got her out into a carriage, that the management had also excused her from all future numbers, in spite of his explanations concerning madame's illness. Michel stopped on his way back to send a telegram. At midnight we left him in the deserted *salon* with Berta in his arms. He insisted that he must see her "recovered" and must break the bad news to her, before he sent her up to Patsy. He made arrangements with us for the morning excursion to Roquebrune; whatever happened, Patsy must not be disappointed. It was the end for poor little Michel—Berta, I foresaw, now thoroughly had him.

But I reckoned without the delicacy of Michel's feeling for others. The morning conflict, when Michel tapped at their door, was the sharpest yet. Berta was hysterically determined against our trip . . . cried to Michel that he could choose between Patsy and her. . . . Michel assured her that was absurd; she was overwrought and must rest for the day. He extricated Patsy from the scene, and I found him buttoning her into her frock in the hallway. Berta opened her door long enough to tell him he could take Patsy, but he would regret it, and to enact a touching farewell between herself and the child. So out of focus was this exaggerated melodrama that I thought of Miss Delancey's gin story and wondered whether Berta had not been drowning her troubles deeper overnight.

Michel, as we started, conveyed to me an apology for her. "Poor lady! But we shall arrange it. I give myself the honor of asking Madame Bellamy to marry me. Of course I shall have to wait now."

"Wait?"

"But yes—I could not be so tactless as to offer myself at the very moment in which madame is deprived of her position. That puts her in the situation of having no choice. It pities her—insults her. I have telegraphed to a friend in Nice, who will be able, I think, to make her a very good dancing proposition. Once madame is situated, I shall be able to press my own suit. Naturally, this is confidential—I would not have madame know that this offer comes from a friend of mine."

"Oh—of—of course not!"

"Not that madame depends upon me;

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Eventually we found a post-card and curio shop, where Patsy chose an odd little metal crucifix to take back as a present to her mother.—Page 520.

at home in America, she has many openings. And not that I have any assurance madame will favor me; I can only hope."

On dun-colored days at home I like to remember that sun-drenched, happy day with Patsy and Michel. We browsed up cobblestone steps—Patsy stumbling as her smaller feet lost themselves between

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cobbles—up, up, toward chalk-white walls, and a chalk-white fortress hung against a clear, quiveringly blue sky. Now we rested to collect the backward view of silver-green terraces, red-roofed Monte Carlo, and blue, blue sea, and to permit Patsy to collect specimens of the tiny star-blossomed and elusively fragrant sweet alyssum growing in sunny, rock-crumbling corners. Now on, while the steps put on gay red-brick stripes, and the olive-trees spreading over the wall dropped fruit like black beetles in our path, and the mountains, in distant ranges, showed gray-blue. We sat once while the leaves made patterns over us and the birds made chitterings about us and a man came from a garden and locked the high wooden gate behind him with a tremendous key—a key nearly a foot long, to the complete fascination of Patsy. We penetrated at last into the little dark, capricious streets of the town itself, met alley cats, a man loading a donkey. . . .

Our leisurely lunch we ate in the drowsy, bright public square on the crest of the world. The proprietor of the *café* furnished us with a table and with supplements to our paper-bag lunches, and two cats, a moth-eaten dog, and all the children of the town stood by as witnesses. A little monkey boy with a face like a quirk and a little thin laugh on the universe, stuck out his tongue at Patsy. "Shall I stick back?" she nudged Michel. "I should not stick back," he advised *sotto voce*. Impossible to describe my sense of unhurried well-being as I sat there soaking the sun into my bones, on a day and in a town that were like moods which would melt. The sea had gone silver under the high noon sun, and a boat far out was a dream of a boat; the sound of a train bell ringing down in the valley was an illusion; while one of those woollen-leaved, elephantine cactus plants with its dark red prickly pears was as unreal as any cotton-stuffed stage prop. . . .

Eventually we found a post-card and curio shop, where Patsy chose, of all things, an odd little metal crucifix to take back as a present to her mother. And as the sea went azure again with the lowering of the sun, we romped back, down another flight of stone steps, with Patsy riding Michel's back, halting him now to play at blowing through a red trumpet-vine blossom plucked from a wall, halting him again to point a garden of red and pink carnations propped against bamboo sticks—"Look, Michel, how every posy carries a cane!"

Menton, as we came down to it, was a cup that held liquid gold from the setting sun. But suddenly the gold was poured out, the little town was chill, and only the mountain tops wore for a few moments a magical rose flush.

The *pension* was cold and quiet. A wind was stirring in the pepper-trees like rain and was banging the shutters of our window. As I hooked them together, I heard Patsy running through the corridor: "Oh, Michel! Mama won't open the door for Patsy!" . . .

Old ladies gathered in the hall, and long before the management arrived breathless with her keys, Michel had despatched Patsy on a plausible errand with Miss McCosh. The room had a faint odor as of peach blossoms. Unbroken silence, and the crunch of a glass bottle under Michel's foot, hinted tragedy, before the light uncovered for us a crumpled figure with a head like a mussed yellow chrysanthemum. . . .

Michel felt it best—Madame Mecari and the ladies reluctantly agreed with him—to remove Patsy to fresh surroundings. (No one who was affected by the Bellamy suicide, no one who would dispute Michel's adoption of the child, could be unearthed.) But on the morning when John and I consulted with "Monsieur Thomas Fry" on the matter of bookings for the Mediterranean tour, we saw those two together. Patsy was happily pasting labels onto the suit-case of an indulgent stout gentleman while Michel talked with me, technically and earnestly, on the matter of diets for the very young.

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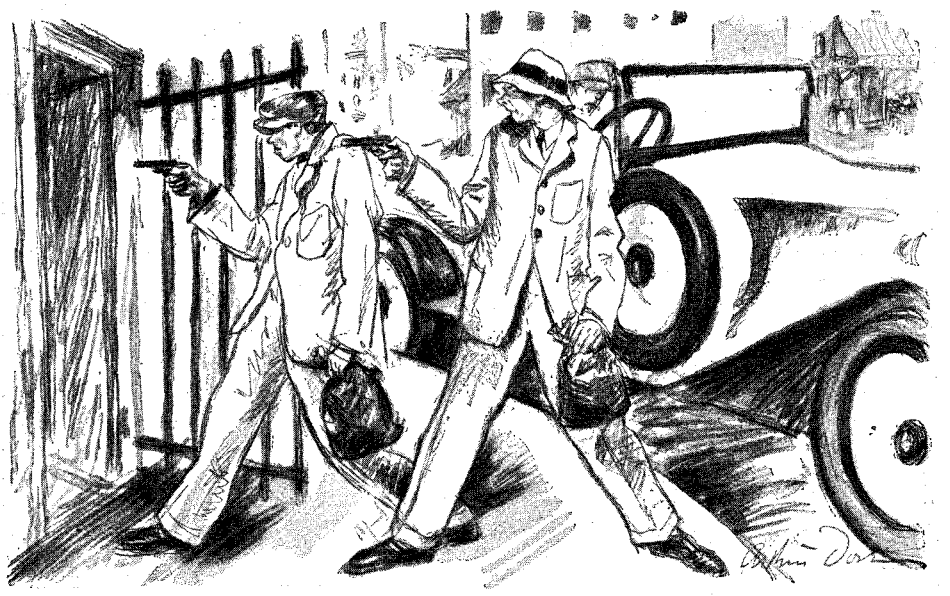

Tarnished

BY WILL ROSE

Author of "The Passing of the Country Store," "Splurgin'," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR DOVE

THEY certainly robbed the First National Bank in the county-seat of Jefferson County slicker than a whistle.

Three pretty good-looking fellows simply drove up to the curb in a high-powered foreign-style car. Two got out, one to the back door and the other to the front. Man number three drove the big car around to the back door. Three minutes later the other two ran out of the back door, jumped into the car, and away they went.

Altogether, bonds and cash and everything, they got about a quarter of a million. And they easily had five minutes start before Chief Martin of the county-seat and five of his men got started after them with carbines, pistols, and the second-hand motorcycles which the city council bought on bid.

Out on the State road leading to Woodcock, where the creek and the road make a three-quarter bend around Herrick's knoll, the police met a flivver coming toward them with three men in it. It was jogging along easy, and of course they didn't pay much attention to it, because they had a red-hot trail. But when they were going around the knoll and nearly bumped into the rear end of the high-powered foreign car, standing there plumb in the middle of the road and nothing in it, they came to their senses.

"By golly!" yelled Chief Martin. "They switched to that flivver and doubled back." So they jumped onto their motorcycles again and started back toward town. In fact, they went clear through town for a ways on the road up the other side of the long valley leading to Richmond, Pa. They saw about a million flivvers, which was probably the reason the robbers had decided to lose themselves with one, but they did not find the flivver with the three robbers.

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They were stumped. They had lost the trail.

But the chief called a council of war in his office right away to consider ways and means. First off, they notified the company that insured the bank against robbery. And they hated to do this, too, because they would have liked to catch the robbers without help. Then they telephoned the police in Woodcock and Richmond, Pa., the two next largest towns, up in the other end of the valley, and other bigger towns farther away. All they could tell them was to be on the lookout for a flivver with three men in it.

"That certainly is a hell of a clew," moaned the chief. "But it's all we have. What else can we do?"

"I know something foolish you can do if you want to," said Tony Rand, one of the cops.

"What do you mean—foolish?" asked the chief.

"Well, there will be about ten thousand dollars reward in this thing. You could telephone Chief of Police Dick Smith at Centerville. He needs that ten."

"Who's he?"

"Well, as a matter of fact he ain't much of anybody. He's the night-watchman up in Centerville, and he calls himself chief of police. If I remember right, he's a Civil War veteran, pretty old. But he's raw-boned and tough, and the biggest bragger in this neck of the woods."

"He'd be a fine sketch to catch these chaps with a quarter of a million dollars."

"He can do as well as we're doing. But somehow I got one of my hunches. This is what I'm figuring. You know just as well as I do there's a short-cut road runs across the north end of the county from Richmond, Pa., to Woodcock, from one State road to the other. It's used so much during dry weather, to save about sixty miles of driving away down around this loop through the county-seat, that Centerville's buried in dust about half the summer. Centerville, you know, is just half way between Richmond, Pa., and Woodcock. Now these robbers unconsciously headed toward Woodcock, in their high-powered car. And, if there is anything in psychology, that might mean they are figuring to go out of the county by way of Woodcock, but just now they're headed toward Richmond, Pa., in a flivver. They probably will use that short cut through Centerville. But here's the big point. I know this Chief Dick Smith, and here's something else I know. He's been playing a game with flivvers in his spare time, that he has a lot of. He's got all of 'em named. Like Lizzy and Fanny and Phillip and Archibald and Webster and Clay and Teddy and so on. He'll tell one by a bent fender, another by an odd tire, another by a broken top, and so on. What I'm saying is this: if anybody can recognize a strange flivver going through Centerville, on that short cut, Dick Smith can. Just tell him to stop all the strange ones he sees, that's all, and hold 'em. Tell him you'll see he gets all the reward. He won't split. He's too darn honest."

The chief growled. "You've certainly got some imagination, Tony," he said.

But there was an unusual light in Tony's eyes and he might have been inspired. He held on like a puppy to a root.

"Oh, go on, chief, and give old Dick Smith up at Centerville a chance. The whole town up there laughs at him, I know, but somehow I got a hunch. Besides, I was raised in Centerville and there ain't a better old scout anywhere than that old vet. He learned me how to catch trout when I wasn't nothing but a little shaver, and a lot of things a kid appreciates and that most of the wise guys never have time to do. What I mean is this: when I was up home last Sunday folks told me old Dick has come to be such a joke that they are going to turn him out of his job when his year's up. He's got nobody to depend on. That'll send him to the soldiers' home, away from his trout-streams and the folks he knows. Give him a chance, I tell you. Recognize him. It'll help him a lot. He can't do any harm."

"What? An old fool like that?" exclaimed the chief. "Why, say, these bandits could invite him to a drug-store and feed him ice-cream, and he'd never know the difference. Now, shut up about it."

So, of course, Tony shut up.

The one and only policeman in the decaying village of Centerville came on duty at four in the afternoon. An artist looking for types would have dwellt on the chief for a moment, possibly longer, depending

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on how inspired said artist happened to be. He wore no uniform, unless a blue and formal-looking cap with the word "Chief" embroidered on its front carried something official to the old gray suit with baggy knees. The cap was sufficiently spotted to guarantee a history. Tradition said that the chief had been fitted to it shortly after returning in triumph from four years service in the Civil War, when his heavy dark hair had been handsome enough to require a head-size now much too large for his bald pate. An infatuated maiden of the late 60's did the loving needlework, and later turned him down as worthless. But all that was probably a lie, figured out in later years by his tormentors, men whose charity had shrunk with the shrinking fortunes of Centerville. For there had been a time when both the chief and Centerville were of greater importance, when the chief had boasted a force of five assistants, and old Centerville had supported a fair and race-track, a tannery, a flour-mill, fourteen stores, and flying flags. It had had two silver cornet bands, not just one—or none. Then came the automobile. And then came paved roads. And now Centerville was merely an incident on an overworked short cut in dry weather, a short cut used by tourists, heavy trucks, moving-vans which pulled right across the northern end of Jefferson County from Richmond, Pa., on one leg of a paved U, to Woodcock on the other leg, without going away down around through the county-seat.

Coming on duty for the chief at four in the afternoon was a welcomed opportunity to loaf without feeling accused of loaf-

"Elimination," he said.—Page 524.

ing. It consisted merely of leaving the little cottage where he lived alone and drifting down the main street to the porch in front of Abner Gray's store. He was always far enough ahead of the arrival of the other Old Timers to secure one of the safest chairs and to take a position where he could prop his feet up on the red gasoline-pump in front of the porch.

There he smoked and talked as the half-dozen Old Timers gradually gathered.

At five-ten o'clock, not daylight-saving, the autobus, two trips each way across the county daily from Richmond, Pa., to Woodcock, pulled up in front of Abner's store and post-office. The driver climbed down with a sack of evening mail and faced the small group on the porch.

"Yes," he said, taking their vibrant questions for granted from long experience, "they robbed the First National at the county-seat last night. Got a cool

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quarter of a million. No, they ain't caught 'em yet. Yes, they headed this way. Big powerful car of some foreign make or other. Three men. Funny thing, Then they change to a flivver to lose themselves. Swag's in the flivver. Is they any reward?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

He knew the next ten flivvers by name.—Page 526.

though, happened just as I got outside of Richmond, Pa., this trip. State police stopped me and wanted to know if I'd seen a flivver with three men in it. Don't understand that."

Chief Smith moved a big lanky dog off his foot, shifted the foot, removed his pipe from his mouth, spoke:

"City robbers is pretty slick. Three men and a big car to get away quick.

"Good. I'm goin' after it. Bet I can find that flivver."

"You're crazy," snorted an Old Timer. "How'd you do it?"

Dick removed his pipe from his mouth. "Elimination," he said.

"How in thunder!"

"See that flivver over there by the feed-mill?" asked Dick. "Belongs to Seth Saunders over on Cub Mountain, and has

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a spoke broke in the left hind wheel. That Henry standin' up along the road there by the cemetery comes from ten mile over in the next county. It's been here twice before. Belongs to a chap named Jenkins. He married John Hogan's third daughter, who died and was buried here fifteen year ago. I tell it by that fancy tire-rack on the side."

"What's that got to do with elimination?"

"No need of a chap arrestin' a flivver he knows, is they? Now if I was runnin' this man-hunt, I'd send Dick Smith along with the motorcycle cops on the freshest trail. I know all the flivvers. When I see one I didn't know, I'd nab it. Meantime, I'll stop any stranger flivvers anyhow. Just as like to get them robbers as not. Trouble with city cops is they're still usin' horse methods. Back in the 60's and 70's that was kerrect. Used to have to know horses and riders in them days. But to-day, you wanta know flivvers. Bet I'm the only cop in America has thought that out."

It was an unfortunate statement by the chief with far-reaching effect. For one thing it completely changed the evening habit of the half-dozen Old Timers gathered on the porch. Usually after the arrival of the bus-driver and his report of the latest gossip and news from the big towns out on the main State roads, news which would not otherwise get to them in the county-seat paper until the following evening, they disbanded to the many gardens in the village. To-night, however, the chief's statement was interpreted as another of his many boasts. It was a signal to the cruel and ferocious small-town pack. Gardens were forgotten. Avidly they leaped to the scent of many nudges, snickers, and laughs.

"Guess you're wrong before you start, chief," said one Old Timer seriously. "A flivver is a small article. You couldn't put all that money in one." Then he chuckled.

"Boys," said another, "just happened to notice that old Doc Langdon's initials is still carved in this here porch. Remember when he cut 'em here? Just before the hotel burned twenty years ago." He winked at a neighbor.

The neighbor carried the thing along. "Dick," he said, "how many babies did old Doc bring into the world? Thirty-five hundred, wasn't it? Wonder who his first one was?"

"Why it was Dick, here," came the time-worn answer. "Funny you never heard about that before."

"You gotta give Dick credit for knowin' a good dog when he sees one, though," said another, putting on a serious mien and striking an imitation of the chief. "'I won't shoot this stray pup because I have analyzed him and he is bound to make a great dog. To start with, away back, he is all right comin' from the Reynolds-Harter stock, who are rabbit-hounds. But somewhere he musta been sideswiped by the Longyear-Forrel blood, which is the bigger and rangier cow-dog type. Maybe he won't amount to much, though. Either of these breeds alone is a good dog in Centerville, and the families that belong to them is, too, but maybe they don't mix any more than the families.'"

Then they snickered and nudged and slapped their legs.

"Heard a good one on Dick yesterday," said another. "He was helping Miss Bloomer look after her grass and flowers, and he told her he is a genuine 'wainscot gardener.'"

A loud and raucous laugh rewarded this new one. Chief Smith stamped off the porch and down the street. His long, rangy dog raised his head to watch him go, then followed him, nose at his heels.

Abner Gray, lolling in the doorway following his sorting of the scanty mail, had been watching the torture scene with a straight face. He did smile a little at the "wainscot gardener," but now he twisted his cigar to the side of his mouth and looked out toward Cub Mountain on the east side of the valley.

"'Fraid you fellers is pretty hard on old Dick," he said seriously. "Might be better to think more and laugh less. Lotta things in his favor, too. No matter how much this old town shrinks, he stays a booster. Guess he's too proud, maybe, calling himself chief of police when he's just the night-watchman. And that there dog of his is a joke. But just the same he's the last old vet in this part of the county. We oughta remember that."

Abner's tone and words dampened the Centerville review.

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After a slight pause one of the Old Timers spoke up. "Dick was a likely young feller when I was a kid," he said. "But then the Civil War come along, and it seems like he has been living on the strength of that ever since. And gettin' to be more of a boastful ignoramus every day."

"We figure he was lucky not to get killed in the Civil War," observed Abner, still looking out toward Cub Mountain. "We kept thinkin' so while we had Grant, and even up through Blaine and Cleveland. But now none of us is within twenty years of Dick. I think it must be terrible lonesome like."

But Abner Gray, big-hearted though he was, was often wrong, and he was certainly wrong this time. Nobody was bothered with the inferiority complex at that particular moment less than Chief Dick Smith. Indignant he was, yes. The audacity of those nudgers on Abner's old porch was just like a lot of twaddle of folks that did not know anything. Well, he would show them. He'd start right to work on those flivvers, and just as like as not he would catch the robbers.

And so he tied his dog back of his tumble-down cottage and walked down to the end of the village where all streets converged into the one incoming road. But before taking up a fixed position, he rubbed his shield bright and pinned it onto the front of his coat. And he took out his club and held it in his hand ready for action. His revolver he placed in his side coat-pocket, and kept his hand on it.

After a time a flivver appeared in the distance. As it came nearer it surely looked to have three men in the front seat. But when Dick had stopped them and started to question them, he felt rather foolish. One of the men in the front seat was a woman in khaki, and as the flivver came abreast of him he saw six dirty-faced youngsters huddled into the back seat. They were from Kansas, they said, and wanted to know if Centerville had a free camping-ground.

He knew the next ten flivvers by name.

But then a strange car hove into sight, and here again were three men in the front seat. It was not a flivver, but Dick thought he would stop it, anyway, and stepped into the middle of the road. Then he stepped right out again quickly as the car failed to slow up, went rushing past.

"Hello, chief!" called one of the men, waving his arm. Then Dick recognized them. They were police from the county-seat. One of them was Tony. "Hi, Tony!" he yelled in answer, and took several quick steps after the car. But it was already well into town, headed apparently toward Woodcock out on the paved road. Dick greatly regretted that they had not stopped. He would have liked to ask his young friend Tony some questions about the case. And he might have had some pointers for him.

He was so engrossed watching the police car go out of sight that a big moving-van nearly ran over him before he saved himself by jumping to the side of the road. But as the tail of it went by him inspiration came. Why not go to Woodcock, too? Woodcock was a bigger point out on the main roads where there were a dozen automobiles to one in or going through Centerville, and a great many more flivvers. Yet Woodcock was in his county, where he knew all, or nearly all, of the flivvers by name. Then, too, if the regular city officers were going to Woodcock, they must have found out that the bandits were headed that way or in that neighborhood. Yet, if they were in a flivver, Dick felt that he was the one man who should be on the job.

While he was arriving at these conclusions and decisions, he subconsciously watched the big moving-van as it went its way, careening along in front of a dust cloud. At the moment when he decided to go to Woodcock, if he could catch a ride, the moving-van stopped in front of the blacksmith-shop and garage in Centerville, a quarter of a mile away. Now the crafty side of Dick's nature came into play. It would be just as well if nobody knew he was going to Woodcock. He wondered if he could get inside that moving-van.

Coming up to it, he stood around until he learned that it had stopped because the water-pump was leaking, and that it would be on its way in a few minutes. Gradually he worked around unobserved to the off-side of the van and inspected the fastening on the rear doors. Good. They were securely fastened with a spring-bolt,

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He fired two shots into the ceiling, then two more. The van slowed down under its brakes.—Page 528.

but were not locked. He managed to get inside without detection.

He lay very quietly until the van was under way again. Then he began to take note of his surroundings. So far as he could see, there wasn't any stock of household goods in the van. The load seemed small in this huge interior, and was close up toward the front, near to the drivers, covered with canvas. He dared not inspect it too closely for fear of detection. Then a very significant feature of the outfit jolted into his consciousness and made him stifle an exclamation; the murmur of voices which he could hear above the noise of the journey were of three kinds, three men were riding on the driver's seat.

Did he dare to move up close to the

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front partition in an attempt to overhear what they were saying? He heard his heart beating as he succeeded. But he remained there only a moment, hearing sufficient in a few short sentences.

"Damn the cops," said one. "Woodcock will be full of 'em."

"This is the hardest haul we've made yet," said another.

"You fools, shut your mouths and keep your eyes open," growled a third. "And remember. If they corner us, be careful with your guns. Keep your heads."

Dick's eyes nearly popped out of his head. He had stumbled right onto the bandits. Quickly he analyzed the situation. If they had changed from a high-powered car to a flivver, why of course they had again changed to a moving-van. It was funny he had not figured they might change a second time. A pretty slick plan, especially with so many big trucks and moving-vans using the short cut through Centerville.

Then the ridiculousness of his position, officially speaking, swamped his rapid thinking. He couldn't cover them with his gun because of the partition. It was foolish to think of jumping out and running up ahead. If he did that, they would beat him for sure.

Finally he decided what should be the most sensible thing. He would wait until they reached Woodcock. Then he must manage somehow to get word to the police for help.

But here he was in the pitch-black interior of a moving-van. How would he know when they reached Woodcock? He had worried about this for some time when the jolting in the van stopped suddenly and it rode smoothly. That was it, of course. They were on concrete, had reached Woodcock.

As Dick remembered, it was about a mile from this point to the main corner of town. He waited until he thought about that distance had been covered. Then he felt the van slowing up. Probably they were coming to the one traffic-light in Woodcock.

As the van stopped, he started cautiously to open the rear doors. But they stuck. He pushed harder. Still they stuck. Then he shoved. Suddenly he realized his predicament. The spring-bolt had locked him in. In a panic he rubbed his hand up and down the union of the doors, feeling in desperation for an inside control. But he found nothing. What could he do?

As he hesitated the van started to move again. Evidently the stop light had changed. He rammed against the doors. But they held. He shouted in his aged, shrill voice only to be completely drowned out by the roaring of the van in low gear.

Then he thought of his revolver. That was it. Just the thing, of course. He fired two shots into the ceiling, then two more. The van slowed down under its brakes. When it had stopped, he fired two more shots. Almost immediately the rear doors swung open. And old Dick started to shout his explanation. The several policemen listened only an instant. Their leader shouted instructions to "get" the drivers. Then this leader turned to old Dick and smiled. Dick shouted with joy. It was his young police friend from the county-seat. It was Tony.

The cops made short work of the van and its drivers. They captured all three men easily. Then Tony vaulted into the van, swiftly followed by several other police to secure the stolen money. Several sharp oaths came out of the inside darkness to Dick and the others, and presently Tony appeared with a grin on his face.

"Good work, Dick," he said, "even if it was a mistake."

"What's that?" queried Dick, with a sinking feeling that something had gone wrong.

"Bootleggers," said Tony. "Just bootleggers."

They guyed the old veteran, and Dick was keenly disappointed for quite a little time. But he soon retrieved his morale when he was allowed to stand with the other officers of the law out in the middle of the street under the traffic-light, watching for the bandits in the constant stream of traffic. Strutting around, he was as proud as a peacock. They even permitted him to stop and question several strange flivvers, and he considered that he acquitted himself with dignity and judgment. But he regretted that his flivver plan did not disclose the bandits.

About half past eleven Tony came to him.

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"You old dud," he said, "you must be tired. We're to be relieved at midnight. I'll get them to drive back to the county-seat by way of Centerville and take you home. Meanwhile, why don't you go over and crawl in the booze-van and nap a little. They've parked it over in the side street there until Woodcock's chief gets here."

Dick thought it was a good suggestion and he followed it. Under Tony's guidance, the guard permitted him to crawl into the van. He had found some old quilts and was about to drop asleep when the Woodcock chief arrived. Most of the conference between the pompous notable and the three drivers of the van was "Greek" to Dick, but he understood easily when the three men got back on the driver's seat and prepared to proceed on their way. Then he came to volcanic and indignant life.

"Wait a minute here," he said; "what's goin' on?"

"This is a legal shipment," explained Woodcock's chief. "We have no right to stop these men, nor to confiscate their liquor."

Dick demanded to see the necessary papers. But he was shoved aside. Shouting loudly, he battled his way back into the centre of the group.

"Stop," he cried. "These men are my prisoners."

"Where do you get that stuff?" answered Woodcock's chief. "You have no authority outside of Centerville."

"Kerrect," said Dick stoutly. "But it happens that I arrested these birds right plumb in the centre of Centerville. I brought 'em all the way here. As far as I know, there ain't no such thing as a legal shipment of booze. And if they're payin' you for protection——"

A crowd was collecting rapidly and they began to grumble in favor of Dick. Other officers also came running. Tony was among them. He alone saw that the drivers of the van were getting uneasy, looking about to make a getaway, and levelled his revolver at them. "Stay where you are," he shouted. "Besides, I got a hunch. Dick," he called, "get inside that van and turn over all those cases of hooch."

Dick crawled into the van and followed directions. In a few minutes he let out a big shout and ran to the big open doors at the rear. "Here's your money," he called to Tony. "Buried under the booze, by golly!"

Several weeks later when the Old Timers were gathered in the evening on Abner Gray's porch and the bus-driver had arrived and told his news, and Abner had sorted the scanty mail, a long envelope was handed to the newly elected chief of police, Dick Smith. Dick moved his lanky dog off his foot, opened the envelope and drew out a check for ten thousand dollars.

After congratulations and wild excitement had somewhat subsided, Dick prepared to utter his most historical utterance. It far outstripped anything he had ever said about Grant or Lee, or the entire Civil War.

"Times change," he said. "Nobody's got to keep as much up to date as a policeman. Them bandits figured they had more chance to get away as booze-runners than as honest citizens. And, by golly, in this day and age, I guess they could."

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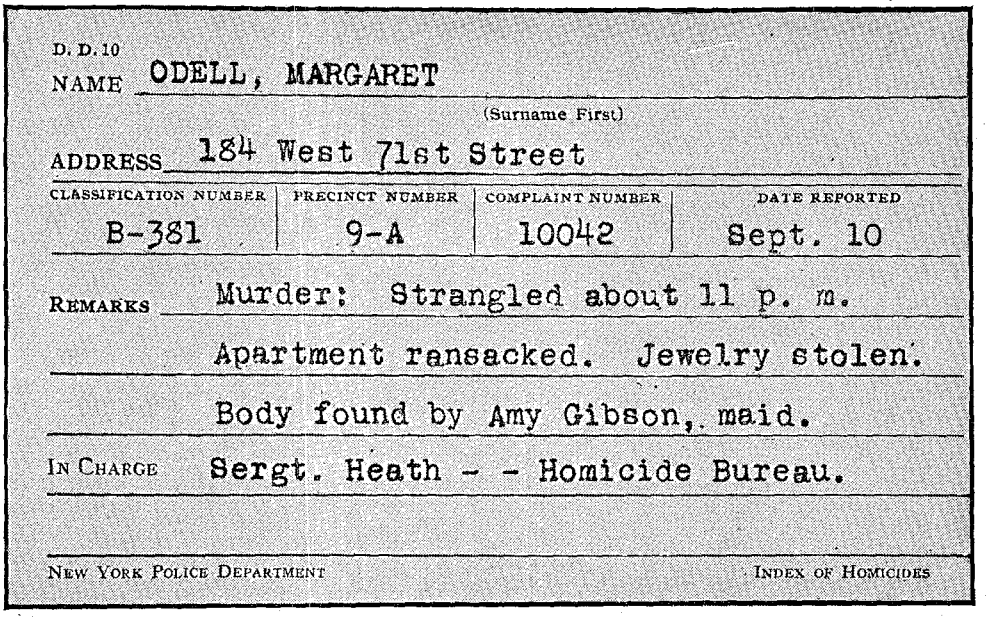

D. D. 10

NAME ODELL, MARGARET

(Surname First)

ADDRESS 184 West 71st Street

CLASSIFICATION NUMBER	PRECINCT NUMBER	COMPLAINT NUMBER	DATE REPORTED
B-381	9-A	10042	Sept. 10

REMARKS Murder: Strangled about 11 p. m.
Apartment ransacked. Jewelry stolen.
Body found by Amy Gibson, maid.

IN CHARGE Sergt. Heath - - Homicide Bureau.

NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT — INDEX OF HOMICIDES

The "Canary" Murder Case

BY S. S. VAN DINE

Author of "The Benson Murder Case"

I

THE "CANARY"

IN the offices of the Homicide Bureau of the Detective Division of the New York Police Department, on the third floor of the Police Headquarters building in Center Street, there is a large steel filing cabinet; and within it, among thousands of others of its kind, there reposes a small green index-card on which is typed: "*ODELL, MARGARET. 184 West 71st Street. Sept. 10. Murder: Strangled about 11 p. m. Apartment ransacked. Jewelry stolen. Body found by Amy Gibson, maid.*"

Here, in a few commonplace words, is the bleak, unadorned statement of one of the most astonishing crimes in the police annals of this country—a crime so contradictory, so baffling, so ingenious, so unique, that for many days the best minds of the Police Department and the District Attorney's office were completely at a loss as to even a method of approach. Each line of investigation only tended to prove that Margaret Odell could not possibly have been murdered. And yet, huddled on the great silken davenport in her living-room lay the girl's strangled body, giving the lie to so grotesque a conclusion.

The true story of this crime, as it eventually came to light after a disheartening period of utter darkness and confusion, revealed many strange and bizarre ramifications, many dark recesses of man's unexplored nature, and the uncanny subtlety of a human mind sharpened by desperate and tragic despair. And it also revealed a hidden page of passional melodrama which, in its essence and organisms, was no less romantic and fascinating than that vivid, theatrical section of the *Comédie Humaine* which deals with the fabulous love of Baron Nucingen for Esther van Gobseck, and with the unhappy Torpille's tragic death.

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Margaret Odell was a product of the bohemian *demi-monde* of Broadway—a scintillant figure who seemed somehow to typify the gaudy and spurious romance of transient gaiety. For nearly two years before her death she had been the most conspicuous and, in a sense, popular figure of the city's night life. In our grandparents' day she might have had conferred upon her that somewhat questionable designation, "the toast of the town"; but to-day there are too many aspirants for this classification, too many cliques and violent schisms in the Lepidoptera of our café life, to permit of any one competitor being thus singled out. But, for all the darlings of both professional and lay press-agents, Margaret Odell was a character of unquestioned fame in her little world.

Her notoriety was due in part to certain legendary tales of her affairs with one or two obscure potentates in the backwashes of Europe. She had spent two years abroad after her first success in "The Bretonne Maid"—a popular musical comedy in which she had been mysteriously raised from obscurity to the rank of "star"—and, one may cynically imagine, her press-agent took full advantage of her absence to circulate vermilion tales of her conquests.

Her appearance went far toward sustaining her somewhat equivocal fame. There was no question that she was beautiful in a hard, slightly flamboyant way. I remember seeing her dancing one night at the Antlers Club—a famous rendezvous for post-midnight pleasure-seekers, run by the notorious Red Raegan.* She impressed me then as a girl of uncommon loveliness, despite the calculating, predatory caste of her features. She was of medium height, slender, graceful in a leonine way, and, I thought, a trifle aloof and even haughty in manner—a result, perhaps, of her reputed association with European royalty. She had the traditional courtesan's full, red lips, and the wide, mongoose eyes of Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel." There was in her face that strange combination of sensual promise and spiritual renunciation with which the painters of all ages have sought to endow their conceptions of the Eternal Magdalene. Hers was the type of face, voluptuous and with a hint of mystery, which rules man's emotions and, by subjugating his mind, drives him to desperate deeds.

Margaret Odell had received the sobriquet of Canary as a result of a part she had played in an elaborate ornithological ballet of the "Follies," in which each girl had been gowned to represent a variety of bird. To her had fallen the rôle of canary; and her costume of white-and-yellow satin, together with her mass of shining golden hair and pink-and-white complexion, had distinguished her in the eyes of the spectators as a creature of outstanding charm. Before a fortnight had passed—so eulogistic were her press notices, and so unerringly did the audience single her out for applause—the "Bird Ballet" was changed to the "Canary Ballet," and Miss Odell was promoted to the rank of what might charitably be called *première danseuse*, at the same time having a solo waltz and a song* interpolated for the special display of her charms and talents.

She had quitted the "Follies" at the close of the season, and during her subsequent spectacular career in the haunts of Broadway's night life she had been popularly and familiarly called the Canary. Thus it happened that when her dead body was found, brutally strangled, in her apartment, the crime immediately became known, and was always thereafter referred to, as the Canary murder.

My own participation in the investigation of the Canary murder case—or, rather, my rôle of Boswellian spectator—constituted one of the most memorable experiences of my life. At the time of Margaret Odell's murder John F.-X. Markham was District Attorney of New York, having taken office the preceding January. I need hardly remind you that during the four years of his incumbency he distinguished himself by his almost uncanny success as a criminal investigator. The praise which was constantly accorded him, however, was highly distasteful to him; for, being a man with keen sense of honor, he instinctively shrank from accepting credit for achievements not

* The Antlers Club has since been closed by the police; and Red Raegan is now serving a long term in Sing Sing for grand larceny.

* Written especially for her by B. G. De Sylva.

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wholly his own. The truth is that Markham played only a subsidiary part in the majority of his most famous criminal cases. The credit for their actual solution belonged to one of Markham's very close friends, who refused, at the time, to permit the facts to be made public.

This man was a young social aristocrat, whom, for purposes of anonymity, I have chosen to call Philo Vance.

Vance had many amazing gifts and capabilities. He was an art collector in a small way, a fine amateur pianist, and a profound student of æsthetics and psychology. Although an American, he had largely been educated in Europe, and still retained a slight English accent and intonation. He had a liberal independent income, and spent considerable time fulfilling the social obligations which devolved on him as a result of family connections; but he was neither an idler nor a dilettante. His manner was cynical and aloof; and those who met him only casually, set him down as a snob. But knowing Vance, as I did, intimately, I was able to glimpse the real man beneath the surface indications; and I knew that his cynicism and aloofness, far from being a pose, sprang instinctively from a nature which was at once sensitive and solitary.

Vance was not yet thirty-five, and, in a cold, sculptural fashion, was impressively good-looking. His face was slender and mobile; but there was a stern, sardonic expression to his features, which acted as a barrier between him and his fellows. He was not emotionless, but his emotions were, in the main, intellectual. He was often criticised for his asceticism, yet I have seen him exhibit rare bursts of enthusiasm over an æsthetic or psychological problem. However, he gave the impression of remaining remote from all mundane matters; and, in truth, he looked upon life like a dispassionate and impersonal spectator at a play, secretly amused and debonairly cynical at the meaningless futility of it all. Withal, he had a mind avid for knowledge, and few details of the human comedy that came within his sphere of vision escaped him.

It was as a direct result of this intellectual inquisitiveness that he became actively, though unofficially, interested in Markham's criminal investigations.

I kept a fairly complete record of the cases in which Vance participated as a kind of *amicus curiæ*, little thinking that I would ever be privileged to make them public; but Markham, after being defeated, as you remember, on a hopelessly split ticket at the next election, withdrew from politics; and last year Vance went abroad to live, declaring he would never return to America. As a result, I obtained permission from both of them to publish my notes in full. Vance stipulated only that I should not reveal his name; but otherwise no restrictions were placed upon me.

I have related elsewhere* the peculiar circumstances which led to Vance's participation in criminal research, and how, in the face of almost insuperable contradictory evidence, he solved the mysterious shooting of Alvin Benson. The present chronicle deals with his solution of Margaret Odell's murder, which took place in the early fall of the same year, and which, you will recall, created an even greater sensation than its predecessor.†

A curious set of circumstances was accountable for the way in which Vance was shouldered with this new investigation. Markham for weeks had been badgered by the anti-administration newspapers for the signal failures of his office in obtaining convictions against certain underworld offenders whom the police had turned over to him for prosecution. As a result of prohibition a new and dangerous, and wholly undesirable, kind of night life had sprung up in New York. A large number of well-financed cabarets, calling themselves night clubs, had made their appearance along Broadway and in its side streets; and already there had been an appalling number of serious crimes, both passional and monetary, which, it was said, had had their inception in these unsavory resorts.

At last, when a case of murder accompanying a hold-up and jewel robbery in one of the family hotels up-town was

* "The Benson Murder Case" (SCRIBNER'S, 1926).

† The Loeb-Leopold crime, the Dorothy King case, and the Hall-Mills murder came later; but the Canary murder proved fully as conspicuous a case as the Nan Patterson-"Cæsar" Young affair, Durant's murder of Blanche Lamont, and Minnie Williams in San Francisco, the Molineux arsenic-poisoning case, and the Carlyle Harris morphine murder. To find a parallel in point of public interest one must recall the Borden double-murder in Fall River, the Thaw case, the shooting of Elwell, and the Rosenthal murder.

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traced directly to plans and preparations made in one of the night clubs, and when two detectives of the Homicide Bureau investigating the case were found dead one morning in the neighborhood of the club, with bullet wounds in their backs, Markham decided to pigeonhole the other affairs of his office and take a hand personally in the intolerable criminal conditions that had arisen.*

II

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW

(Sunday, September 9)

On the day following his decision, Markham and Vance and I were sitting in a secluded corner of the lounge-room of the Stuyvesant Club. We often came together there, for we were all members of the club, and Markham frequently used it as a kind of unofficial up-town headquarters.†

"It's bad enough to have half the people in this city under the impression that the District Attorney's office is a kind of high-class collection agency," he remarked that night, "without being necessitated to turn detective because I'm not given sufficient evidence, or the right kind of evidence, with which to secure convictions."

Vance looked up with a slow smile, and regarded him quizzically.

"The difficulty would seem to be," he returned, with an indolent drawl, "that the police, being unversed in the exquisite abracadabra of legal procedure, labor under the notion that evidence which would convince a man of ordin'ry intelligence, would also convince a court of law. A silly notion, don't y' know. Lawyers don't really want evidence: they want erudite technicalities. And the average policeman's brain is too forthright to cope with the pedantic demands of jurisprudence."

"It's not as bad as that," Markham retorted, with an attempt at good nature, although the strain of the past few weeks had tended to upset his habitual equanimity. "If there weren't rules of evidence, grave injustice would too often be done innocent persons. And even a criminal is entitled to protection in our courts."

Vance yawned mildly.

"Markham, you should have been a pedagogue. It's positively amazin' how you've mastered all the standard oratorical replies to criticism. And yet, I'm unconvinced. You remember the Wisconsin case of the kidnapped man whom the courts declared presumably dead. Even when he reappeared, hale and hearty, among his former neighbors, his status of being presumably dead was not legally altered. The visible and demonstrable fact that he was actually alive was regarded by the court as an immaterial and impertinent side-issue.* . . . Then there's the touchin' situation—so prevalent in this fair country—of a man being insane in one State and sane in another. . . . Really, y' know, you can't expect a mere lay intelligence, unskilled in the benign processes of legal logic, to perceive such subtle *nuances*. Your layman, swaddled in the darkness of ordin'ry common sense, would say that a person who is a lunatic on one bank of a river would still be a lunatic if he was on the opposite bank. And he'd also hold—erroneously, no doubt—that if a man was living, he would presumably be alive."

"Why this academic dissertation?" asked Markham, this time a bit irritably.

"It seems to touch rather vitally on the source of your present predicament," Vance explained equably. "The police, not being lawyers, have apparently got you into hot water, what? . . . Why not start an agitation to send all detectives to law school?"

"You're a great help," retorted Markham.

Vance raised his eyebrows slightly.

"Why disparage my suggestion? Surely you must perceive that it has merit. A man without legal training, when he knows a thing to be true, ignores all in-

* The case referred to here was that of Mrs. Elinor Quiggly, a wealthy widow living at the Adlon Hotel in West 96th Street. She was found on the morning of September 5 suffocated by a gag which had been placed on her by robbers who had evidently followed her home from the Club Turque—a small but luxurious all-night café at 290 West 48th Street. The killing of the two detectives, McQuade and Cannison, was, the police believe, due to the fact that they were in possession of incriminating evidence against the perpetrators of the crime. Jewelry amounting to over $50,000 was stolen from the Quiggly apartment.

† The Stuyvesant was a large club, somewhat in the nature of a glorified hotel; and its extensive membership was drawn largely from the political, legal, and financial ranks.

* The case to which Vance referred, I ascertained later, was Shatterham *v.* Shatterham, 417 Mich., 79—a testamentary case.

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competent testimony to the contr'ry, and clings to the facts. A court of law listens solemnly to a mass of worthless testimony, and renders a decision not on the facts but according to a complicated set of rules. The result, d' ye see, is that a court often acquits a prisoner, realizing full well that he is guilty. Many a judge has said, in effect, to a culprit: 'I know, and the jury knows, that you committed the crime, but in view of the legally admissible evidence, I declare you innocent. Go and sin again.' "

Markham grunted. "I'd hardly endear myself to the people of this county if I answered the current strictures against me by recommending law courses for the Police Department."

"Permit me, then, to suggest the alternative of Shakespeare's butcher: 'Let's kill all the lawyers.' "

"Unfortunately, it's a situation, not a utopian theory, that has to be met."

"And just how," asked Vance lazily, "do you propose to reconcile the sensible conclusions of the police with what you touchingly call correctness of legal procedure?"

"To begin with," Markham informed him, "I've decided henceforth to do my own investigating of all important night-club criminal cases. I called a conference of the heads of my departments yesterday, and from now on there's going to be some real activity radiating direct from my office. I intend to produce the kind of evidence I need for convictions."

Vance slowly took a cigarette from his case and tapped it on the arm of his chair.

"Ah! So you are going to substitute the conviction of the innocent for the acquittal of the guilty?"

Markham was nettled; turning in his chair he frowned at Vance.

"I won't pretend not to understand your remark," he said acidulously. "You're back again on your favorite theme of the inadequacy of circumstantial evidence as compared with your psychological theories and æsthetic hypotheses."

"Quite so," agreed Vance carelessly. "Y' know, Markham, your sweet and charmin' faith in circumstantial evidence is positively disarming. Before it, the ordin'ry powers of ratiocination are benumbed. I tremble for the innocent victims you are about to gather into your legal net. You'll eventually make the mere attendance at any cabaret a frightful hazard."

Markham smoked a while in silence. Despite the seeming bitterness at times in the discussions of these two men, there was at bottom no animosity in their attitude toward each other. Their friendship was of long standing, and, despite the dissimilarity of their temperaments and the marked difference in their points of view, a profound mutual respect formed the basis of their intimate relationship.

At length Markham spoke.

"Why this sweeping deprecation of circumstantial evidence? I admit that at times it may be misleading; but it often forms powerful presumptive proof of guilt. Indeed, Vance, one of our greatest legal authorities has demonstrated that it is the most powerful actual evidence in existence. Direct evidence, in the very nature of crime, is almost always unavailable. If the courts had to depend upon it, the great majority of criminals would still be at large."

"I was under the impression that this precious majority had always enjoyed its untrammelled freedom."

Markham ignored the interruption.

"Take this example: A dozen adults see an animal running across the snow, and testify that it was a chicken; whereas a child sees the same animal, and declares it was a duck. They thereupon examine the animal's footprints and find them to be the web-footed tracks made by a duck. Is it not conclusive, then, that the animal was a duck and not a chicken, despite the preponderance of direct evidence?"

"I'll grant you your duck," acceded Vance indifferently.

"And having gratefully accepted the gift," pursued Markham, "I propound a corollary: A dozen adults see a human figure crossing the snow, and take oath it was a woman; whereas a child asserts that the figure was a man. Now, will you not also grant that the circumstantial evidence of a man's footprints in the snow would supply incontrovertible proof that it was, in fact, a man, and not a woman?"

"Not at all, my dear Justinian," replied Vance, stretching his legs languidly

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in front of him; "unless, of course, you could show that a human being possesses no higher order of brains than a duck."

"What have brains to do with it?" Markham asked impatiently. "Brains don't affect one's footprints."

"Not those of a duck, certainly. But brains might very well—and, no doubt, often do—affect the footprints of a human being."

"Am I having a lesson in anthropology, Darwinian adaptability, or merely metaphysical speculation?"

"In none of those abstruse subjects," Vance assured him. "I'm merely stating a simple fact culled from observation."

"Well, according to your highly and peculiarly developed processes of reasoning, would the circumstantial evidence of those masculine footprints indicate a man or a woman?"

"Not necessarily either," Vance answered; "or, rather, a possibility of each. Such evidence, when applied to a human being—to a creature, that is, with a reasoning mind—would merely mean to me that the figure crossing the snow was either a man in his own shoes, or a woman in man's shoes; or perhaps, even, a long-legged child. In short, it would convey to my purely unlegal intelligence only that the tracks were made by some descendant of the *Pithecanthropus erectus* wearing men's shoes on his nether limbs —sex and age unknown. A duck's spoors, on the other hand, I might be tempted to take at their face value."

"I'm delighted to observe," said Markham, "that, at least, you repudiate the possibility of a duck dressing itself up in the gardener's boots."

Vance was silent for a moment; then he said:

"The trouble with you modern Solons, d' ye see, is that you attempt to reduce human nature to a formula; whereas the truth is that man, like life, is infinitely complex. He's shrewd and tricky—skilled for centuries in all the most diabolical chicaneries. He is a creature of low cunning, who, even in the normal course of his vain and idiotic struggle for existence, instinctively and deliberately tells ninety-nine lies to one truth. A duck, not having had the heaven-kissing advantages of human civilization, is a straightforward and eminently honest bird."

"How," asked Markham, "since you jettison all the ordinary means of arriving at a conclusion, would you decide the sex or species of this person who left the masculine footprints in the snow?"

Vance blew a spiral of smoke toward the ceiling.

"First, I'd repudiate all the evidence of the twelve astigmatic adults and the one bright-eyed child. Next, I'd ignore the footprints in the snow. Then, with a mind unprejudiced by dubious testimony and uncluttered with material clews, I'd determine the exact nature of the crime which this fleeing person had committed. After having analyzed its various factors, I could infallibly tell you not only whether the culprit was a man or a woman, but I could describe his habits, character, and personality. And I could do all this whether the fleeing figure left male or female or kangaroo tracks, or used stilts, or rode off on a velocipede, or levitated without leaving tracks at all."

Markham smiled broadly. "You'd be worse than the police in the matter of supplying me legal evidence, I fear."

"I, at least, wouldn't procure evidence against some unsuspecting person whose boots had been appropriated by the real culprit," retorted Vance. "And, y' know, Markham, as long as you pin your faith to footprints you'll inevitably arrest just those persons whom the actual criminals want you to—namely, persons who have had nothing to do with the criminal conditions you're about to investigate."

He became suddenly serious.

"See here, old man; there are some shrewd intelligences at present allied with what the theologians call the powers of darkness. The surface appearances of many of these crimes that are worrying you are palpably deceptive. Personally, I don't put much stock in the theory that a malevolent gang of cutthroats have organized an American camorra, and made the silly night clubs their headquarters. The idea is too melodramatic. It smacks too much of the gaudy journalistic imagination: it's too Eugène Sue-ish. Crime isn't a mass instinct except during wartime, and then it's merely an obscene

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sport. Crime, d' ye see, is a personal and individual business. One doesn't make up a *parti carré* for a murder as one does for a bridge game. . . . Markham, old dear, don't let this romantic criminological idea lead you astray. And don't scrutinize the figurative footprints in the snow too closely. They'll confuse you most horribly—you're far too trustin' and literal for this wicked world. I warn you that no clever criminal is going to leave his own footprints for your tape-measure and calipers."

He sighed deeply, and gave Markham a look of bantering commiseration.

"And have you paused to consider that your first case may even be devoid of footprints? . . . Alas! What, then, will you do?"

"I could overcome that difficulty by taking you along with me," suggested Markham, with a touch of irony. "How would you like to accompany me on the next important case that breaks?"

"I am ravished by the idea," said Vance.

Two days later the front pages of our metropolitan press carried glaring headlines telling of the murder of Margaret Odell.

III

THE MURDER

(Tuesday, September 11; 8.30 a. m.)

It was barely half past eight on that momentous morning of September the 11th when Markham brought word to us of the event.

I was living temporarily with Vance at his home in East 38th Street—a large remodelled apartment occupying the two top floors of a beautiful mansion. For several years I had been Vance's personal legal representative and adviser, having resigned from my father's law firm of Van Dine, Davis and Van Dine to devote myself to his needs and interests. His affairs were by no means voluminous, but his personal finances, together with his numerous purchases of paintings and *objets d'art*, occupied my full time without burdening me. This monetary and legal stewardship was eminently congenial to my tastes; and my friendship with Vance, which had dated from our undergraduate days at Harvard, supplied the social and human element in an arrangement which otherwise might easily have degenerated into one of mere drab routine.

On this particular morning I had risen early and was working in the library when Currie, Vance's valet and majordomo, announced Markham's presence in the living-room. I was considerably astonished at this early-morning visit, for Markham well knew that Vance, who rarely rose before noon, resented any intrusion upon his matutinal slumbers. And in that moment I received the curious impression that something unusual and portentous was toward.

I found Markham pacing restlessly up and down, his hat and gloves thrown carelessly on the centre-table. As I entered he halted and looked at me with harassed eyes. He was a moderately tall man, clean-shaven, gray-haired, and firmly set up. His appearance was distinguished, and his manner courteous and kindly. But beneath his gracious exterior there was an aggressive sternness, an indomitable, grim strength, that gave one the sense of dogged efficiency and untiring capability.

"Good morning, Van," he greeted me, with impatient perfunctoriness. "There's been another half-world murder—the worst and ugliest thus far. . . ." He hesitated, and regarded me searchingly. "You recall my chat with Vance at the club the other night? There was something damned prophetic in his remarks. And you remember I half promised to take him along on the next important case. Well, the case has broken—with a vengeance. Margaret Odell, whom they called the Canary, has been strangled in her apartment; and from what I just got over the phone, it looks like another night-club affair. I'm headed for the Odell apartment now. . . . What about rousing out the sybarite?"

"By all means," I agreed, with an alacrity which, I fear, was in large measure prompted by purely selfish motives. The Canary! If one had sought the city over for a victim whose murder would stir up excitement, there could have been but few selections better calculated to produce this result.

Hastening to the door, I summoned Currie, and told him to call Vance at once.

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"I'm afraid, sir—" began Currie, politely hesitant.

"Calm your fears," cut in Markham. "I'll take all responsibility for waking him at this indecent hour."

Currie sensed an emergency and departed.

A minute or two later Vance, in an elaborately embroidered silk kimono and sandals, appeared at the living-room door.

"My word!" he greeted us, in mild astonishment, glancing at the clock. "Haven't you chaps gone to bed yet?"

He strolled to the mantel, and selected a gold-tipped *Régie* cigarette from a small Florentine humidor.

Markham's eyes narrowed: he was in no mood for levity.

"The Canary has been murdered," I blurted out.

Vance held his wax vesta poised, and gave me a look of indolent inquisitiveness. "Whose canary?"

"Margaret Odell was found strangled this morning," amended Markham brusquely. "Even *you*, wrapped in your scented cotton-wool, have heard of her. And you can realize the significance of the crime. I'm personally going to look for those footprints in the snow; and if you want to come along, as you intimated the other night, you'll have to get a move on."

Vance crushed out his cigarette.

"Margaret Odell, eh?—Broadway's blonde Aspasia—or was it Phryne who had the *coiffure d'or?* . . . Most distressin'!" Despite his offhand manner, I could see he was deeply interested. "The base enemies of law and order are determined to chivvy you most horribly, aren't they, old dear? Deuced inconsiderate of 'em! . . . Excuse me while I seek habiliments suitable to the occasion."

He disappeared into his bedroom, while Markham took out a large cigar and resolutely prepared it for smoking, and I returned to the library to put away the papers on which I had been working.

In less than ten minutes Vance reappeared, dressed for the street.

"*Bien, mon vieux*," he announced gaily, as Currie handed him his hat and gloves and a malacca cane. "*Allons-y!*"

We rode up-town along Madison Avenue, turned into Central Park, and came out by the West 72d Street entrance. Margaret Odell's apartment was at 184 West 71st Street, near Broadway; and as we drew up to the curb, it was necessary for the patrolman on duty to make a passageway for us through the crowd that had already gathered as a result of the arrival of the police.

Feathergill, an assistant District Attorney, was waiting in the main hall for his Chief's arrival.

"It's too bad, sir," he lamented. "A rotten show all round. And just at this time! . . ." He shrugged his shoulders discouragingly.

"It may collapse quickly," said Markham, shaking the other's hand. "How are things going? Sergeant Heath phoned me right after you called, and said that, at first glance, the case looked a bit stubborn."

"Stubborn?" repeated Feathergill lugubriously. "It's downright impervious. Heath is spinning round like a turbine. He was called off the Boyle case, by the way, to devote his talents to this new shocker. Inspector Moran arrived ten minutes ago, and gave him the official imprimatur."

"Well, Heath's a good man," declared Markham. "We'll work it out. . . . Which is the apartment?"

Feathergill led the way to a door at the rear of the main hall.

"Here you are, sir," he announced. "I'll be running along now. I need sleep Good luck!" And he was gone.

It will be necessary to give a brief description of the house and its interior arrangement, for the somewhat peculiar structure of the building played a vital part in the seemingly insoluble problem posed by the murder.

The house, which was a four-story stone structure originally built as a residence, had been remodelled, both inside and outside, to meet the requirements of an exclusive individual apartment dwelling. There were, I believe, three or four separate suites on each floor; but the quarters up-stairs need not concern us. The main floor was the scene of the crime, and here there were three apartments and a dentist's offices.

The main entrance to the building was

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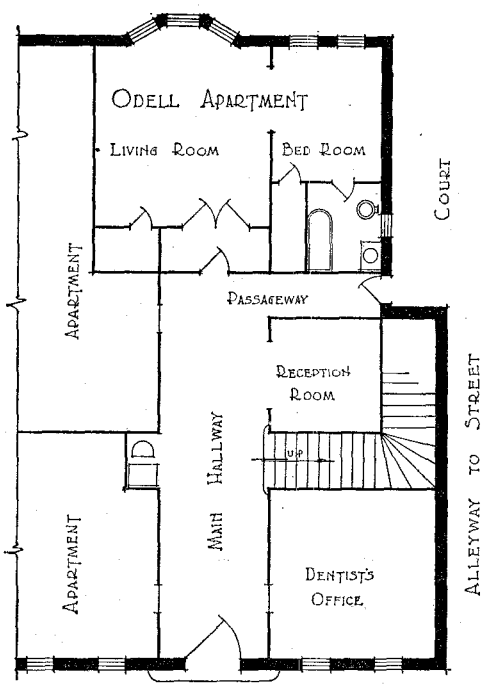
directly on the street, and extending straight back from the front door was a wide hallway. Directly at the rear of this hallway, and facing the entrance, was the door to the Odell apartment, which bore the numeral "3." About half-way down the front hall, on the right-hand side, was



the stairway leading to the floors above; and directly beyond the stairway, also on the right, was a small reception-room with a wide archway instead of a door. Directly opposite to the stairway, in a small recess, stood the telephone switchboard. There was no elevator in the house.

Another important feature of this ground-floor plan was a small passageway at the rear of the main hall and at right angles to it, which led past the front walls of the Odell apartment to a door opening on a court at the west side of the building. This court was connected with the street by an alley four feet wide.

In the accompanying diagram this arrangement of the ground floor can be easily visualized, and I suggest that the reader fix it in his mind; for I doubt if ever before so simple and obvious an architectural design played such an important part in a criminal mystery. By its very simplicity and almost conventional familiarity—indeed, by its total lack of any puzzling complications—it proved so baffling to the investigators that the case threatened, for many days, to remain forever insoluble.

As Markham entered the Odell apartment that morning Sergeant Ernest Heath came forward at once and extended his hand. A look of relief passed over his broad, pugnacious features; and it was obvious that the animosity and rivalry which always exist between the Detective Division and the District Attorney's office during the investigation of any criminal case had no place in his attitude on this occasion.

"I'm glad you've come, sir," he said; and meant it.

He then turned to Vance with a cordial smile, and held out his hand.*

"So the amachoor sleuth is with us again!" His tone held a friendly banter.

"Oh, quite," murmured Vance. "How's your induction coil working this beautiful September morning, Sergeant?"

"I'd hate to tell you!" Then Heath's face grew suddenly grave, and he turned to Markham. "It's a raw deal, sir. Why in hell couldn't they have picked some one besides the Canary for their dirty work? There's plenty of Janes on Broadway who coulda faded from the picture without causing a second alarm; but they gotta go and bump off the Queen of Sheba!"

As he spoke, William A. Moran, the commanding officer of the Detective Bureau, came into the little foyer and performed the usual hand-shaking ceremony. Though he had met Vance and me but once before, and then casually, he remembered us both and addressed us courteously by name.

"Your arrival," he said to Markham, in a well-bred, modulated voice, "is very welcome. Sergeant Heath will give you what preliminary information you want.

* Heath had become acquainted with Vance during the investigation of the Benson murder case two months previously.

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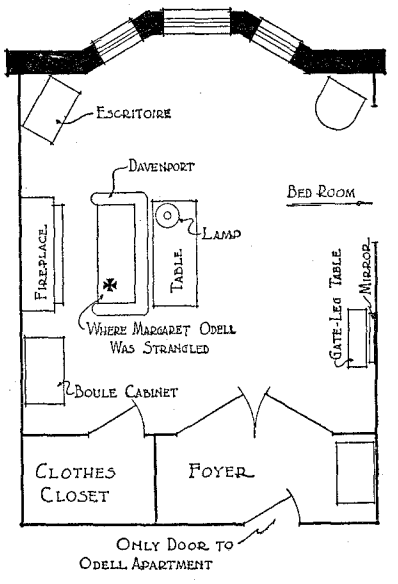
I'm still pretty much in the dark myself —only just arrived."

"A lot of information *I've* got to give," grumbled Heath, as he led the way into the living-room.

Margaret Odell's apartment was a suite of two fairly large rooms connected by a wide archway draped with heavy damask portières. The entrance door from the main hall of the building led into a small rectangular foyer about eight feet long and four feet deep, with double Venetian-



glass doors opening into the main room beyond. There was no other entrance to the apartment, and the bedroom could be reached only through the archway from the living-room.

There was a large davenport, covered with brocaded silk, in front of the fireplace in the left-hand wall of the living-room, with a long narrow library-table of inlaid rosewood extending along its back. On the opposite wall, between the foyer and the archway into the bedroom, hung a triplicate Marie Antoinette mirror, beneath which stood a mahogany gate-legged table. On the far side of the archway, near the large oriel window, was a baby grand Steinway piano with a beautifully designed and decorated case of Louis-Seize ornamentation. In the corner to the right of the fireplace was a spindle-legged escritoire and a square hand-painted waste-paper basket of vellum. To the left of the fireplace stood one of the loveliest Boule cabinets I have ever seen. Several excellent reproductions of Boucher, Fragonard, and Watteau hung about the walls. The bedroom contained a chest of drawers, a dressing-table, and several gold-leaf chairs. The whole apartment seemed eminently in keeping with the Canary's fragile and evanescent personality.

As we stepped from the little foyer into the living-room and stood for a moment looking about, a scene bordering on wreckage met our eyes. The rooms had apparently been ransacked by some one in a frenzy of haste, and the disorder of the place was appalling.

"They didn't exactly do the job in dainty fashion," remarked Inspector Moran.

"I suppose we oughta be grateful they didn't blow the joint up with dynamite," returned Heath acridly.

But it was not the general disorder that most attracted us. Our gaze was almost immediately drawn and held by the body of the dead girl, which rested in an unnatural, semirecumbent attitude in the corner of the davenport nearest to where we stood. Her head was turned backward, as if by force, over the silken tufted upholstery; and her hair had come unfastened and lay beneath her head and over her bare shoulder like a frozen cataract of liquid gold. Her face, in violent death, was distorted and unlovely. Her skin was discolored; her eyes were staring; her mouth was open, and her lips were drawn back. Her neck, on either side of the thyroid cartilage, showed ugly dark bruises. She was dressed in a flimsy evening gown of black Chantilly lace over cream-colored chiffon, and across the arm of the davenport had been thrown an evening cape of cloth-of-gold trimmed with ermine.

There were evidences of her ineffectual struggle with the person who had strangled her. Besides the dishevelled condition of her hair, one of the shoulder-straps of her gown had been severed, and there was a long rent in the fine lace across her breast. A small corsage of artificial orchids had been torn from her bodice, and

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lay crumpled in her lap. One satin slipper had fallen off, and her right knee was twisted inward on the seat of the davenport, as if she had sought to lift herself out of the suffocating clutches of her antagonist. Her fingers were still flexed, no doubt as they had been at the moment of her capitulation with death, when she had relinquished her grip upon the murderer's wrists.

The spell of horror cast over us by the sight of the tortured body was broken by the matter-of-fact tones of Heath.

"You see, Mr. Markham, she was evidently sitting in the corner of this settee when she was grabbed suddenly from behind."

Markham nodded. "It must have taken a pretty strong man to strangle her so easily."

"I'll say!" agreed Heath. He bent over and pointed to the girl's fingers, on which showed several abrasions. "They stripped her rings off, too; and they didn't go about it gentle, either." Then he indicated a segment of fine platinum chain, set with tiny pearls, which hung over one of her shoulders. "And they grabbed whatever it was hanging round her neck, and broke the chain doing it. They weren't overlooking anything, or losing any time. . . . A swell, gentlemanly job. Nice and refined."

"Where's the Medical Examiner?" asked Markham.

"He's coming," Heath told him. "You can't get Doc Doremus to go anywheres without his breakfast."

"He may find something else—something that doesn't show."

"There's plenty showing for me," declared Heath. "Look at this apartment. It wouldn't be much worse if a Kansas cyclone had struck it."

We turned from the depressing spectacle of the dead girl and moved toward the centre of the room.

"Be careful not to touch anything, Mr. Markham," warned Heath. "I've sent for the finger-print experts—they'll be here any minute now."

Vance looked up in mock astonishment. "Finger-prints? You don't say—really! How delightful!—Imagine a johnnie in this enlightened day leaving his finger-prints for you to find."

"All crooks aren't clever, Mr. Vance," declared Heath combatively.

"Oh, dear, no! They'd never be apprehended if they were. But, after all, Sergeant, even an authentic finger-print merely means that the person who made it was dallying around at some time or other. It doesn't indicate guilt."

"Maybe so," conceded Heath doggedly. "But I'm here to tell you that if I get any good honest-to-God finger-prints outa this devastated area, it's not going so easy with the bird that made 'em."

Vance appeared to be shocked. "You positively terrify me, Sergeant. Henceforth I shall adopt mittens as a permanent addition to my attire. I'm always handling the furniture and the teacups and the various knickknacks in the houses where I call, don't y' know."

Markham interposed himself at this point, and suggested they make a tour of inspection while waiting for the Medical Examiner.

"They didn't add anything much to the usual methods," Heath pointed out. "Killed the girl, and then ripped things wide open."

The two rooms had apparently been thoroughly ransacked. Clothes and various articles were strewn about the floor. The doors of both clothes-closets (there was one in each room) were open, and to judge from the chaos in the bedroom closet, it had been hurriedly searched; although the closet off of the living-room, which was given over to the storage of infrequently used items, appeared to have been ignored. The drawers of the dressing-table and chest had been partly emptied on to the floor, and the bedclothes had been snatched away and the mattress turned back. Two chairs and a small occasional table were upset; several vases were broken, as if they had been searched and then thrown down in the wrath of disappointment; and the Marie Antoinette mirror had been broken. The escritoire was open, and its pigeonholes had been emptied in a jumbled pile upon the blotter. The doors of the Boule cabinet swung wide, and inside there was the same confusion of contents that marked the interior of the escritoire. The bronze-and-porcelain lamp on the end of the library-table was lying on its side, its satin shade

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torn where it had struck the sharp corner of a silver *bonbonnière*.

Two objects in the general disarray particularly attracted my attention—a black metal document-box of the kind purchasable at any stationery store, and a large jewel-case of sheet steel with a circular inset lock. The latter of these objects was destined to play a curious and sinister part in the investigation to follow.

The document-box, which was now empty, had been placed on the library-table, next to the overturned lamp. Its lid was thrown back, and the key was still in the lock. In all the litter and disorganization of the room, this box seemed to be the one outstanding indication of calm and orderly activity on the part of the wrecker.

The jewel-case, on the other hand, had been violently wrenched open. It sat on the dressing-table in the bedroom, dinted and twisted out of shape by the terrific leverage that had been necessary to force it, and beside it lay a brass-handled, cast-iron poker which had evidently been brought from the living-room and used as a makeshift chisel with which to prize open the lock.

Vance had glanced but casually at the different objects in the rooms as we made our rounds, but when he came to the dressing-table, he paused abruptly. Taking out his monocle, he adjusted it carefully, and leaned over the broken jewel-case.

"Most extr'ordin'ry!" he murmured, tapping the edge of the lid with his gold pencil. "What do you make of that, Sergeant?"

Heath had been eying Vance with narrowed lids as the latter bent over the dressing-table.

"What's in your mind, Mr. Vance?" he, in turn, asked.

"Oh, more than you could ever guess," Vance answered lightly. "But just at the moment I was toying with the idea that this steel case was never torn open by that wholly inadequate iron poker, what?"

Heath nodded his head approvingly. "So you, too, noticed that, did you? . . . And you're dead right. That poker might've twisted the box a little, but it never snapped that lock."

He turned to Inspector Moran.

"That's the puzzler I've sent for 'Prof' Brenner to clean up—*if* he can. The jimmying of that jewel-case looks to me like a high-class professional job. No Sunday-school superintendent did it."

Vance continued for a while to study the box, but at length he turned away with a perplexed frown.

"I say!" he commented. "Something devilish queer took place here last night."

"Oh, not so queer," Heath amended. "It was a thorough job, all right, but there's nothing mysterious about it."

Vance polished his monocle and put it away.

"If you go to work on that basis, Sergeant," he returned carelessly, "I greatly fear you'll run aground on a reef. And may kind Heaven bring you safe to shore!"

IV

THE PRINT OF A HAND

(Tuesday, September 11; 9.30 a. m.)

A FEW minutes after we had returned to the living-room Doctor Doremus, the Chief Medical Examiner, arrived, jaunty and energetic. Immediately in his train came three other men, one of whom carried a bulky camera and a folded tripod. These were Captain Dubois and Detective Bellamy, finger-print experts, and Peter Quackenbush, the official photographer.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Doctor Doremus. "Quite a gathering of the clans. More trouble, eh? . . . I wish your friends, Inspector, would choose a more respectable hour for their little differences. This early rising upsets my liver."

He shook hands with everybody in a brisk, businesslike manner.

"Where's the body?" he demanded breezily, looking about the room. He caught sight of the girl on the davenport. "Ah! A lady."

Stepping quickly forward, he made a rapid examination of the dead girl, scrutinizing her neck and fingers, moving her arms and head to determine the condition of *rigor mortis*, and finally unflexing her stiffened limbs and laying her out straight on the long cushions, preparatory to a more detailed diagnosis.

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The rest of us moved toward the bedroom, and Heath motioned to the finger-print men to follow.

"Go over everything," he told them. "But take a special look at this jewel-case and the handle of this poker, and give that document-box in the other room a close up-and-down."

"Right," assented Captain Dubois. "We'll begin in here while the Doc's busy in the other room." And he and Bellamy set to work.

Our interest naturally centred on the Captain's labors. For fully five minutes we watched him inspecting the twisted steel sides of the jewel-case and the smooth, polished handle of the poker. He held the objects gingerly by their edges, and, placing a jeweller's glass in his eye, flashed his pocket-light on every square inch of them. At length he put them down, scowling.

"No finger-prints here," he announced. "Wiped clean."

"I mighta known it," grumbled Heath. "It was a professional job, all right." He turned to the other expert. "Found anything, Bellamy?"

"Nothing to help," was the grumpy reply. "A few old smears with dust over 'em."

"Looks like a washout," Heath commented irritably; "though I'm hoping for something in the other room."

At this moment Doctor Doremus came into the bedroom and, taking a sheet from the bed, returned to the davenport and covered the body of the murdered girl. Then he snapped shut his case, and putting on his hat at a rakish angle, stepped forward with the air of a man in great haste to be on his way.

"Simple case of strangulation from behind," he said, his words running together. "Digital bruises about the front of the throat; thumb bruises in the sub-occipital region. Attack must have been unexpected. A quick, competent job, though deceased evidently battled a little."

"How do you suppose her dress became torn, Doctor?" asked Vance.

"Oh, that? Can't tell. She may have done it herself—instinctive motions of clutching for air."

"Not likely though, what?"

"Why not? The dress was torn and the bouquet was ripped off, and the fellow who was choking her had both hands on her throat. Who else could've done it?"

Vance shrugged his shoulders, and began lighting a cigarette.

Heath, annoyed by his apparently inconsequential interruption, put the next question.

"Don't those marks on the fingers mean that her rings were stripped off?"

"Possibly. They're fresh abrasions. Also, there's a couple of lacerations on the left wrist and slight contusions on the thenar eminence, indicating that a bracelet may have been forcibly pulled over her hand."

"That fits O. K.," pronounced Heath, with satisfaction. "And it looks like they snatched a pendant of some kind off her neck."

"Probably," indifferently agreed Doctor Doremus. "The piece of chain had cut into her flesh a little behind the right shoulder."

"And the time?"

"Nine or ten hours ago. Say, about eleven-thirty—maybe a little before. Not after midnight, anyway." He had been teetering restlessly on his toes. "Anything else?"

Heath pondered.

"I guess that's all, Doc," he decided. "I'll get the body to the mortuary right away. Let's have the post-mortem as soon as you can."

"You'll get a report in the morning." And despite his apparent eagerness to be off, Doctor Doremus stepped into the bedroom, and shook hands with Heath and Markham and Inspector Moran before he hurried out.

Heath followed him to the door, and I heard him direct the officer outside to telephone the Department of Public Welfare to send an ambulance at once for the girl's body.

"I positively adore that official archiater of yours," Vance said to Markham. "Such detachment! Here are you stewing most distressingly over the passing of one damsel fair and frail, and that blithe *medicus* is worrying only over a sluggish liver brought on by early rising."

"What has he to be upset over?" com-

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plained Markham. "The newspapers are not riding him with spurs. . . . And by the way, what was the point of your questions about the torn dress?"

Vance lazily inspected the tip of his cigarette.

"Consider," he said. "The lady was evidently taken by surprise; for, had there been a struggle beforehand, she would not have been strangled from behind while sitting down. Therefore, her gown and corsage were undoubtedly intact at the time she was seized. But—despite the conclusion of your dashing Paracelsus—the damage to her toilet was not of a nature that could have been self-inflicted in her struggle for air. If she had felt the constriction of the gown across her breast, she would have snatched the bodice itself by putting her fingers inside the band. But, if you noticed, her bodice was intact; the only thing that had been torn was the deep lace flounce on the outside; and it had been torn, or rather ripped, by a strong lateral pull; whereas, in the circumstances, any wrench on her part would have been downward or outward."

Inspector Moran was listening intently, but Heath seemed restless and impatient; apparently he regarded the torn gown as irrelevant to the simple main issue.

"Moreover," Vance went on, "there is the corsage. If she herself had torn it off while being strangled, it would doubtless have fallen to the floor; for, remember, she offered considerable resistance. Her body was twisted sidewise; her knee was drawn up, and one slipper had been kicked off. Now, no bunch of silken posies is going to remain in a lady's lap during such a commotion. Even when ladies sit still, their gloves and handbags and handkerchiefs and programmes and serviettes are forever sliding off of their laps on to the floor, don't y' know."

"But if your argument's correct," protested Markham, "then the tearing of the lace and the snatching off of the corsage could have been done only after she was dead. And I can't see any object in such senseless vandalism."

"Neither can I," sighed Vance. "It's all devilish queer."

Heath looked up at him sharply. "That's the second time you've said that. But there's nothing what you'd call queer about this mess. It is a straightway case." He spoke with an overtone of insistence, like a man arguing against his own insecurity of opinion. "The dress might've been torn almost any time," he went on stubbornly. "And the flower might've got caught in the lace of her skirt so it couldn't roll off."

"And how would you explain the jewel-case, Sergeant?" asked Vance.

"Well, the fellow might've tried the poker, and then, finding it wouldn't work, used his jimmy."

"If he had the efficient jimmy," countered Vance, "why did he go to the trouble of bringing the silly poker from the living-room?"

The Sergeant shook his head perplexedly.

"You never can tell why some of these crooks act the way they do."

"Tut, tut!" Vance chided him. "There should be no such word as 'never' in the bright lexicon of detecting."

Heath regarded him sharply. "Was there anything else that struck you as queer?" His subtle doubts were welling up again.

"Well, there's the lamp on the table in the other room."

We were standing near the archway between the two rooms, and Heath turned quickly and looked blankly at the fallen lamp.

"I don't see anything queer about that."

"It has been upset—eh, what?" suggested Vance.

"What if it has?" Heath was frankly puzzled. "Damn near everything in this apartment has been knocked crooked."

"Ah! But there's a reason for most of the other things having been disturbed—like the drawers and pigeonholes and closets and vases. They all indicate a search; they're consistent with a raid for loot. But that lamp, now, d' ye see, doesn't fit into the picture. It's a false note. It was standing on the opposite end of the table to where the murder was committed, at least five feet away; and it couldn't possibly have been knocked over in the struggle. . . . No, it won't do. It's got no business being up-

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set, any more than that pretty mirror over the gate-legged table has any business being broken. That's why it's queer."

"What about those chairs and the little table?" asked Heath, pointing to two small gilded chairs which had been overturned, and a fragile tip-table that lay on its side near the piano.

"Oh, they fit into the ensemble," returned Vance. "They're all light pieces of furniture which could easily have been knocked over, or thrown aside, by the hasty gentleman who rifled these rooms."

"The lamp might've been knocked over in the same way," argued Heath.

Vance shook his head. "Not tenable, Sergeant. It has a solid bronze base, and isn't at all top-heavy; and being set well back on the table, it wasn't in any one's way. . . . That lamp was upset deliberately."

The Sergeant was silent for a while. Experience had taught him not to underestimate Vance's observations; and, I must confess, as I looked at the lamp lying on its side on the end of the library-table, well removed from any of the other disordered objects in the room, Vance's argument seemed to possess considerable force. I tried hard to fit it into a hasty reconstruction of the crime, but was utterly unable to do so.

"Anything else that don't seem to fit into the picture?" Heath at length asked.

Vance pointed with his cigarette toward the clothes-closet in the living-room. This closet was alongside the foyer, in the corner near the Boule cabinet, directly opposite to the end of the davenport.

"You might let your mind dally a moment with the condition of that clothes-press," suggested Vance carelessly. "You will note that, though the door's ajar, the contents have not been touched. And it's about the only area in the apartment that hasn't been disturbed."

Heath walked over and looked into the closet.

"Well, anyway, I'll admit that's queer," he finally conceded.

Vance had followed him indolently, and stood gazing over his shoulder.

"And my word!" he exclaimed suddenly. "The key's on the inside of the lock. Fancy that, now! One can't lock a closet door with the key on the inside—can one, Sergeant?"

"The key may not mean anything," Heath observed hopefully. "Maybe the door was never locked. Anyhow, we'll find out about that pretty soon. I'm holding the maid outside, and I'm going to have her on the carpet as soon as the Captain finishes his job here."

He turned to Dubois, who, having completed his search for finger-prints in the bedroom, was now inspecting the piano.

"Any luck yet?"

The Captain shook his head. "Gloves," he answered succinctly.

"Same here," supplemented Bellamy gruffly, on his knees before the escritoire.

Vance, with a sardonic smile, turned and walked to the window, where he stood looking out and smoking placidly, as if his entire interest in the case had evaporated.

At this moment the door from the main hall opened, and a short thin little man, with gray hair and a scraggly gray beard, stepped inside and stood blinking against the vivid sunlight.

"Good morning, Professor," Heath greeted the newcomer. "Glad to see you. I've got something nifty, right in your line."

Deputy-Inspector Conrad Brenner was one of that small army of obscure, but highly capable, experts who are connected with the New York Police Department, and who are constantly being consulted on abstruse technical problems, but whose names and achievements rarely get into the public prints. His specialty was locks and burglars' tools; and I doubt if, even among those exhaustively painstaking criminologists of the University of Lausanne, there was a more accurate reader of the evidential signs left by the implements of house-breakers. In appearance and bearing he was like a withered little college professor.* His black, unpressed suit was old-fashioned in cut; and he wore a very high stiff collar, like a *fin-de-siècle* clergyman, with a narrow black string tie. His gold-rimmed spectacles were so thick-lensed that the pupils of his eyes gave the impression of acute belladonna poisoning.

* It is an interesting fact that for the nineteen years he had been connected with the New York Police Department, he had been referred to, by his superiors and subordinates alike, as "the Professor."

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When Heath had spoken to him, he merely stood staring with a sort of detached expectancy; he seemed utterly unaware that there was any one else in the room. The Sergeant, evidently familiar with the little man's idiosyncrasies of manner, did not wait for a response, but started at once for the bedroom.

"This way, please, Professor," he directed cajolingly, going to the dressing-table and picking up the jewel-case. "Take a squint at this, and tell me what you see."

Inspector Brenner followed Heath, without looking to right or left, and, taking the jewel-case, went silently to the window and began to examine it. Vance, whose interest seemed suddenly to be reawakened, came forward and stood watching him.

For fully five minutes the little expert inspected the case, holding it within a few inches of his astigmatic eyes. Then he lifted his glance to Heath and winked several times rapidly.

"Two instruments were used in opening this case." His voice was small and high-pitched, but there was in it an undeniable quality of authority. "One bent the lid and made several fractures on the baked enamel. The other was, I should say, a steel chisel of some kind, and was used to break the lock. The first instrument, which was blunt, was employed amateurishly, at the wrong angle of leverage; and the effort resulted only in twisting the overhang of the lid. But the steel chisel was inserted with a knowledge of the correct point of oscillation, where a minimum of leverage would produce the counteracting stress necessary to displace the lock-bolts."

"A professional job?" suggested Heath.

"Highly so," answered the Inspector, again blinking. "That is to say, the forcing of the lock was professional. And I would even go so far as to advance the opinion that the instrument used was one especially constructed for such illegal purposes."

"Could this have done the job?" Heath held out the poker.

The other looked at it closely, and turned it over several times.

"It might have been the instrument that bent the cover, but it was not the one used for prying open the lock. This poker is cast iron and would have snapped under any great pressure; whereas this box is of cold rolled eighteen-gauge steel plate, with an inset cylinder pin-tumbler lock taking a paracentric key. The leverage force necessary to distort the flange sufficiently to lift the lid could have been made only by a steel chisel."

"Well, that's that." Heath seemed well satisfied with Inspector Brenner's conclusion. "I'll send the box down to you, Professor, and you can let me know what else you find out."

"I'll take it along, if you have no objection." And the little man tucked it under his arm and shuffled out without another word.

Heath grinned at Markham. "Queer bird. He ain't happy unless he's measuring jimmy marks on doors and windows and things. He couldn't wait till I sent him the box. He'll hold it lovingly on his lap all the way down in the subway, like a mother with a baby."

Vance was still standing near the dressing-table, gazing perplexedly into space.

"Markham," he said, "the condition of that jewel-case is positively astounding. It's unreasonable, illogical—insane. It complicates the situation most damnably. That steel box simply couldn't have been chiselled open by a professional burglar . . . and yet, don't y' know, it actually was."

Before Markham could reply, a satisfied grunt from Captain Dubois attracted our attention.

"I've got something for you, Sergeant," he announced.

We moved expectantly into the living-room. Dubois was bending over the end of the library-table almost directly behind the place where Margaret Odell's body had been found. He took out an insufflator, which was like a very small hand-bellows, and blew a fine light-yellow powder evenly over about a square foot of the polished rosewood surface of the table-top. Then he gently blew away the surplus powder, and there appeared the impression of a human hand distinctly registered in saffron. The bulb of the thumb and each fleshy hummock between the joints of the fingers and around the

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palm stood out like tiny circular islands. All the papillary ridges were clearly discernible. The photographer then hooked his camera to a peculiar adjustable tripod and, carefully focussing his lens, took two flash-light pictures of the hand-mark.

"This ought to do." Dubois was pleased with his find. "It's the right hand—a clear print—and the guy who made it was standing right behind the dame. . . . And it's the newest print in the place."

"What about this box?" Heath pointed to the black document-box on the table near the overturned lamp.

"Not a mark—wiped clean."

Dubois started putting away his paraphernalia.

"I say, Captain Dubois," interposed Vance, "did you take a good look at the inside door-knob of that clothes-press?"

The man swung about abruptly, and gave Vance a glowering look.

"People ain't in the habit of handling the inside knobs of closet doors. They open and shut closets from the outside."

Vance raised his eyebrows in simulated astonishment.

"Do they, now, really?—Fancy that! . . . Still, don't y' know, if one were inside the closet, one couldn't reach the outside knob."

"The people *I* know don't shut themselves in clothes-closets." Dubois's tone was ponderously sarcastic.

"You positively amaze me!" declared Vance. "All the people I know are addicted to the habit—a sort of daily pastime, don't y' know."

Markham, always diplomatic, intervened.

"What idea have you about that closet, Vance?"

"Alas! I wish I had one," was the dolorous answer. "It's because I can't, for the life of me, make sense of its neat and orderly appearance that I'm so interested in it. Really, y' know, it should have been artistically looted."

Heath was not entirely free from the same vague misgivings that were disturbing Vance, for he turned to Dubois and said:

"You might go over the knob, Captain. As this gentleman says, there's something funny about the condition of that closet."

Dubois, silent and surly, went to the closet door and sprayed his yellow powder over the inside knob. When he had blown the loose particles away, he bent over it with his magnifying-glass. At length he straightened up, and gave Vance a look of ill-natured appraisal.

"There's fresh prints on it, all right," he grudgingly admitted; "and unless I'm mistaken they were made by the same hand as those on the table. Both thumb-marks are ulnar loops, and the index-fingers are both whorl patterns. . . . Here, Pete," he ordered the photographer, "make some shots of that knob."

When this had been done, Dubois, Bellamy, and the photographer left us.

A few moments later, after an interchange of pleasantries, Inspector Moran also departed. At the door he passed two men in the white uniform of internes, who had come to take away the girl's body.

V

THE BOLTED DOOR

(Tuesday, September 11; 10.30 a. m.)

MARKHAM and Heath and Vance and I were now alone in the apartment. Dark, low-hanging clouds had drifted across the sun, and the gray spectral light intensified the tragic atmosphere of the rooms. Markham had lighted a cigar, and stood leaning against the piano, looking about him with a disconsolate but determined air. Vance had moved over to one of the pictures on the side wall of the living-room—Boucher's "La Bergère Endormie" I think it was—and stood looking at it with cynical contempt.

"Dimpled nudities, gambolling Cupids, and woolly clouds for royal cocottes," he commented. His distaste for all the painting of the French decadence under Louis XV was profound. "One wonders what pictures courtesans hung in their boudoirs before the invention of these amorous eclogues, with their blue verdure and beribboned sheep."

"I'm more interested at present in what took place in this particular boudoir last night," retorted Markham impatiently.

"There's not much doubt about that,

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sir," said Heath encouragingly. "And I've an idea that when Dubois checks up those finger-prints with our files, we'll about know who did it."

Vance turned toward him with a rueful smile.

"You're so trusting, Sergeant. I, in turn, have an idea that, long before this touchin' case is clarified, you'll wish the irascible Captain with the insect-powder had never found those finger-prints." He made a playful gesture of emphasis. "Permit me to whisper into your ear that the person who left his sign-manuals on yonder rosewood table and cut-glass door-knob had nothing whatever to do with the precipitate demise of the fair Mademoiselle Odell."

"What is it you suspect?" demanded Markham sharply.

"Not a thing, old dear," blandly declared Vance. "I'm wandering about in a mental murk as empty of sign-posts as interplanetary space. The jaws of darkness do devour me up; I'm in the dead vast and middle of the night. My mental darkness is Egyptian, Stygian, Cimmerian—I'm in a perfect Erebus of tenebrosity."

Markham's jaw tightened in exasperation; he was familiar with this evasive loquacity of Vance's. Dismissing the subject, he addressed himself to Heath.

"Have you done any questioning of the people in the house here?"

"I talked to Odell's maid and to the janitor and the switchboard operators, but I didn't go much into details—I was waiting for you. I'll say this, though: what they did tell me made my head swim. If they don't back down on some of their statements, we're up against it."

"Let's have them in now, then," suggested Markham; "the maid first." He sat down on the piano-bench with his back to the keyboard.

Heath rose, but instead of going to the door, walked to the oriel window.

"There's one thing I want to call your attention to, sir, before you interview these people, and that's the matter of entrances and exits in this apartment." He drew aside the gold-gauze curtain. "Look at that iron grating. All the windows in this place, including the ones in the bathroom, are equipped with iron bars just like these. It's only eight or ten feet to the ground here, and whoever built this house wasn't taking any chances of burglars getting in through the windows."

He released the curtain, and strode into the foyer.

"Now, there's only one entrance to this apartment, and that's this door here opening off the main hall. There isn't a transom or an air-shaft or a dumb-waiter in the place, and that means that the only way—*the only way*—that anybody can get in or out of this apartment is through this door. Just keep that fact in your mind, sir, while you're listening to the stories of these people. . . . Now, I'll have the maid brought in."

In response to Heath's order a detective led in a mulatto woman about thirty years old. She was neatly dressed, and gave one the impression of capability. When she spoke it was with a quiet, clear enunciation which attested to a greater degree of education than is ordinarily found in members of her class.

Her name, we learned, was Amy Gibson; and the information elicited by Markham's preliminary questioning consisted of the following facts:

She had arrived at the apartment that morning a few minutes after seven, and, as was her custom, had let herself in with her own key, as her mistress generally slept until late.

Once or twice a week she came early to do sewing and mending for Miss Odell before the latter arose. On this particular morning she had come early to make an alteration in a gown.

As soon as she had opened the door she had been confronted by the disorder of the apartment, for the Venetian-glass doors of the foyer were wide open; and almost simultaneously she had noticed the body of her mistress on the davenport.

She had called at once to Jessup, the night telephone operator then on duty, who, after one glance into the living-room, had notified the police. She had then sat down in the public reception-room and waited for the arrival of the officers.

Her testimony had been simple and direct and intelligently stated. If she was nervous or excited, she managed to keep her feelings well under control.

"Now," continued Markham, after a

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short pause, "let us go back to last night. —At what time did you leave Miss Odell?"

"A few minutes before seven, sir," the woman answered, in a colorless, even tone which seemed to be characteristic of her speech.

"Is that your usual hour for leaving?"

"No; I generally go about six. But last night Miss Odell wanted me to help her dress for dinner."

"Don't you always help her dress for dinner?"

"No, sir. But last night she was going with some gentleman to dinner and the theatre, and wanted to look specially nice."

"Ah!" Markham leaned forward. "And who was this gentleman?"

"I don't know, sir—Miss Odell didn't say."

"And you couldn't suggest who it might have been?"

"I couldn't say, sir."

"And when did Miss Odell tell you that she wanted you to come early this morning?"

"When I was leaving last night."

"So she evidently didn't anticipate any danger, or have any fear of her companion."

"It doesn't look that way." The woman paused, as if considering. "No, I know she didn't. She was in good spirits."

Markham turned to Heath.

"Any other questions you want to ask, Sergeant?"

Heath removed an unlighted cigar from his mouth, and bent forward, resting his hands on his knees.

"What jewelry did this Odell woman have on last night?" he demanded gruffly.

The maid's manner became cool and a bit haughty.

"Miss Odell"—she emphasized the "Miss," by way of reproaching him for the disrespect implied in his omission—"wore all her rings, five or six of them, and three bracelets—one of square diamonds, one of rubies, and one of diamonds and emeralds. She also had on a sunburst of pear-shaped diamonds on a chain round her neck, and she carried a platinum lorgnette set with diamonds and pearls."

"Did she own any other jewelry?"

"A few small pieces, maybe, but I'm not sure."

"And did she keep 'em in a steel jewel-case in the bedroom?"

"Yes—when she wasn't wearing them." There was more than a suggestion of sarcasm in the reply.

"Oh, I thought maybe she kept 'em locked up when she had 'em on." Heath's antagonism had been aroused by the maid's attitude; he could not have failed to note that she had consistently omitted the punctilious "sir" when answering him. He now stood up and pointed loweringly to the black document-box on the rosewood table. "Ever see that before?"

The woman nodded indifferently. "Many times."

"Where was it generally kept?"

"In that thing." She indicated the Boule cabinet with a motion of the head.

"What was in the box?"

"How should I know?"

"You don't know—huh?" Heath thrust out his jaw, but his bullying attitude had no effect upon the impassive maid.

"I've got no idea," she replied calmly. "It was always kept locked, and I never saw Miss Odell open it."

The Sergeant walked over to the door of the living-room closet. "See that key?" he asked angrily.

Again the woman nodded; but this time I detected a look of mild astonishment in her eyes.

"Was that key always kept on the inside of the door?"

"No; it was always on the outside."

Heath shot Vance a curious look. Then, after a moment's frowning contemplation of the knob, he waved his hand to the detective who had brought the maid in.

"Take her back to the reception-room, Snitkin, and get a detailed description from her of all the Odell jewelry. . . . And keep her outside; I'll want her again."

When Snitkin and the maid had gone out, Vance lay back lazily on the davenport, where he had sat during the interview, and sent a spiral of cigarette smoke toward the ceiling.

"Rather illuminatin', what?" he remarked. "The dusky demoiselle got us

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considerably forrader. Now we know that the closet key is on the wrong side of the door, and that our *fille de joie* went to the theatre with one of her favorite *anamorati*, who presumably brought her home shortly before she took her departure from this wicked world."

"You think that's helpful, do you?" Heath's tone was contemptuously triumphant. "Wait till you hear the crazy story the telephone operator's got to tell."

"All right, Sergeant," put in Markham impatiently. "Suppose we get on with the ordeal."

"I'm going to suggest, Mr. Markham, that we question the janitor first. And I'll show you why." Heath went to the entrance door of the apartment, and opened it. "Look here for just a minute, sir."

He stepped out into the main hall, and pointed down the little passageway on the left. It was about ten feet in length, and ran between the Odell apartment and the blank rear wall of the reception-room. At the end of it was a solid oak door which gave on the court at the side of the house.

"That door," explained Heath, "is the only side or rear entrance to this building; and when that door is bolted nobody can get into the house except by the front entrance. You can't even get into the building through the other apartments, for every window on this floor is barred. I checked up on that point as soon as I got here."

He led the way back into the living-room.

"Now, after I'd looked over the situation this morning," he went on, "I figured that our man had entered through that side door at the end of the passageway, and had slipped into this apartment without the night operator seeing him. So I tried the side door to see if it was open. But it was bolted on the inside—not locked, mind you, but bolted. And it wasn't a slip-bolt, either, that could have been jimmied or worked open from the outside, but a tough old-fashioned turn-bolt of solid brass. . . . And now I want you to hear what the janitor's got to say about it."

Markham nodded acquiescence, and Heath called an order to one of the officers in the hall. A moment later a stolid, middle-aged German, with sullen features and high cheek-bones, stood before us. His jaw was clamped tight, and he shifted his eyes from one to the other of us suspiciously.

Heath straightway assumed the rôle of inquisitor.

"What time do you leave here at night?" He had, for some reason, assumed a belligerent manner.

"Six o'clock—sometimes earlier, sometimes later." The man spoke in a surly monotone. He was obviously resentful at this unexpected intrusion upon his orderly routine.

"And what time do you get here in the morning?"

"Eight o'clock, regular."

"What time did you go home last night?"

"About six—maybe quarter past."

Heath paused and finally lighted the cigar on which he had been chewing at intervals during the past hour.

"Now, tell me about that side door," he went on, with undiminished aggressiveness. "You told me you lock it every night before you leave—is that right?"

"*Ja*—that's right." The man nodded his head affirmatively several times. "Only I don't lock it—I bolt it."

"All right, you bolt it, then." As Heath talked his cigar bobbed up and down between his lips: smoke and words came simultaneously from his mouth. "And last night you bolted it as usual about six o'clock?"

"Maybe a quarter past," the janitor amended, with Germanic precision.

"You're sure you bolted it last night?" The question was almost ferocious.

"*Ja, ja.* Sure, I am. I do it every night. I never miss."

The man's earnestness left no doubt that the door in question had indeed been bolted on the inside at about six o'clock of the previous evening. Heath, however, belabored the point for several minutes, only to be reassured doggedly that the door had been bolted. At last the janitor was dismissed.

"Really, y' know, Sergeant," remarked Vance with an amused smile, "that honest Rheinlander bolted the door."

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"Sure, he did," spluttered Heath; "and I found it still bolted this morning at quarter of eight. That's just what messes things up so nice and pretty. If that door was bolted from six o'clock last evening until eight o'clock this morning, I'd appreciate having some one drive up in a hearse and tell me how the Canary's little playmate got in here last night. And I'd also like to know how he got out."

"Why not through the main entrance?" asked Markham. "It seems the only logical way left, according to your own findings."

"That's how I had it figured out, sir," returned Heath. "But wait till you hear what the phone operator has to say."

"And the phone operator's post," mused Vance, "is in the main hall halfway between the front door and this apartment. Therefore, the gentleman who caused all the disturbance hereabouts last night would have had to pass within a few feet of the operator both on arriving and departing—eh, what?"

"That's it!" snapped Heath. "And, according to the operator, no such person came or went."

Markham seemed to have absorbed some of Heath's irritability.

"Get the fellow in here, and let me question him," he ordered.

Heath obeyed with a kind of malicious alacrity.

VI

A CALL FOR HELP

(Tuesday, September 11; 11 a. m.)

JESSUP made a good impression from the moment he entered the room. He was a serious, determined-looking man in his early thirties, rugged and well built; and there was a squareness to his shoulders that carried a suggestion of military training. He walked with a decided limp—his right foot dragged perceptibly—and I noted that his left arm had been stiffened into a permanent arc, as if by an unreduced fracture of the elbow. He was quiet and reserved, and his eyes were steady and intelligent. Markham at once motioned him to a wicker chair beside the closet door, but he declined it, and stood before the District Attorney in a soldierly attitude of respectful attention. Markham opened the interrogation with several personal questions. It transpired that Jessup had been a sergeant in the World War,* had twice been seriously wounded, and had been invalided home shortly before the Armistice. He had held his present post of telephone operator for over a year.

"Now, Jessup," continued Markham, "there are things connected with last night's tragedy that you can tell us."

"Yes, sir." There was no doubt that this ex-soldier would tell us accurately anything he knew, and also that, if he had any doubt as to the correctness of his information, he would frankly say so. He possessed all the qualities of a careful and well-trained witness.

"First of all, what time did you come on duty last night?"

"At ten o'clock, sir." There was no qualification to this blunt statement; one felt that Jessup would arrive punctually at whatever hour he was due. "It was my short shift. The day man and myself alternate in long and short shifts."

"And did you see Miss Odell come in last night after the theatre?"

"Yes, sir. Every one who comes in has to pass the switchboard."

"What time did she arrive?"

"It couldn't have been more than a few minutes after eleven."

"Was she alone?"

"No, sir. There was a gentleman with her."

"Do you know who he was?"

"I don't know his name, sir. But I have seen him several times before when he has called on Miss Odell."

"You could describe him, I suppose."

"Yes, sir. He's tall and clean-shaven except for a very short gray mustache, and is about forty-five, I should say. He looks—if you understand me, sir—like a man of wealth and position."

Markham nodded. "And now, tell me: did he accompany Miss Odell into her apartment, or did he go immediately away?"

"He went in with Miss Odell, and stayed about half an hour."

Markham's eyes brightened, and there was a suppressed eagerness in his next words.

* His full name was William Elmer Jessup, and he had been attached to the 308th Infantry of the 77th Division of the Overseas Forces.

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"Then he arrived about eleven, and was alone with Miss Odell in her apartment until about half past eleven. You're sure of these facts?"

"Yes, sir, that's correct," the man affirmed.

Markham paused and leaned forward. "Now, Jessup, think carefully before answering: did any one else call on Miss Odell at any time last night?"

"No one, sir," was the unhesitating reply.

"How can you be so sure?"

"I would have seen them, sir. They would have had to pass the switchboard in order to reach this apartment."

"And don't you ever leave the switchboard?" asked Markham.

"No, sir," the man assured him vigorously, as if protesting against the implication that he would desert a post of duty. "When I want a drink of water, or go to the toilet, I use the little lavatory in the reception-room; but I always hold the door open and keep my eye on the switchboard in case the pilot-light should show up for a telephone call. Nobody could walk down the hall, even if I was in the lavatory, without my seeing them."

One could well believe that the conscientious Jessup kept his eye at all times on the switchboard lest a call should flash and go unanswered. The man's earnestness and reliability were obvious; and there was no doubt in any of our minds, I think, that if Miss Odell had had another visitor that night, Jessup would have known of it.

But Heath, with the thoroughness of his nature, rose quickly and stepped out into the main hall. In a moment he returned, looking troubled but satisfied.

"Right!" he nodded to Markham. "The lavatory door's on a direct unobstructed line with the switchboard."

Jessup took no notice of this verification of his statement, and stood, his eyes attentively on the District Attorney, awaiting any further questions that might be asked him. There was something both admirable and confidence-inspiring in his unruffled demeanor.

"What about last night?" resumed Markham. "Did you leave the switchboard often, or for long?"

"Just once, sir; and then only to go to the lavatory for a minute or two. But I watched the board the whole time."

"And you'd be willing to state on oath that no one else called on Miss Odell from ten o'clock on, and that no one, except her escort, left her apartment after that hour?"

"Yes, sir, I would."

He was plainly telling the truth, and Markham pondered several moments before proceeding.

"What about the side door?"

"That's kept locked all night, sir. The janitor bolts it when he leaves, and unbolts it in the morning. I never touch it."

Markham leaned back and turned to Heath.

"The testimony of the janitor and Jessup here," he said, "seems to limit the situation pretty narrowly to Miss Odell's escort. If, as seems reasonable to assume, the side door was bolted all night, and if no other caller came or went through the front door, it looks as if the man we wanted to find was the one who brought her home."

Heath gave a short mirthless laugh. "That would be fine, sir, if something else hadn't happened around here last night." Then, to Jessup: "Tell the District Attorney the rest of the story about this man."

Markham looked toward the operator with expectant interest; and Vance, lifting himself on one elbow, listened attentively.

Jessup spoke in a level voice, with the alert and careful manner of a soldier reporting to his superior officer.

"It was just this, sir. When the gentleman came out of Miss Odell's apartment at about half past eleven, he stopped at the switchboard and asked me to get him a Yellow Taxicab. I put the call through, and while he was waiting for the car, Miss Odell screamed and called for help. The gentleman turned and rushed to the apartment door, and I followed quickly behind him. He knocked; but at first there was no answer. Then he knocked again, and at the same time called out to Miss Odell and asked her what was the matter. This time she answered. She said everything was all right, and told him to go home and not to worry. Then

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he walked back with me to the switchboard, remarking that he guessed Miss Odell must have fallen asleep and had a nightmare. We talked for a few minutes about the war, and then the taxicab came. He said good night, and went out, and I heard the car drive away."

It was plain to see that this epilogue of the departure of Miss Odell's anonymous escort completely upset Markham's theory of the case. He looked down at the floor with a baffled expression, and smoked vigorously for several moments. At last he asked:

"How long was it after this man came out of the apartment that you heard Miss Odell scream?"

"About five minutes. I had put my connection through to the taxicab company, and it was a minute or so later that she screamed."

"Was the man near the switchboard?"

"Yes, sir. In fact, he had one arm resting on it."

"How many times did Miss Odell scream? And just what did she say when she called for help?"

"She screamed twice, and then cried 'Help! Help!'"

"And when the man knocked on the door the second time, what did he say?"

"As near as I can recollect, sir, he said: 'Open the door, Margaret! What's the trouble?'"

"And can you remember her exact words when she answered him?"

Jessup hesitated, and frowned reflectively.

"As I recall, she said: 'There's nothing the matter. I'm sorry I screamed. Everything's all right, so please go home, and don't worry.' . . . Of course, that may not be exactly what she said, but it was something very close to it."

"You could hear her plainly through the door, then?"

"Oh, yes. These doors are not very thick."

Markham rose, and began pacing meditatively. At length, halting in front of the operator, he asked another question.

"Did you hear any other suspicious sounds in this apartment after the man left?"

"Not a sound of any kind, sir," Jessup declared. "Some one from outside the building, however, telephoned Miss Odell about ten minutes later, and a man's voice answered from her apartment."

"What's this!" Markham spun round, and Heath sat up at attention, his eyes wide. "Tell me every detail of that call."

Jessup complied unemotionally.

"About twenty minutes to twelve a trunk-light flashed on the board, and when I answered it, a man asked for Miss Odell. I plugged the connection through, and after a short wait the receiver was lifted from her phone—you can tell when a receiver's taken off the hook, because the guide-light on the board goes out—and a man's voice answered 'Hello.' I pulled the listening-in key over, and, of course, didn't hear any more."

There was silence in the apartment for several minutes. Then Vance, who had been watching Jessup closely during the interview, spoke.

"By the by, Mr. Jessup," he asked carelessly, "were you yourself, by any chance, a bit fascinated—let us say—by the charming Miss Odell?"

For the first time since entering the room the man appeared ill at ease. A dull flush overspread his cheeks.

"I thought she was a very beautiful lady," he answered resolutely.

Markham gave Vance a look of disapproval, and then addressed himself abruptly to the operator.

"That will be all for the moment, Jessup."

The man bowed stiffly and limped out.

"This case is becoming positively fascinatin'," murmured Vance, relaxing once more upon the davenport.

"It's comforting to know that some one's enjoying it." Markham's tone was irritable. "And what, may I ask, was the object of your question concerning Jessup's sentiments toward the dead woman?"

"Oh, just a vagrant notion struggling in my brain," returned Vance. "And then, y' know, a bit of *boudoir racontage* always enlivens a situation, what?"

Heath, rousing himself from gloomy abstraction, spoke up.

"We've still got the finger-prints, Mr. Markham. And I'm thinking that they're going to locate our man for us."

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"But even if Dubois does identify those prints," said Markham, "we'll have to show how the owner of them got into this place last night. He'll claim, of course, they were made prior to the crime."

"Well, it's a sure thing," declared Heath stubbornly, "that there was some man in here last night when Odell got back from the theatre, and that he was still here until after the other man left at half past eleven. The woman's screams and the answering of that phone call at twenty minutes to twelve prove it. And since Doc Doremus said that murder took place before midnight, there's no getting away from the fact that the guy who was hiding in here did the job."

"That appears incontrovertible," agreed Markham. "And I'm inclined to think it was some one she knew. She probably screamed when he first revealed himself, and then, recognizing him, calmed down and told the other man out in the hall that nothing was the matter. . . . Later on he strangled her."

"And, I might suggest," added Vance, "that his place of hiding was that clothes-press."

"Sure," the Sergeant concurred. "But what's bothering me is how he got in here. The day operator who was at the switchboard until ten last night told me that the man who called and took Odell out to dinner was the only visitor she had."

Markham gave a grunt of exasperation.

"Bring the day man in here," he ordered. "We've got to straighten this thing out. *Somebody* got in here last night, and before I leave I'm going to find out how it was done."

Vance gave him a look of patronizing amusement.

"Y' know, Markham," he said, "I'm not blessed with the gift of psychic inspiration, but I have one of those strange, indescribable feelings, as the minor poets say, that if you really contemplate remaining in this bestrewn boudoir till you've discovered how the mysterious visitor gained admittance here last night, you'd do jolly well to send for your toilet accessories and several changes of fresh linen—not to mention your pajamas. The chap who engineered this little *soirée* planned his entrance and exit most carefully and perspicaciously."

Markham regarded Vance dubiously, but made no reply.

VII

A NAMELESS VISITOR

(Tuesday, September 11; 11.15 a. m.)

HEATH had stepped out into the hall, and now returned with the day telephone operator, a sallow thin young man who, we learned, was named Spively. His almost black hair, which accentuated the pallor of his face, was sleeked back from his forehead with pomade; and he wore a very shallow mustache which barely extended beyond the alæ of his nostrils. He was dressed in an exaggeratedly dapper fashion, in a dazzling chocolate-colored suit cut very close to his figure, a pair of cloth-topped buttoned shoes, and a pink shirt with a stiff turn-over collar to match. He appeared nervous, and immediately sat down in the wicker chair by the door, fingering the sharp creases of his trousers, and running the tip of his tongue over his lips.

Markham went straight to the point.

"I understand you were at the switchboard yesterday afternoon and last night until ten o'clock. Is that correct?"

Spively swallowed hard, and nodded his head. "Yes, sir."

"What time did Miss Odell go out to dinner?"

"About seven o'clock. I'd just sent to the restaurant next door for some sandwiches——"

"Did she go alone?" Markham interrupted his explanation.

"No. A fella called for her."

"Did you know this 'fella'?"

"I'd seen him a couple of times calling on Miss Odell, but I didn't know who he was."

"What did he look like?" Markham's question was uttered with hurried impatience.

Spively's description of the girl's escort tallied with Jessup's description of the man who had accompanied her home, though Spively was more voluble and less precise than Jessup had been. Patently, Miss Odell had gone out at seven and returned at eleven with the same man.

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"Now," resumed Markham, putting an added stress to his words, "I want to know who else called on Miss Odell between the time she went out to dinner and ten o'clock when you left the switchboard."

Spively was puzzled by the question, and his thin arched eyebrows lifted and contracted.

"I—don't understand," he stammered. "How could any one call on Miss Odell when she was out?"

"Some one evidently did," said Markham. "And he got into her apartment, and was there when she returned at eleven."

The youth's eyes opened wide and his lips fell apart.

"My God, sir!" he exclaimed. "So that's how they murdered her!—laid in wait for her! . . ." He stopped abruptly, suddenly realizing his own proximity to the mysterious chain of events that had led up to the crime. "But nobody got into her apartment while I was on duty," he blurted, with frightened emphasis. "Nobody! I never left the board from the time she went out until quitting time."

"Couldn't any one have come in the side door?"

"What! Was it unlocked?" Spively's tone was startled. "It never is unlocked at night. The janitor bolts it when he leaves at six."

"And you didn't unbolt it last night for any purpose? Think!"

"No, sir, I didn't!" He shook his head earnestly.

"And you are positive that no one got into the apartment through the front door after Miss Odell left?"

"Positive! I tell you I didn't leave the board the whole time, and nobody could've got by me without my knowing it. There was only one person that called and asked for her——"

"Oh! So some one did call!" snapped Markham. "When was it? And what happened?—Jog your memory before you answer."

"It wasn't anything important," the youth assured him, genuinely frightened. "Just a fellow who came in and rang her bell and went right out again."

"Never mind whether it was important or not." Markham's tone was cold and peremptory. "What time did he call?"

"About half past nine."

"And who was he?"

"A young fella I've seen come here several times to see Miss Odell. I don't know his name."

"Tell me exactly what took place," pursued Markham.

Again Spively swallowed hard and wetted his lips.

"It was like this," he began, with effort. "The fella came in and started walking down the hall, and I said to him: 'Miss Odell isn't in.' But he kept on going, and said: 'Oh, well, I'll ring the bell anyway to make sure.' A telephone call came through just then, and I let him go on. He rang the bell and knocked on the door, but of course there wasn't any answer; and pretty soon he came on back and said: 'I guess you were right.' Then he tossed me half a dollar, and went out."

"You actually saw him go out?" There was a note of disappointment in Markham's voice.

"Sure, I saw him go out. He stopped just inside the front door and lit a cigarette. Then he opened the door and turned toward Broadway."

"'One by one the rosy petals fall,'" came Vance's indolent voice. "A most amusin' situation!"

Markham was loath to relinquish his hope in the criminal possibilities of this one caller who had come and gone at half past nine.

"What was this man like?" he asked. "Can you describe him?"

Spively sat up straight, and when he answered, it was with an enthusiasm that showed he had taken special note of the visitor.

"He was good-looking, not so old—maybe thirty. And he had on a full-dress suit and patent-leather pumps, and a pleated silk shirt——"

"What, what?" demanded Vance, in simulated unbelief, leaning over the back of the davenport. "A silk shirt with evening dress! Most extr'ordin'ry!"

"Oh, a lot of the best dressers are wearing them," Spively explained, with condescending pride. "It's all the fashion for dancing."

"You don't say—really!" Vance ap-

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peared dumfounded. "I must look into this. . . . And, by the by, when this Beau Brummel of the silk shirt paused by the front door, did he take his cigarette from a long flat silver case carried in his lower waistcoat pocket?"

The youth looked at Vance in admiring astonishment.

"How did you know?" he exclaimed.

"Simple deduction," Vance explained, resuming his recumbent posture. "Large metal cigarette-cases carried in the waistcoat pocket somehow go with silk shirts for evening wear."

Markham, clearly annoyed at the interruption, cut in sharply with a demand for the operator to proceed with his description.

"He wore his hair smoothed down," Spively continued, "and you could see it was kind of long; but it was cut in the latest style. And he had a small waxed mustache; and there was a big carnation in the lapel of his coat, and he had on chamois gloves. . . ."

"My word!" murmured Vance. "A gigolo!"

Markham, with the incubus of the night clubs riding him heavily, frowned and took a deep breath. Vance's observation evidently had launched him upon an unpleasant train of thought.

"Was this man short or tall?" he asked next.

"He wasn't so tall—about my height," Spively explained. "And he was sort of thin."

There was an easily recognizable undercurrent of admiration in his tone, and I felt that this youthful telephone operator had seen in Miss Odell's caller a certain physical and sartorial ideal. This palpable admiration, coupled with the somewhat *outré* clothes affected by the youth, permitted us to read between the lines of his remarks a fairly accurate description of the man who had unsuccessfully rung the dead girl's bell at half past nine the night before.

When Spively had been dismissed, Markham rose and strode about the room, his head enveloped in a cloud of cigar smoke, while Heath sat stolidly watching him, his brows knit.

Vance stood up and stretched himself. "The absorbin' problem, it would seem, remains *in statu quo*," he remarked airily. "How, oh how, did the fair Margaret's executioner get in?"

"You know, Mr. Markham," rumbled Heath sententiously, "I've been thinking that the fellow may have come here earlier in the afternoon—say, before that side door was locked. Odell herself may have let him in and hidden him when the other man came to take her to dinner."

"It looks that way," Markham admitted. "Bring the maid in here again, and we'll see what we can find out."

When the woman had been brought in, Markham questioned her as to her actions during the afternoon, and learned that she had gone out at about four to do some shopping, and had returned about half past five.

"Did Miss Odell have any visitor with her when you got back?"

"No, sir," was the prompt answer. "She was alone."

"Did she mention that any one had called?"

"No, sir."

"Now," continued Markham, "could any one have been hidden in this apartment when you went home at seven?"

The maid was frankly astonished, and even a little horrified.

"Where could any one hide?" she asked, looking round the apartment.

"There are several possible places," Markham suggested: "In the bathroom, in one of the clothes-closets, under the bed, behind the window draperies. . . ."

The woman shook her head decisively. "No one could have been hidden," she declared. "I was in the bathroom half a dozen times, and I got Miss Odell's gown out of the clothes-closet in the bedroom. As soon as it began to get dark I drew all the window-shades myself. And as for the bed, it's built almost down to the floor; no one could squeeze under it." (I glanced closely at the bed, and realized that this statement was quite true.)

"What about the clothes-closet in this room?" Markham put the question hopefully, but again the maid shook her head.

"Nobody was in there. That's where I keep my own hat and coat, and I took them out myself when I was getting ready to go. I even put away one of

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Miss Odell's old dresses in that closet before I left."

"And you are absolutely certain," reiterated Markham, "that no one could have been hidden anywhere in these rooms at the time you went home?"

"Absolutely, sir."

"Do you happen to remember if the key of this clothes-closet was on the inside or the outside of the lock when you opened the door to get your hat?"

The woman paused, and looked thoughtfully at the closet door.

"It was on the outside, where it always was," she announced, after several moments' reflection. "I remember because it caught in the chiffon of the old dress I put away."

Markham frowned and then resumed his questioning.

"You say you don't know the name of Miss Odell's dinner companion last night. Can you tell us the names of any men she was in the habit of going out with?"

"Miss Odell never mentioned any names to me," the woman said. "She was very careful about it, too—secretive, you might say. You see, I'm only here in the daytime, and the gentlemen she knew generally came in the evening."

"And you never heard her speak of any one of whom she was frightened—any one she had reason to fear?"

"No, sir—although there was one man she was trying to get rid of. He was a bad character—I wouldn't have trusted him anywhere—and I told Miss Odell she'd better look out for him. But she'd known him a long time, I guess, and had been pretty soft on him once."

"How do you happen to know this?"

"One day, about a week ago," the maid explained, "I came in after lunch, and he was with her in the other room. They didn't hear me, because the portières were drawn. He was demanding money, and when she tried to put him off, he began threatening her. And she said something that showed she'd given him money before. I made a noise, and then they stopped arguing; and pretty soon he went out."

"What did this man look like?" Markham's interest was reviving.

"He was sort of thin—not very tall—and I'd say he was around thirty. He had a hard face—good-looking, some would say—and pale blue eyes that gave you the shivers. He always wore his hair greased back, and he had a little yellow mustache pointed at the ends."

"Ah!" said Vance. "Our gigolo!"

"Has this man been here since?" asked Markham.

"I don't know, sir—not when I was here."

"That will be all," said Markham; and the woman went out.

"She didn't help us much," complained Heath.

"What!" exclaimed Vance. "I think she did remarkably well. She cleared up several moot points."

"And just what portions of her information do you consider particularly illuminating?" asked Markham, with ill-concealed annoyance.

"We now know, do we not," rejoined Vance serenely, "that no one was lying *perdu* in here when the *bonne* departed yesterevening."

"Instead of that fact being helpful," retorted Markham, "I'd say it added materially to the complications of the situation."

"It would appear that way, wouldn't it, now? But, then—who knows?—it may prove to be your brightest and most comfortin' clew. . . . Furthermore, we learned that some one evidently locked himself in that clothes-press, as witness the shifting of the key, and that, moreover, this occultation did not occur until the abigail had gone, or, let us say, after seven o'clock."

"Sure," said Heath with sour facetiousness; "when the side door was bolted and an operator was sitting in the front hall, who swears nobody came in that way."

"It is a bit mystifyin'," Vance conceded sadly.

"Mystifying? It's impossible!" grumbled Markham.

Heath, who was now staring with meditative pugnacity into the closet, shook his head helplessly.

"What I don't understand," he ruminated, "is why, if the fellow was hiding in the closet, he didn't ransack it when he came out, like he did all the rest of the apartment."

"Sergeant," said Vance, "you've put

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your finger on the crux of the matter. . . . Y' know, the neat, undisturbed aspect of that closet rather suggests that the crude person who rifled these charming rooms omitted to give it his attention because it was locked on the inside and he couldn't open it."

"Come, come!" protested Markham. "That theory implies that there were two unknown persons in here last night."

Vance sighed. "Harrow and alas! I know it. And we can't introduce even one into this apartment logically. . . . Distressin', ain't it?"

Heath sought consolation in a new line of thought.

"Anyway," he submitted, "we know that the fancy fellow with the patent-leather pumps who called here last night at half past nine was probably Odell's lover, and was grafting on her."

"And in just what recondite way does that obvious fact help to roll the clouds away?" asked Vance. "Nearly every modern Delilah has an avaricious *amoroso*. It would be rather singular if there wasn't such a chap in the offing, what?"

"That's all right, too," returned Heath. "But I'll tell you something, Mr. Vance, that maybe you don't know. The men that these girls lose their heads over are generally crooks of some kind—professional criminals, you understand. That's why, knowing that this job was the work of a professional, it don't leave me cold, as you might say, to learn that this fellow who was threatening Odell and grafting on her was the same one who was prowling round here last night. . . . And I'll say this, too: the description of him sounds a whole lot like the kind of high-class burglars that hang out at these swell all-night cafés."

"You're convinced, then," asked Vance mildly, "that this job, as you call it, was done by a professional criminal?"

Heath was almost contemptuous in his reply. "Didn't the guy wear gloves, and use a jimmy? It was a yeggman's job, all right."

VIII

THE INVISIBLE MURDERER

(Tuesday, September 11; 11.45 a. m.)

MARKHAM went to the window and stood, his hands behind him, looking down into the little paved rear yard. After several minutes he turned slowly.

"The situation, as I see it," he said, "boils down to this:—The Odell girl has an engagement for dinner and the theatre with a man of some distinction. He calls for her a little after seven, and they go out together. At eleven o'clock they return. He goes with her into her apartment and remains half an hour. He leaves at half past eleven and asks the phone operator to call him a taxi. While he is waiting the girl screams and calls for help, and, in response to his inquiries, she tells him nothing is wrong and bids him go away. The taxi arrives, and he departs in it. Ten minutes later some one telephones her, and a man answers from her apartment. This morning she is found murdered, and the apartment ransacked."

He took a long draw on his cigar.

"Now, it is obvious that when she and her escort returned last night, there was another man in this place somewhere; and it is also obvious that the girl was alive after her escort had departed. Therefore, we must conclude that the man who was already in the apartment was the person who murdered her. This conclusion is further corroborated by Doctor Doremus's report that the crime occurred between eleven and twelve. But since her escort did not leave till half past eleven, and spoke with her after that time, we can put the actual hour of the murder as between half past eleven and midnight. . . . These are the inferable facts from the evidence thus far adduced."

"There's not much getting away from 'em," agreed Heath.

"At any rate, they're interestin'," murmured Vance.

Markham, walking up and down earnestly, continued:

"The features of the situation revolving round these inferable facts are as follows:—There was no one hiding in the apartment at seven o'clock—the hour the maid went home. Therefore, the murderer entered the apartment later. First, then, let us consider the side door. At six o'clock—an hour before the maid's departure—the janitor bolted it on the inside, and both operators disavow emphatically that they went near it. Moreover, you, Sergeant, found it bolted this morn-

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ing. Hence, we may assume that the door was bolted on the inside all night, and that nobody could have entered that way. Consequently, we are driven to the inevitable alternative that the murderer entered by the front door. Now, let us consider this other means of entry. The phone operator who was on duty until ten o'clock last night asserts positively that the only person who entered the front door and passed down the main hall to this apartment was a man who rang the bell and, getting no answer, immediately walked out again. The other operator, who was on duty from ten o'clock until this morning, asserts with equal positiveness that no one entered the front door and passed the switchboard coming to this apartment. Add to all this the fact that every window on this floor is barred, and that no one from up-stairs can descend into the main hall without coming face to face with the operator, and we are, for the moment, confronted with an impasse."

Heath scratched his head, and laughed mirthlessly.

"It don't make sense, does it, sir?"

"What about the next apartment?" asked Vance, "the one with the door facing the rear passageway—No. 2, I think?"

Heath turned to him patronizingly. "I looked into that the first thing this morning. Apartment No. 2 is occupied by a single woman; and I woke her up at eight o'clock and searched the place. Nothing there. Anyway, you have to walk past the switchboard to reach her apartment the same as you do to reach this one; and nobody called on her or left her apartment last night. What's more, Jessup, who's a shrewd sound lad, told me this woman is a quiet, ladylike sort, and that she and Odell didn't even know each other."

"You're so thorough, Sergeant!" murmured Vance.

"Of course," put in Markham, "it would have been possible for some one from the other apartment to have slipped in here behind the operator's back between seven and eleven, and then to have slipped back after the murder. But as Sergeant Heath's search this morning failed to uncover any one, we can eliminate the possibility of our man having operated from that quarter."

"I dare say you're right," Vance indifferently admitted. "But it strikes me, Markham old dear, that your own affectin' recapitulation of the situation jolly well eliminates the possibility of your man's having operated from any quarter. . . . And yet he came in, garroted the unfortunate damsel, and departed—eh, what? . . . It's a charmin' little problem. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds."

"It's uncanny," pronounced Markham gloomily.

"It's positively spiritualistic," amended Vance. "It has the caressin' odor of a séance. Really, y' know, I'm beginning to suspect that some medium was hovering in the vicinage last night doing some rather tip-top materializations. . . . I say, Markham, could you get an indictment against an ectoplasmic emanation?"

"It wasn't no spook that made those finger-prints," growled Heath, with surly truculence.

Markham halted his nervous pacing and regarded Vance irritably.

"Damn it! This is rank nonsense. The man got in some way, and he got out, too. There's something wrong somewhere. Either the maid is mistaken about some one being here when she left, or else one of those phone operators went to sleep and won't admit it."

"Or else one of 'em's lying," supplemented Heath.

Vance shook his head. "The dusky *fille de chambre*, I'd say, is eminently trustworthy. And if there was any doubt about any one's having come in the front door unnoticed, the lads on the switchboard would, in the present circumstances, be only too eager to admit it. . . . No, Markham, you'll simply have to approach this affair from the astral plane, so to speak."

Markham grunted his distaste of Vance's jocularity.

"That line of investigation I leave to you with your metaphysical theories and esoteric hypotheses."

"But, consider," protested Vance banteringly. "You've proved conclusively —or, rather, you've demonstrated legally

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—that no one could have entered or departed from this apartment last night; and, as you've often told me, a court of law must decide all matters, not in accord with the known or suspected facts, but according to the evidence; and the evidence in this case would prove a sound alibi for every corporeal being extant. And yet, it's not exactly tenable, d' ye see, that the lady strangled herself. If only it had been poison, what an exquisite and satisfyin' suicide case you'd have! . . . Most inconsiderate of her homicidal visitor not to have used arsenic instead of his hands!"

"Well, he strangled her," pronounced Heath. "Furthermore, I'll lay my money on the fellow who called here last night at half past nine and couldn't get in. He's the bird I want to talk to."

"Indeed?" Vance produced another cigarette. "I shouldn't say, to judge from our description of him, that his conversation would prove particularly fascinatin'."

An ugly light came into Heath's eyes. "We've got ways," he said through his teeth, "of getting damn interesting conversation outa people who haven't no great reputation for repartee."

Vance sighed. "How the Four Hundred needs you, my Sergeant!"

Markham looked at his watch.

"I've got pressing work at the office," he said, "and all this talk isn't getting us anywhere." He put his hand on Heath's shoulder. "I leave you to go ahead. This afternoon I'll have these people brought down to my office for another questioning—maybe I can jog their memories a bit. . . . You've got some line of investigation planned?"

"The usual routine," replied Heath drearily. "I'll go through Odell's papers, and I'll have three or four of my men check up on her."

"You'd better get after the Yellow Taxicab Company right away," Markham suggested. "Find out, if you can, who the man was who left here at half past eleven last night, and where he went."

"Do you imagine for one moment," asked Vance, "that if this man knew anything about the murder, he would have stopped in the hall and asked the operator to call a taxi for him?"

"Oh, I don't look for much in that direction." Markham's tone was almost listless. "But the girl may have said something to him that'll give us a lead."

Vance shook his head facetiously. "O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope, thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings!"

Markham was in no mood for chaffing. He turned to Heath, and spoke with forced cheeriness.

"Call me up later this afternoon. I may get some new evidence out of the outfit we've just interviewed. . . . And," he added, "be sure to put a man on guard here. I want this apartment kept just as it is until we see a little more light."

"I'll attend to that," Heath assured him.

Markham and Vance and I went out and entered the car. A few minutes later we were winding rapidly across town through Central Park.

"Recall our recent *conversazione* about footprints in the snow?" asked Vance, as we emerged into Fifth Avenue and headed south.

Markham nodded abstractedly.

"As I remember," mused Vance, "in the hypothetical case you presented there were not only footprints but a dozen or more witnesses—including a youthful prodigy—who saw a figure of some kind cross the hibernal landscape. . . . *Grau, theurer Freund, ist alle Theorie!* Here you are in a most beastly pother because of the disheartenin' fact that there are neither footprints in the snow nor witnesses who saw a fleeing figure. In short, you are bereft of both direct and circumstantial evidence. . . . Sad, sad."

He wagged his head dolefully.

"Y' know, Markham, it appears to me that the testimony in this case constitutes conclusive legal proof that no one could have been with the deceased at the hour of her passing, and that, *ergo*, she is presumably alive. The strangled body of the lady is, I take it, simply an irrelevant circumstance from the standpoint of legal procedure. I know that you learned lawyers won't admit a murder without a body; but how, in sweet Heaven's name, do you get around a *corpus delicti* without a murder?"

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"You're talking nonsense," Markham rebuked him, with a show of anger.

"Oh, quite," agreed Vance. "And yet, it's a distressin' thing for a lawyer not to have footprints of some kind, isn't it, old dear? It leaves one so up in the air."

Suddenly Markham swung round. "*You*, of course, don't need footprints, or any other kind of material clews," he flung at Vance tauntingly. "*You* have powers of divination such as are denied ordinary mortals. If I remember correctly, you informed me, somewhat grandiloquently, that, knowing the nature and conditions of a crime, you could lead me infallibly to the culprit, whether he left footprints or not. You recall that boast? . . . Well, here's a crime, and the perpetrator left no footprints coming or going. Be so good as to end my suspense by confiding in me who killed the Odell girl."

Vance's serenity was not ruffled by Markham's ill-humored challenge. He sat smoking lazily for several minutes; then he leaned over and flicked his cigarette ash out of the window.

"'Pon my word, Markham," he rejoined evenly, "I'm half inclined to look into this silly murder. I think I'll wait, though, and see whom the nonplussed Heath turns up with his inquiries."

Markham grunted scoffingly, and sank back on the cushions.

"Your generosity wrings me," he said.

It turned out, however, that before the day was over many things happened which put a new complexion on the entire situation; and so keenly did they pique Vance's curiosity, so strongly did they appeal to his analytic sense, that he put all other matters out of his mind for the time being, and applied himself, with that nonchalant ardor so characteristic of him, to the problem of Margaret Odell's murder.

The second large instalment of "The 'Canary' Murder Case" will appear in the June number; the third instalment in July; and the final instalment in August. Thus a complete, full-length novel will have been published in four consecutive numbers.

Next month's instalment will introduce five widely diversified characters who were intimately associated with the spectacular career of the ill-fated Canary. Each of them comes under grave suspicion of having had a hand in her death, and is therefore destined to play a sinister and absorbing part in the unfoldment of the problem.

The dramatic tensity of the situation builds up steadily without side-issues or irrelevancies; and it is only through the analytic reasoning of Philo Vance, after the regular police methods have led to a seemingly impregnable impasse, that the guilty man is finally apprehended and his *modus operandi* explained, in a climax which, even in so highly developed a literary *genre* as the mystery novel, is both unique and startling.

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Prayer to the Florence Madonna

BY CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

MARY, most serenely fair,
Hear an unbeliever's prayer.

Nurtured in an austere creed,
Sweetest Lady, she has need

Of the solace of your grace;
See the tears that stain her face

As she kneels to beg your love,
You whom no one taught her of.

Tender me the secret art
How you ponder in your heart

All the turns of soul and mind
Of this thing called womankind,

Never telling any one,
Smiling gently at your Son.

Mary of a thousand graces,
Show me how to find such places

As the countries where you dwell,
(Woman too I shall not tell).

Let me too know Tuscan rills,
Little Perugino hills,

Glades that man-saint never trod,
Too serene for even God,

Where wee common flowers grow
That quiet painters seem to know

Twine into your garlands best.
Mary, let me be your guest.

I am lonely, I am tried
By this ever-surging tide

That they tell me I should breast.
Is it sin to pray for rest?

Surely yours was not a life
Filled with struggle, filled with strife;

What you did was little known
Once your Son was weaned and grown.

Nothing that you ever said
Down the centuries has spread. . . .

Merely that a creature mild
Married God and had a child,

That she tended him with pride,
That she sorrowed when he died,

That her life to peace was given,
So they made her Queen of Heaven.

Teach me in a world that ever
Prizes only what is clever

How to see with lowered eyes,
How to hide that I am wise,

How receive and how impart
The quiet language of the heart,

How to wait and how to will,
How to love divinely still.

Mary, most serenely fair,
Hear an unbeliever's prayer.

Sickened by a world of greed,
Tranquil Lady, she has need

Of the beauty of your grace;
See the tears that stain her face

As she kneels to beg your love,
You whom no one tells her of.

Amen.

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

IS any work of art flawless? The choral portions of the Ninth Symphony are an anticlimax, the female saint in the Sistine Madonna has a simper, and if "The Rugged Pyrrhus" was intended to be perfect, it should have been so; if meant for a burlesque, Hamlet ought not to have admired it. Andrea del Sarto was called errorless, but was he? "Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement."

To please the Pope, Giotto drew a perfect circle, but when finished it was zero. There is a certain imperfection about perfection—there is something unsatisfying, something missing. In ecclesiastical architecture, the Gothic is more appealing than the Classic, partly because of its apparent irregularity. "There is no excellent beauty," said Bacon, "that hath not some strangeness in the proportion."

Nature is more sublime than art, because the works of Nature are in accordance with law but not with rules. To the discerning eye and ear, an inner harmony has more beauty than superficial regularity. The greatest works of art are perhaps the most natural. All creative artists hate the Beckmessers, and the Beckmessers hate them, but for opposite reasons. The Beckmessers hate the original artists because they do not understand them, and the artists hate the Beckmessers because they understand them only too well.

To say that perfection is unsatisfying does not mean that we love blemishes, uncouthness, or crudities; the majority of contemporary novels are disappointing not because they are perfect, but because they are immature. They lack dignity. They lack sincerity. They are not written with soberness of mind. Among living novelists, Thomas Hardy is in a class by himself, because of his austerity. Apart from the dominating interest of his narrative and characters, the outline of his (say) "The Return of the Native" is almost as beautiful to contemplate as sculpture. His training and experience as an architect served him well.

Among the novels of the past, I can at this moment recall only four that in construction approach perfection; that can almost be called flawless. There are greater novels than any of these, but few so nearly ideal in form. The four I have in mind are "The Scarlet Letter," "Madame Bovary," "Fathers and Children," and "The American." To all aspiring novelists I recommend them as models. Perhaps my readers will suggest other works of fiction fit to stand with these.

An American book that has justly awakened the enthusiasm of so fastidious a critic as Mr. Santayana is "The Golden Day," by Lewis Mumford. It is an essay in criticism, a criticism of American art, letters, and life. Every man and woman who wants to live on a higher intellectual plane should read this book. It is a book with a core, and the core is a "divine discontent." For complacency is the brake on development.

In a time when many American books are slovenly and vulgarly written, the style of "The Golden Day" is singularly refreshing. Mr. Mumford has at his command the resources of the English language, and knows how to make the most of them. Every reader should feel complimented, not because the author has endeavored to please him, for he has tried to please no one but himself; but because he has assumed that those who read this book deserve the best.

Every chapter is filled with penetrating ideas, luminously expressed; one really ought to read such a book repeatedly, for one cannot begin to exhaust its richness in one perusal. Furthermore, I believe that in this instance the whole is considerably less than the sum of its parts.

If I understand the thesis, I do not find it convincing. It is perhaps well enough to call the Middle Ages the Age

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of Faith, because orthodoxy was generally accepted. But I do not believe that in the thirteenth century the majority of men and women really regarded this earthly existence as a narrow vestibule to heaven and hell, or that their actual lives were governed by the things that are unseen and eternal. They gave a formal acceptance to faith, but the majority did not mould their conduct by it. Their hearts were set on practical and material things. I believe the standards among business men, for example, in 1927 are higher than they were in 1327. I would rather trust the word of the manager of the Hotel St. Francis in San Francisco to-day than that of an average innkeeper in the Middle Ages. I have more confidence in a retail boot-seller to-day than I would have had in a mediæval shopkeeper if I had dropped back into that time.

Nor do I agree with the apparent assumption in this book that religious faith has been mortally wounded by science or sectarian controversy or by anything else. If one spends one's time only with persons of similar mental attitudes—a common thing with Bohemians, agnostics, and Fundamentalists—one is apt to assume that the rustic cackle of the bourg is the murmur of the world. No error is more common than the error of assuming that one's world of thought is the thought of the world.

Finally, I do not agree with the author that American life and thought reached a climax in the years from 1840 to 1860. It is true that to-day we have no man of genius equal to Emerson, no thinker so original as Thoreau, no poet so elemental as Whitman. But because that golden period was fortunate in possessing those individuals in the flesh, who indeed tower up on the sky-line of history like lofty peaks, it does not follow that our general level of life to-day is lower. If every book of Emerson's were destroyed, his influence would continue. We have taken in Emerson with our mothers' milk. One might as well say that the second and third decades of the first century were on a higher and nobler plane than the twentieth, because then Jesus was actually on the earth.

There has never been a time in the history of the world when the spiritual climate was healthy; the majority of men and women have always preferred things of the body to things of the spirit. A certain form of religious faith may receive general tacit acceptance as in Russian villages and in parts of South America; but are the inhabitants there all spiritually minded and morally trustworthy?

Indeed, a harsh climate seems to be as necessary for spiritual development as it is for robust mental and physical activity. And in every age, no matter how corrupt, there have never been lacking some witnesses to the divine element in human nature. The court of King Ahab was as rotten as one could easily imagine; yet the truth became articulate in Elijah, and there were seven thousand who said their prayers every day.

But although I do not accept Mr. Mumford's thesis, I am profoundly grateful for such a book, a book inspired by a deeply serious purpose, its glowing thought expressed with beauty and grace.

Among important biographical works I call attention to "Napoléon," by Emil Ludwig, translated by Eden and Cedar Paul, of which I shall have much to say in a subsequent issue; "Anthony Trollope," by Michael Sadleir; "Early Life and Letters of John Morley," by Hirst; "A Doctor's Memories," by Victor Vaughan.

"Anthony Trollope, A Commentary," by Michael Sadleir, with a pleasant introduction by the American bibliophile, Mr. A. Edward Newton, is an extremely good book. Mr. Sadleir is himself an accomplished novelist, scholar, and diplomat. He is a Balliol man who took honors in history; he was one of the British delegates to the peace conference, is on the Secretariat of the League of Nations, and his novel "Privilege" is original in conception and characterization. Inasmuch as many works of biography to-day are deliberately intended to lessen the reputation of their hero, it becomes necessary to state that Mr. Sadleir is an ardent admirer of Trollope. This is a book of over 400 pages and is built to last. It may well be regarded as a definitive work in fact, and highly important in criticism. Furthermore, it resembles

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Trollope's best novels in being continuously interesting.

The only book by Trollope that can be called improbable is his autobiography, wherein he professed to set forth his methods of work. Mr. Sadleir believes that his reputation as a creative writer suffered by this disarming frankness and modesty, as a magician suffers when he explains his tricks. If Trollope were right about his methods of production, any facile writer with unending industry and regular habits of work could equal him, and none has or can. He has been surpassed in English fiction only by writers of genius like Dickens and Jane Austen; and there is a vitality in his best novels that defies corroding time. He said he would not be read in the twentieth century, but he certainly is; there are thousands of readers who are almost fanatically enthusiastic. ("The American Senator" which he began in Australia, and finished at sea, is one of his less-known novels that I find particularly interesting.) Mr. Sadleir's favorite is "Doctor Thorne," a good choice. But if one wishes to know why even this splendid story is inferior to the great novels of the Russians, one has only to quote from its second chapter.

> A few words must still be said about Miss Mary before we rush into our story; the crust will then have been broken, and the pie will be open to the guests.

I am glad that Mr. Sadleir quotes the remark of Nathaniel Hawthorne, not only because it is always interesting to see what one master says of another, but because Hawthorne came very near to Trollope's secret. It is a famous and well-known remark, but I shall quote it again.

> Have you ever read the novels of Anthony Trollope? They precisely suit my taste; solid, substantial, written on strength of beef and through the inspiration of ale, and just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case, with all its inhabitants going about their daily business, and not suspecting that they were made a show of.

If we get a few more books like this biography of Trollope, some persons may begin to suspect that the mid-Victorian period was not altogether contemptible.

Curiously enough, in Mr. Hirst's Life of Morley there is a quotation from a letter of Frederic Harrison referring to a number of *The Fortnightly Review* in January, 1870. "How Helen Taylor crunches up Trollope. I hear his bones crack like the eating of larks. What a Gorgon." Well, he seems to have survived it.

Mr. F. W. Hirst's "Early Life and Letters of John Morley" takes us in two volumes to the year 1885; I hope he will write at least two successive volumes, as it would be interesting to follow Honest John through the Boer War and through the year 1914. Here an excellent account is given of Morley's boyhood and college days, of his editorial, critical, and political activities, and of his friendships. The friendship between Gladstone and Morley is one of the most notable in British politics; and the mutual affection, intellectual respect, and admiration between this ardent Christian and thoroughgoing agnostic make food for contemplation.

Morley, who knew Gladstone as well as any one, must have turned over in his grave at the recent accusations of Captain Wright. It is to be hoped that the complete vindication of Gladstone's character in court will have a wholesome influence on scandal-mongering. It is curious that many of our purveyors of gossip delight in showing up what they call the vulgarity of public men without seeing that their own delight in writing about such things is the essence of vulgarity.

A charming autobiography is "A Doctor's Memories," by Victor C. Vaughan, who for many years was dean of the Medical School of the University of Michigan. In this book he reviews his whole life from earliest childhood to the year 1926. He was born in Missouri in 1851, gave instruction in the University of Michigan from 1875 to 1921, and is now enjoying well-earned leisure. His life has been filled with happiness because it has been continually productive. His services to science and to administration are notable, and those who have been officially connected with university life

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will enjoy his revelations of Faculty politics.

In reading a book like Wassermann's "Wedlock" or in reading many of the attacks on domestic life so commonly made to-day, a visitor from another planet might easily imagine that there was no happiness to be found on earth, and that the institution of marriage was a complete failure. The testimony of this clear-minded physician is therefore valuable, and I believe that it describes an experience by no means uncommon.

I can truly say that with old age, so far as I have experienced it, I am content. The pleasure in living has grown, . . . My ancestors did not transmit to me any gross defect. My parents nurtured me in wisdom and love. I have not been pinched by poverty, nor exalted by riches. Above all I have been blessed by a wife whose unfailing love has cheered me in both fair and foul weather and whose wise counsel has been my staff and support along the way. She has borne to me and reared to maturity five sons no one of whom has ever caused our cheeks to blush with shame.

In addition to the biographies of distinguished men who have been fortunate enough to enjoy a long career, I take pleasure in calling attention to the biography of William Whiting Borden, who died at the age of twenty-five, in Egypt, on his way to his chosen labors in the East as a foreign missionary. This book is by Mrs. Howard Taylor, and is called "Borden of Yale '09." I knew Borden well, but if I had never seen him, I should still find this book interesting and inspiring. He was a young man of fine intelligence and great wealth who devoted his brains and resources to the cause in which he believed.

West Virginians will welcome a new book, "Representative Authors of West Virginia," by Warren Wood, with a foreword by Professor Tucker Brooke. It is fully illustrated, and makes a brave showing for the State.

A book that will, I believe, sell by the hundred thousand is "Ask Me Another," by Spafford and Esty, with an introduction by the genial Robert Benchley. The two young authors had an inspiration. Although the book is only just out, the publishers cannot print copies of it fast enough to supply the shrill demand. Booksellers are wringing their hands in despair at their inability to fill orders. Apparently everybody in the country wants a copy and wants it immediately. It is a rage, like ping-pong, and the cross-word puzzle. People on railway-trains and steamer-decks are absorbed in it, and it is the favorite game of evening parties. If school and college examinations were as popular as these information tests, the entire country would rise to a higher plane of knowledge. Many have taken up this book in idle curiosity, only to spend a whole night over it.

The first gleam I had of the approaching furor was in a call some months ago from one of the young authors, who wished to give me an information test. I submitted with some trepidation, and was rather pleased to find that out of the fifty general questions submitted, I failed on only four. I did not know how macaroni was made—I guessed it was enamelled rubber, which was wrong. I did not know the meaning of the letters B. P. O. E. I did not know the day when Columbus discovered America—I guessed October 15. I did not know why the American Embassy at England was called "to the court of St. James's." *Now how much do you know?* Get this book, if you can, and find out.

Louis E. Asher writes me from "Somewhere in New Mexico" about the epigram I ascribed to Knute Rockne in the February SCRIBNER'S. "Mr. Rockne has created some great football plays, but he did not make the epigram. I think it originated in 'The Mind in the Making,' by James Harvey Robinson."

NOMINATIONS FOR THE IGNOBLE PRIZE

The story "Jimmie Goes to Sunday-School" in the February number of SCRIBNER'S. From E. P. Bledsoe of Experiment Station, Ga., who calls it "an absurd jumble of misstatements."

The head-line word "flay," as "Senator flays rival." From Doctor Effie A. Stevenson, of the State Hospital at Agnew, Calif.

The use of "financial" for "pecuniary," as in the sentence "Because of financial

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straits, I haven't been able to buy a suit of clothes." From a university professor of English.

"Colorful." From George Elias Wisewell, of Hamilton College, who also furnishes me with this cryptic head-line from the Utica *Press*.

HEADS AWNING AND TENT BODY

"Ladies" for "Women." From Wm. E. Simmons, of South Orange, N. J. "In a recent church calendar I noticed that 'the ladies of the church and congregation are invited to attend the meeting of the Women's Association of the church.' Why limit the attendance?"

"There was so much made over him." "There was a complimentary remark made about him." From F. A. Miller, editor of the South Bend *Tribune*, Ind.

"Milady." From Frank Place, of New York. "Wanted: A word to express the idea of 'hike' that is not so underdone. Walk, tramp, are not, yet, quite the same thing."

The Ignoble Prize is now attracting the attention of the inhabitants of Ceylon. I quote from the Ceylon *Observer*, Colombo, issue of December 26, 1926.

OFFICIAL AND "FICTIONAL" ENGLISH

A correspondent of the "Times" has been moved by a recent criticism of official English in that journal to protest that modern novelists are at least equally open to censure. Many people will agree with his protest, but his illustrations are not particularly convincing because they are drawn from a type of novel which is not specially representative of contemporary fiction.

Thus he takes exception to writers whose characters "spring" in and out of taxis, whose young girls "trip," whose locomotives "snort"; and especially falls foul of the phrases "double-locking doors," and "the selection of a cigarette from a pocket case." But these, at the worst are harmless "clichés" which could be paralleled by the practice of many Victorian novelists. They lack distinction, they are not always in strict correspondence with the facts of life, but they are not likely to be successful in the "Ignoble Prize" competition conducted every month in *Scribner's Magazine*.

They are not nearly bad enough to be placed on an index of forbidden and abhorrent words. In my opinion those novelists are far more vulnerable who cannot write a page without dragging in the jargon of modern psychology—"inhibitions," "urge," and above all "awareness."

Colonel Norris G. Osborn, the brilliant and accomplished editor of the New Haven *Journal Courier*, sends me the following letter which may arouse some of my readers:

Remember one time I suggested to you that you ask in your monthly article in SCRIBNER'S if anyone nowadays reads Charles Lever. As I told you at that time I quite inadvertently drew out one of his volumes from my shelves to be thoroughly delighted again in Charles O'Malley. Since then I have dipped into others to find an everlasting delight. I am curious to know whether he has been adopted by readers in general.

Miss Eliza B. Sears, of Buffalo, joins the Faery Queene Club. She spent all her money, including car-fare, to buy the five volumes at a bookstore, and carried them three miles to her home.

A tribute to Ibsen on the radio is paid by Katharine F. Dewey, of Yonkers, New York:

I have just been reading the February SCRIBNER'S. Your comments on Ibsen interested me especially in the light of a recent experience.

Three or four weeks ago I heard "Ghosts" over my radio. I don't think I ever had so vivid a sense of reality in seeing a play (not even "The Wild Duck"). It was as if I were overhearing real people in the poignant development of their fate. Imagination supplied the personality and setting without the inevitable artificiality of the stage.

It seems to me this is a rigorous test of the verity and power of the dramatist, and Ibsen comes out of it triumphant.

Professor Frederick A. Pottle, of Yale, gives me interesting information about Boswell's "Life of Johnson":

It may be of interest to your readers, especially those of Scandinavian extraction, to learn that there is now being published by Albert Bonnier, Stockholm, a

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monumental unabridged translation into Swedish of *Boswell's Life of Johnson.* The translator is Dr. Harold Heyman, a Swedish scholar now living in Paris. The first volume, which is all that is now ready, brings the *Life* down to 1753; it contains nearly two hundred pages of introduction, 360 of text, and more than 150 illustrations. The whole work is being done on the scale of Birkbeck Hill's great English edition of 1887, and will, when complete, extend to five volumes—possibly six, if Dr. Heyman includes, as he now hopes to, the *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides.*

Incredible as it sounds, this will be the first complete translation of the *Life of Johnson* into *any* foreign tongue. In 1797 a German blue-stocking by the name of Liebeskind planned an abridgment of the work in three volumes. She published the first, but her book seems to have failed; at any rate, she went no further. In 1851 the Russian critic Druzhinin published in Russian a long critical essay, "Johnson and Boswell" which translates considerable extracts from both the *Life of Johnson* and the *Tour to the Hebrides.* This, I believe, is the sum total of the previous attempts at translation of Boswell's masterpiece.

There is probably no other English classic of the magnitude of the *Life of Johnson* so absolutely unknown to the non-English-speaking world. To assign a reason for this indifference is a nice critical problem.

The death of Alfred Ollivant on January 17 was a severe loss to English literature. He was the author of the best dog-story ever written, "Bob, Son of Battle," which is an imperishable classic. It is interesting to remember that although written by an Englishman for English people, it made no stir in Great Britain until years after it had an established reputation in America. Of his other novels, the most original is "Redcoat Captain," which I never tire of recommending to persons who are gifted with imagination. Mr. Ollivant was an invalid, possessed of indomitable courage, optimism, and faith in mankind. I take pleasure in quoting from an English journal the following tribute to him by a friend, Mr. Barclay Baron:

In 1914 came the happiness of his marriage, and then the war. He volunteered for war service, and, instead, found himself in a sanatorium in Switzerland, condemned to inaction until the war was over. Since 1919, in London or in Sussex, Alfred Ollivant pursued his unconquerable, unseen way of life—a ways with some writing on hand, refusing to the last to be accounted an invalid "on the shelf." Neighbours and friends took their doubts and depressions to him, and to see him enter the room on his crutches, or to receive his welcome from the bed where he lay, immovable by the open window, was an unfailing tonic to them. For this sick man was full of health, and bent all his desires and all the powers of his mind and spirit towards the healing of the world's ills. Above all, he trusted passionately in the future; he was constantly sustained by his belief in the rising generation and by his clear faith in the new day coming. He strove to express this in his last book, finished before his death, and now about to be published. The title, "To-morrow," may stand as the motto of his life-long optimism. If the public thinks of Alfred Ollivant as a writer of stimulating stories, his friends will remember, above all, the man—a soldier, disabled but never out of action, a prophet when they had great need of one, a high and abiding example to them of fortitude, gentleness, and faith in God and men.

The Reverend Doctor John Haynes Holmes, of New York, who, whether one always agrees with him or not, is a courageous, sincere, and powerful advocate of idealism in life and letters, says that in the future the decade from 1920 to 1930 will be known as "The Dirty Decade." Dirt in the subways, dirt in the streets, dirt in modern novels, dirt in the newspapers, dirt on the stage. It is an accurate appellation, and we deserve it. One redeeming thought is that we recognize its justice. The cap fits; let us put it on, and look in the mirror.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

WHEN Carpeaux's famous group of La Danse was erected against the façade of the Paris Opera in the 60's some scandalized vandal broke a bottle of ink upon it, and this was only one incident in a fusillade of protest. Yet within a comparatively few years of the sculptor's death there was established in the Louvre a "Salle Carpeaux." The swift transition from obloquy to "la gloire" is characteristic of the career of this Frenchman. Its lights and its shadows are very sharply contrasted. He would excite violent opposition and then Fortune would smile upon him. There is something typical in the experience of the Goncourts where he is involved. Their first impression of him was unfavorable, as an entry in the *Journal* for 1865 clearly indicates, but a later foot-note records that they came to consider him the greatest French artist of the nineteenth century. That is in its turn perhaps too fervid a judgment, but Carpeaux's eminence in plastic art nevertheless remains indisputable, and there is bound to be impressive recognition of it by his countrymen this month when his centenary is celebrated. The French always make much of such occasions. There are official observances, the periodical press is full of eulogy, and in every way a nation that is dedicated to the arts is quick to honor a notable artist. Carpeaux's fame, indeed, extends well beyond his native land, and though it has been a little obscured by that of Rodin, I need make no apology for recalling it here.

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JEAN-BAPTISTE CARPEAUX was born at Valenciennes, Watteau's town, on May 11, 1827. M. Mabille de Poncheville, in his "Carpeaux Inconnu," has piously assembled all the available souvenirs of the artist's infancy and youth in a *milieu* which had possibly less influence upon his subject than the zealous biographer imagines. That is to say, I cannot perceive in Carpeaux's art anything precisely attributable to traits in the air at Valenciennes, unless possibly he caught there some faint reverberations of the genius of Watteau. But in ponderable matters there is no ignoring his alliance with his native place. His people there belonged to the industrial class. His father was a mason with certain aspirations, as is denoted by his willingness to have his son Charles turn violinist. But one artist in the family was enough, and Jean-Baptiste, whose fingers precociously itched to touch clay, was destined to get at it only after a good deal of discouragement. The Carpeauxs were very poor, and an artistic predilection was a luxury to be grudgingly indulged even if it were to be allowed at all. In so far as the indigent stone-mason was inclined to yield to the lad's wish, he preferred to see him an architect, that vocation, I suppose, holding out a little better prospect of material advantage. It was in the direction of architecture that the young Carpeaux was allowed to make some study at Valenciennes.

In 1844, when he was still in his teens, the whole family went up to Paris seeking betterment, and though conditions there were still full of hardship, so that we read of him actually serving as a porter in the Halles, all obstacles were presently broken down, and we find him a pupil at "l'Ecole Royale," familiarly known as the little Ecole des Beaux Arts, presided over by one Belloc, a friend of Ingres. Drawing and mathematics were supposed to be the particular objects of his study, but he contrived to find some play for his plastic instincts, and even in this formative period he could produce modest decorative pieces for commercial purposes and thereby earn a few sous. Meanwhile the external benefits accruing from his tie with Valenciennes were slowly developing. Friendly souls there, hearing of his plight, interested themselves, and from time to time helpful sums were forthcoming. I wonder if the strug-

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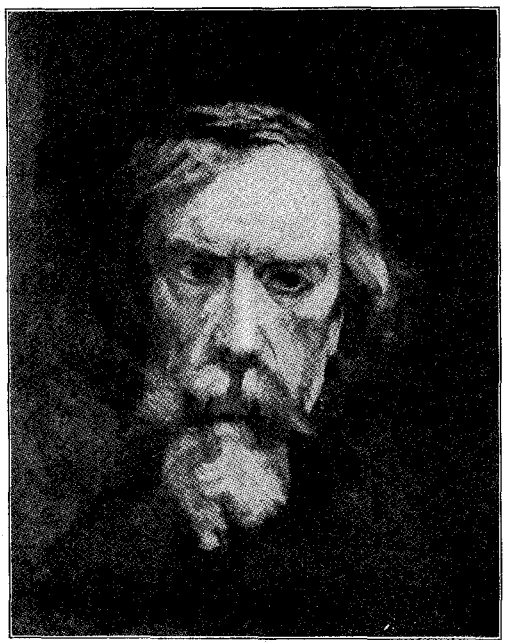
gles of that difficult time were not responsible for the kindness which Carpeaux had in the days of his success for younger artists. Long after his own harsh pupilage he was walking in the Louvre one day when he found the boy Forain at work with his sketch-book. Promptly he took him under his patronage and gave him counsel. He knew how precious that had been to him in his own youth.

Friendships at home and in Paris brought a little more smoothness to his path, his father became more amenable, and presently affairs took a definitive turn toward his appointed goal, establishing him as a pupil of Rude. That master was more than kind to him. Not only did he teach and inspirit him, but when in the lad's pursuit of the Prix de Rome Rude's unfortunate relation to the authorities threatened to stand in Carpeaux's way, he amiably handed him over to Düret, as to a more auspicious mentor. He won the great prize in 1854, after repeated competitions. The victory ought ordinarily to have spelled subsequent ease and, indeed, Carpeaux was soon enough to taste the fruits of success; but all his life there was to be something tempestuous about him, and his early period is marked by episodes which are at least picturesque. The relief of The Submission of Abd-el-Kader which he sent to the Salon of 1853 was, of course, a direct tribute to the central figure in it, Napoleon III. When that potentate failed to explore the obscurity in which it was placed, Carpeaux was undaunted. With the relief under his arm he followed the Emperor upon an official progress in the provinces, and finally ran him to earth at Amiens, after the oddest misadventures. The pursuit even has its comic relief, for after Napoleon had given him an order to put the thing into permanent form, he shouted out after the great man, as he left, an adjuration to him not to forget his promise!



Carpeaux.
From the painting by himself.

At Rome his fiery temperament had still further occasion to flare up. Schnetz, the Director at the Villa Medici, did not at all approve the sort of thing he was driving at in his Ugolino, and he was involved in a good deal of friction. But his group won its way nevertheless, bringing appreciative notabilities to his studio. One of them, the Princess Borghese, fainted with emotion, and another, the powerful Nieuwerkerque, was thenceforth his stanch friend at the Tuileries. In due time, on his return to Paris, Carpeaux was, in fact, in high favor at the French Court. The Emperor smiled upon him, he entered the circle of the Princesse Mathilde, and, in short, his fortune was made, one important commission after another falling into his hands. At first blush it is a little difficult to visualize him as a denizen of that *monde* harboring so much of the literary and artistic talent of the Second Empire. Imagination balks at the idea of him in close confab with, say, Mérimée, the stone-mason's son confronted by the self-contained man of the world. But we may be sure that he would hold his own, we may be sure from the closing clause in this passage of the Goncourts:

Ce Carpeaux: une nature de nervosité, d'emportement, d'exaltation, ce Carpeaux: une figure

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fruste, toujours en mouvement, avec des muscles changeant continuellement de place, et avec des yeux d'ouvrier en colère:—la fièvre du génie dans une enveloppe de marbrier.

He was a little man, so little that when he won the Prix de Rome and all Valen-

Le Pêcheur à la Coquille.
From the statue by Carpeaux.

ciennes turned out to greet him, he was almost lost sight of in the crowd, but there burned in him the fire of genius, and with it there operated a prodigious energy. It is significant that he sat with peculiar devotion at the feet of Michael-Angelo and Rubens. Like them, he had creative *furia*. He filled hundreds of sketch-books with his notations. He was draftsman and painter as well as sculptor. He is driven from beginning to end by an eager passion, and it is not surprising that at the end he is enveloped in shadow. He died untimely, at forty-eight. It was in 1875, when the Empire had faded and his prosperity had faded with it. When Prince Stirbey befriended his closing hours, he was the victim of a long and painful illness, embittered by the outcome of a tragic marriage. As he was about to say farewell to life he modelled a Christ on the Cross and then a bust of

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himself which his disciple, Bernard, carried out for him. A great sadness hovers about this portrait. There was always a note of tension, even of suffering, in Carpeaux's individuality. Yet if he remains one of the glories of modern sculpture, it is because he preserves in his work that *joie de vivre* which is one of the most characteristic elements in French art.

Study for Le Pêcheur à la Coquille.
From the drawing by Carpeaux.

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IT sprang from his intimate contact with the things of the living world. The biographers report his passionate exclamation on his death-bed: "Ah! la vie! la vie!" His ardor for "la vie" had ever been his guiding principle. He had imagination, but what he could see and touch moved him most. The Goncourts, to whose appreciation of him I cannot but return now and then, report some of his outpourings in the course of a railway journey. He said that for him beauty resided in Nature. He got far more out of the actual human body than he could get from Greek tradition. The same commentators found him the sole great artist in the Salon of 1872. They hailed him as

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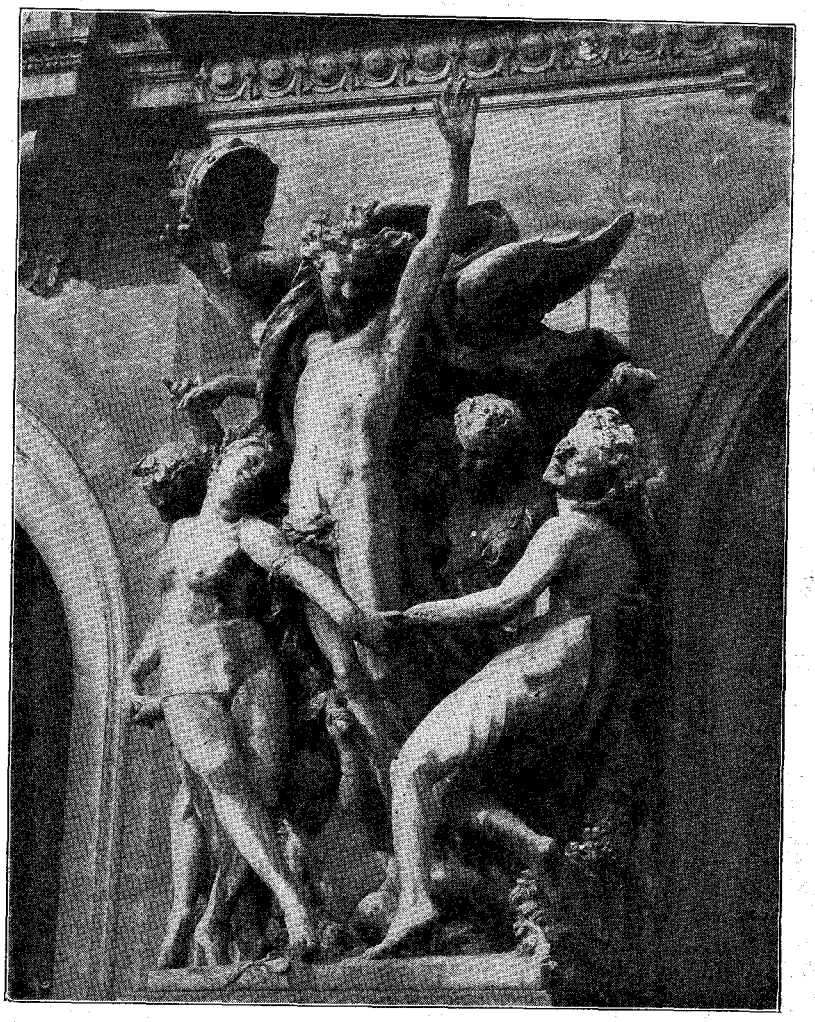
the first to give in bronze or marble *la vie nerveuse de la chair*. He did not thus affirm himself in an absolutely definitive way all at once. The Hector and Astyanax with which he won the Prix de Rome, the gracious bust of a young girl called La Palombella. It might be said further that there is no great originality in his Pêcheur à la Coquille with its echo of Rude's L'Enfant à la Tortue. But



La Danse.
From the group at the Opéra by Carpeaux.

Rome is a group of obviously classical ancestry, just such an academic performance as might have been expected to please the jury at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Save for the technical proficiency it discloses, this stately composition has little in it to prefigure the ultimate Carpeaux. He adheres to a certain sober convention, too, in his first *envoi* from even then he was at a parting of the ways where his decision was destined to carry him to deeply potential achievements in French art.

He was the contemporary of men like Paul Dubois and Falguière, but where they elected to develop their great gifts in harmony with the academic strain he swerved toward a more naturalistic prac-

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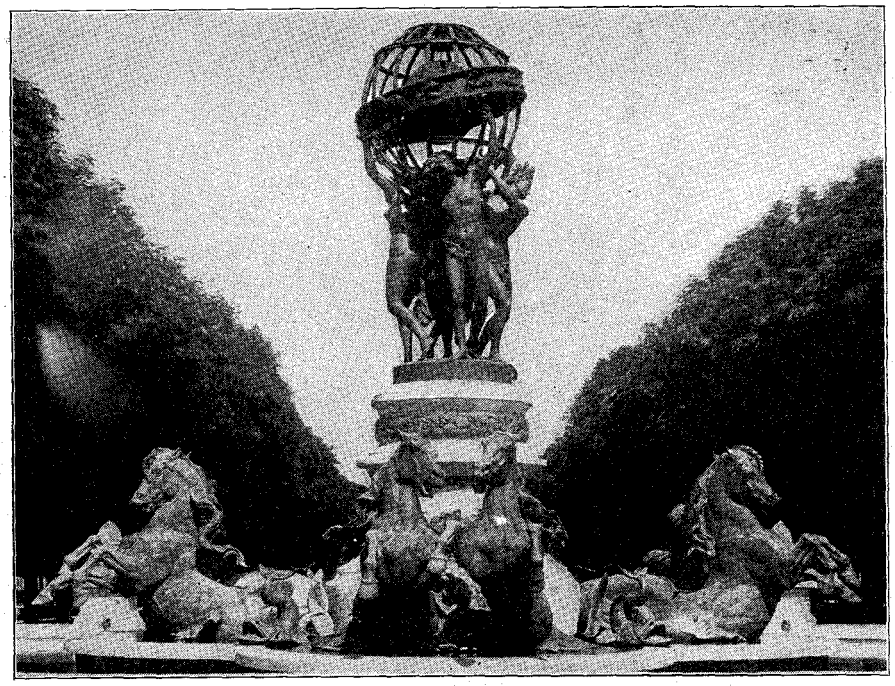

Les Quatres Parties du Monde.
From the fountain group by Carpeaux.

La Ronde de Flore.
From the sculpture by Carpeaux.

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Dumas Fils.
From the bust by Carpeaux.

tice. He did so when his friend Soumy put into his head Ugolino and his children for a subject. Tradition lingers in the style of this famous group. Something about its massy, antique character harks back to the Laocoon. At the same time it palpitates with *la vie*, with the inner energy that the art of Carpeaux was never to lose. For my own part I do not find this a convincingly Dantesque image. It does not revive the magic of that passage which Matthew Arnold found so tremendous, so incomparable: "I wail not, so of stone grew I within;—*they* wailed." Carpeaux's Ugolino, biting his fingers, is no more the poet's agonist to me than is Rodin's creeping troglodyte. On the other hand, he is terribly and magnificently alive. When the sculptor had joined to this vitalizing power of his the faculty for blithe grace which makes him seem a throw-back to the eighteenth century, he had found his *métier*. The final and enchanting Carpeaux, growing rapidly to his full stature, is the Carpeaux of La Ronde de Flore, La Danse, the superb fountain group of the Observatoire, and the vivid busts that he made of certain habitués of the Court.

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IN these works he manifests all that was most personal and most brilliant in his artistic cosmos. He translates into marble all the quivering beauty and tenderness of living flesh. His contours have linear distinction, and they are withal free, flowing, realistically expressive. He has movement, enkindling movement, and while he was never quite happy in collaboration with architectural motives, a certain decorative felicity nevertheless goes with his nominally capricious *élan*. La Danse, for example, was designed with sublime indifference to the character of the building with which it was to be associated, and as I have already indicated, it suffered violent attacks. When it was bespattered with ink its defenders had a dolorous time removing the stains. Experiments finally developed a mixture of hypochloride of aluminum, of soda, and of lime, with the addition of aluminum hydroxide, which was successful. It was as hard to combat the malcontents who confined their criticisms to words. The mor-

Charles Garnier.
From the bust by Carpeaux.

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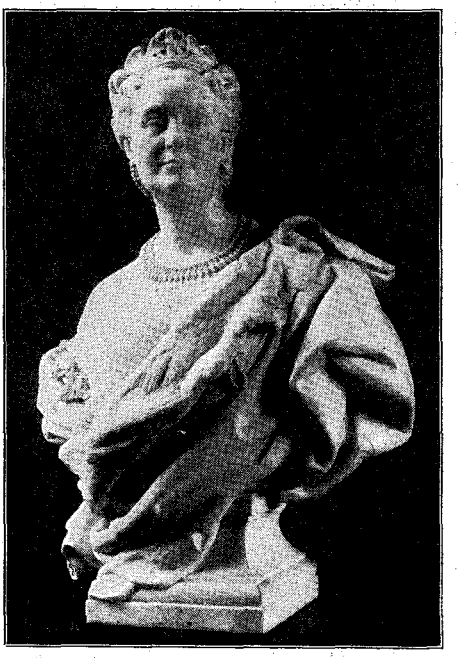
alists were out in full force. Chaste commentators denounced the sensuality of the group. High-souled Charles Garnier, the architect of the Opéra—who has left, by the way, a voluminous account of the whole embroglio—stood by Carpeaux through thick and thin. He knew a masterpiece when he saw one. It is a masterpiece in dramatic conception, in technical bravura, and—for all its want of solidarity with the building—in innate decorative elegance. Every visitor to Paris knows its charm. Those who know that best are those who know it not only through the stone but through the lovely plaster in the Louvre. It is essential to know Carpeaux, of course, as his works exist in their appointed places. The fountain I have cited for example gains enormously as you see it under the sky through the long leafy vista in the gardens of the Luxembourg. He knew what he was about. When the open air was to be an element in his effect, he counted upon it. But there is a special pleasure, I think, to be got out of reflection in the Salle Carpeaux, where one may muse at large over his traits.

Gérôme.
From the bust by Carpeaux.



La Princesse Mathilde.
From the bust by Carpeaux.

It is inspiring to follow him through his monumental designs and through those portrait busts in which he is equally vibrant with life and imposing with the dignity of style. His busts, indeed, are fascinating things. The Louvre has the Princesse Mathilde, the Dumas fils, the Eugène Giraud, and others. The Musée de l'Opéra has the Garnier. The flashing Duchesse de Mouchy is at Valenciennes. I love them all, but I go back to the Salle Carpeaux for the one that alone is enough to explain this sculptor's renown, the Princesse Mathilde. Looking at that you feel that the *marbrier*, like his sitter, has "race." The style of the piece is aristocratic in its very grain. The composition is perfect, and there is something about the courtly distinction of the bust renewing the polished glamour which we associate with the best sculptures of Coysevox and the best paintings of Largillière. It is a faultless blending of style and *la vie*.

Carpeaux unites the old French tradition with the ebullience of modernity. He is a consummate craftsman, and though Rodin might be said to equal him

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in that respect, he is perhaps greater than Rodin because he knew better than to allow his craftsmanship to lose itself in an excess of virtuosity. His sculpture, far more than Rodin's, is "of the centre," more organically sustained from within. He could wreak himself upon subtle modulations of surface, but a work of his is, above all things, the embodiment of an idea. When the contents of his old atelier on the Boulevard Exelmans went to the auction-room in 1913 (and the Copenhagen Museum paid 230,000 francs for the terra-cotta of La Danse), Victor Margueritte wrote the introductions to the two catalogues for the different sessions. In the course of his eulogy, he set down a charming passage, on which I may fitly close: "*Carpeaux! Mystérieux modeleur du sourire humain, animateur prestigieux de la grâce, maître souverain des belles lignes, sous le frisson satiné de la peau!*" He was all of these things and he was something more. He had the force and the originality of creative genius.

Bal aux Tuileries.
From the painting by Carpeaux.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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Engraved by V. Green, mezzotinto engraver to His Majesty and the Elector Palatine. *Painted by S. F. Abbott, 1790.*

TO THE SOCIETY OF GOFFERS AT BLACKHEATH.

This plate is with just respect dedicated by their most humble Servant, Samuel Francis Abbott.

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—See page 583.

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